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JULY 5, 1919

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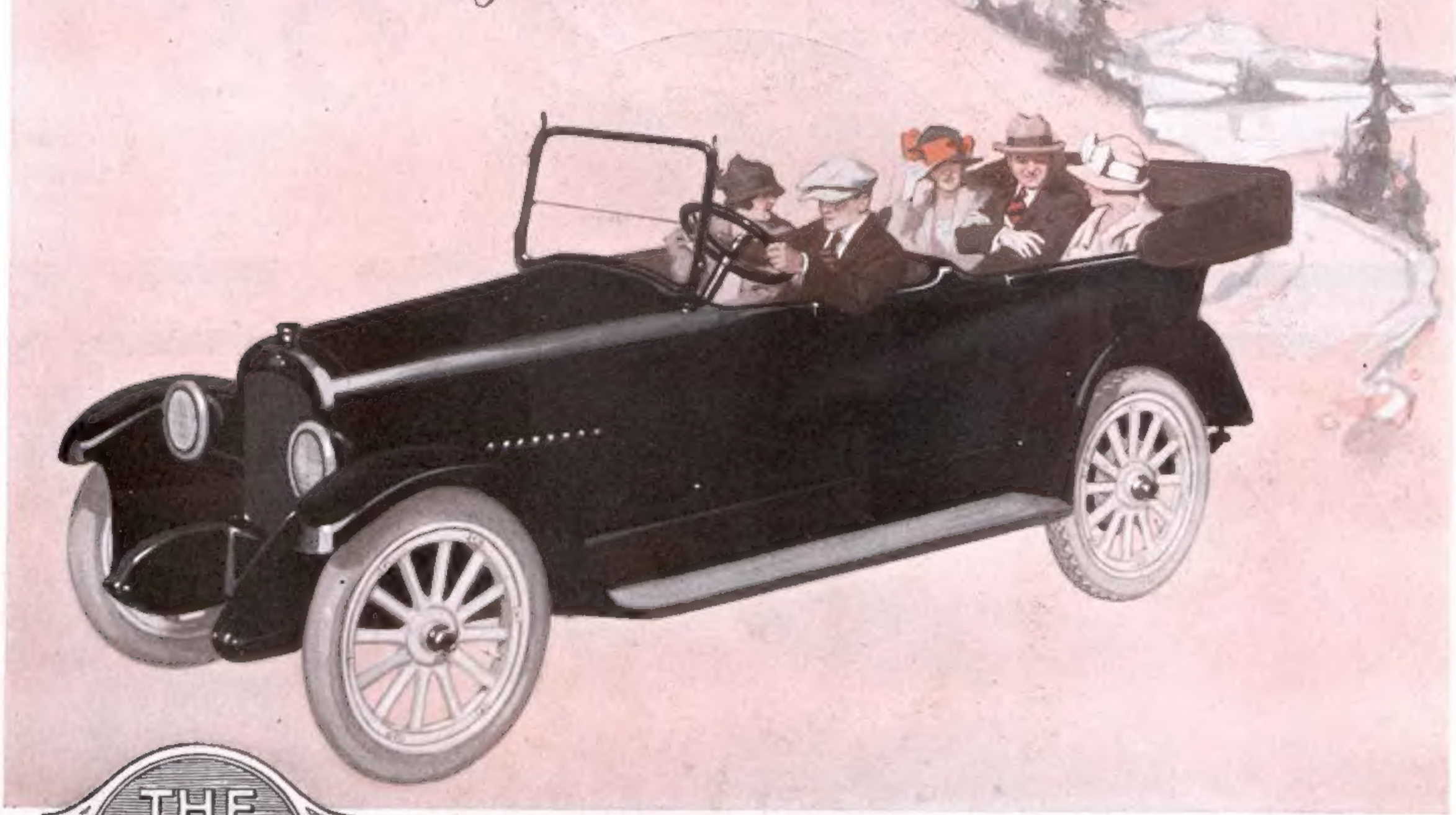

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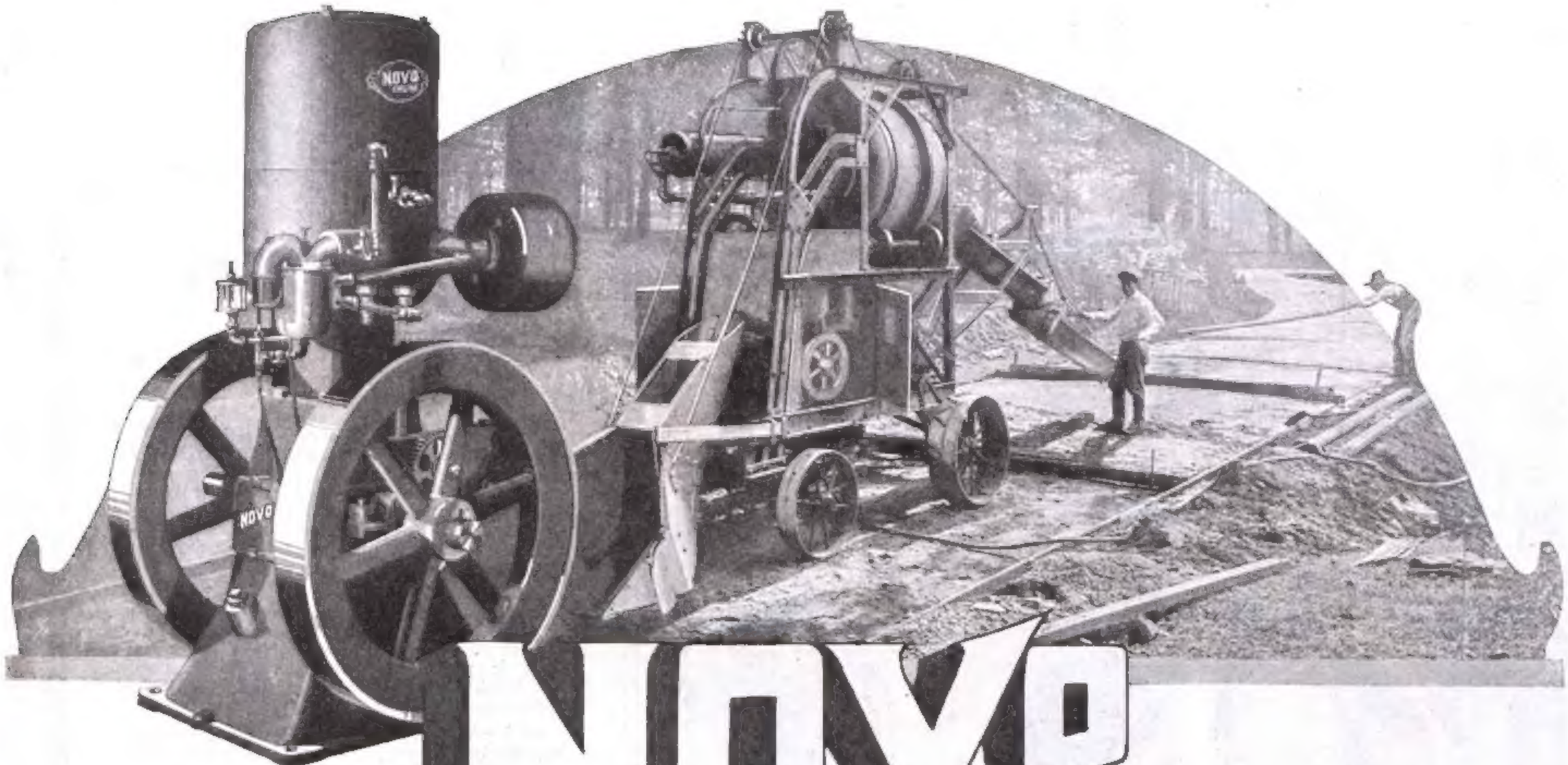
The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES



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DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE raid was begun with such swift stealth, to be then carried on in so silent and vicious a manner that Captain Phineas Plunkett, passing the house at that moment, was shocked and startled.

It was on that widest of fronts where the public peace is never permanent—the water front. This particular sector was a shabby-genteel street in South Brooklyn, where the grass sprouts between the paving stones, and the jungle of back yards borders on a No Man's Land inclosed in hoardings and containing everything under the sun that is not immediately required, a sort of manufacturing catch-all. The hour was one o'clock of a raw, late February morning and Captain Plunkett was returning from the bedside of a lonely friend who was convalescing poorly from the flu.

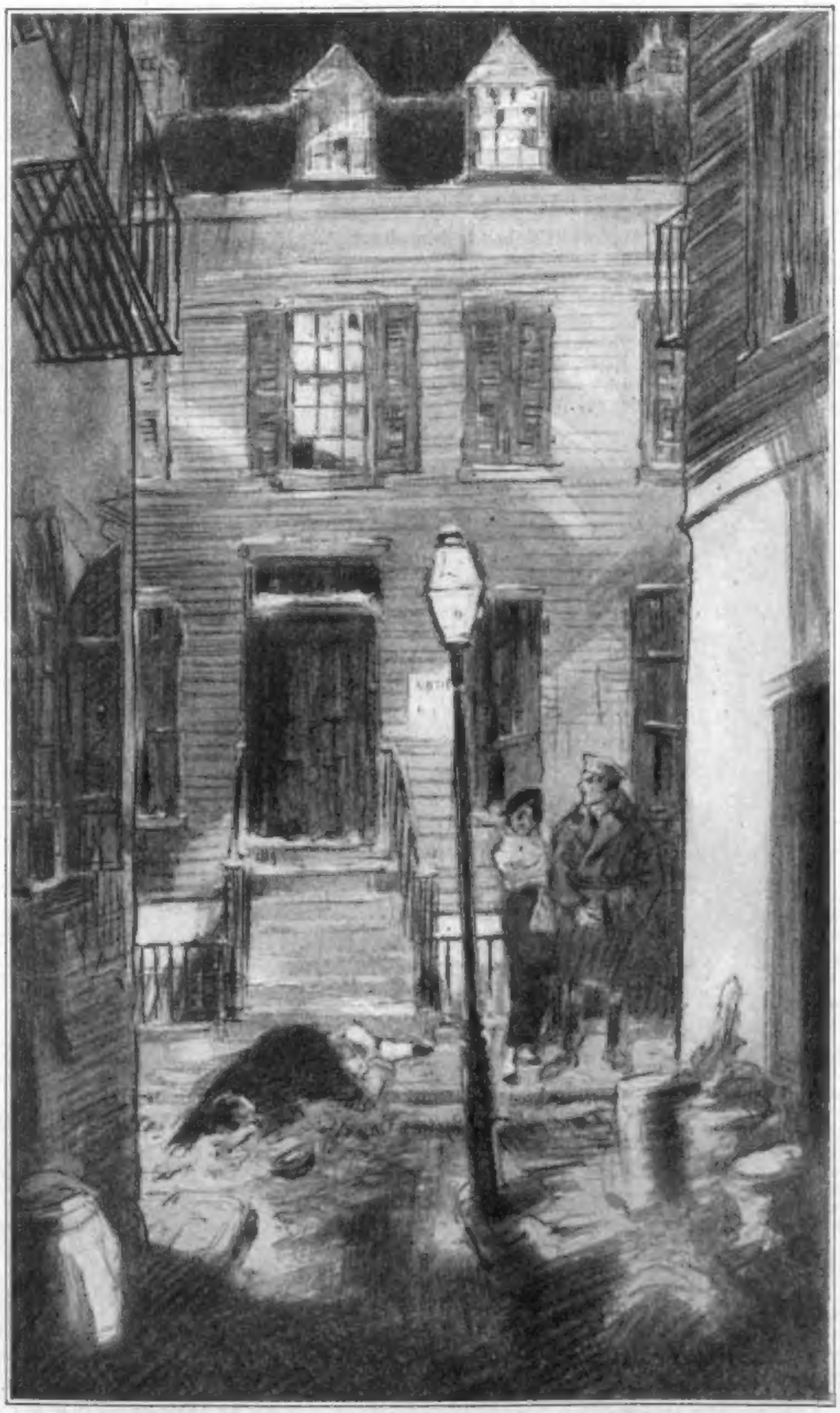
The first warning of the rumpus came with a swift scurry of feet and the sudden appearance of dark figures, some of which rushed up the low stoop of the house at the end of the block while others whipped round it for a flank attack. The front door held by its new bolts and yielded by its rotten hinges, and a moment later there came from within a muffled diapason of protesting voices, curses, blows, the crash of breaking furniture, and other sounds which promised occupation for those whose business lies in the reparation of people and things.

Captain Plunkett stood stock-still. "A police raid," said he to himself; "and a nasty one."

He frowned and stood listening to noises which indicated plainly a lack of polite methods within. No shots were fired, but he could hear heavy scufflings, stifled cries, the surging about of struggling bodies, with savage orders and a smothered scream or two.

As a born and bred New Yorker and man about town of previous sporting habits he had witnessed raids before, even been gilled once in the net spread round a roulette game, but he had never witnessed such silent ferocity as was here. A lower window was raised and a man was half-way through when Captain Plunkett saw him seized from behind, and heard the club drop on the back of his bare head. Two of the plain-clothes men came from the rear, carrying an unconscious form which they laid on the wet sidewalk. One of them blew a police whistle and far down the dismal street a patrol wagon appeared, moving slowly toward the house.

The policemen went back to the rear—no doubt to fetch a fresh victim, thought Captain Plunkett in anger and disgust. As the sole disinterested witness of the brutal affair he determined to take some action. He was a kind-hearted young man. Most of his friends considered him a bit soft, but his college nickname of Phœbe was not entirely on this account. It had its origin rather in the classic beauty of his features and wavy yellow hair, which with a pair of vivid blue eyes had led to his being dubbed Phœbe Apollo Plunkett, then Phœbus, then Phœby, the affectionate diminutive construed by most as Phœbe, which on the whole seemed not inept. One sees that the first was an almost inevitable student play upon his full name of Phineas Appleton Plunkett. He glanced now at the inanimate form upon the sidewalk, that of a well-dressed man, and was about to render first aid and otherwise actively interfere in the interest of humanity when a dark figure came flitting up the basement steps and he found himself seized by the elbow and a soft voice tremulous with fear murmured beseechingly: "Oh, please help me out of this! Pretend I'm with you! Walk on slowly."



"Oh, Please Help Me Out of This! Pretend I'm With You! Walk On Slowly"

It was not in Phineas to refuse. Disgusted as he was at this ruthless method of conducting a raid he would cheerfully have rescued all its victims, let alone a single and, as he could see by the glare of the distant street lamp, very pretty one.

"All right," said he; and tucking her hand under his arm he moved slowly away. The patrol wagon rolled past. Two men came out onto the stoop of the house.

"Hold on there, youse!" called one of them, and ran down the steps.

Phineas faced about. "Well, what is it?" he demanded in a voice which no amount of practice could infuse with military stridency nor from which it could eliminate the lisp which came with strong emotion. But it did not matter, the sight of his officer's cap being sufficient. The man muttered something and went back.

Phineas and his companion moved slowly down the street.

"That sort of thing is a beastly outrage," said he. "They don't need to club people insensible. What is it anyhow? Gambling joint?"

The girl shook her head, and Phineas did not pursue his inquiries. He was beginning to realize that he had run a very serious risk of what might easily have got him into a peck of trouble. They passed under a street lamp, and glancing curiously at his companion he was unable to detect any of the insignia of vice. Much puzzled Phineas walked on in silence. The chance he had taken in rescuing her had not been inspired by chivalry or gallantry but merely because he was incensed at the brutality of the raid. But now his curiosity was roused and it must be admitted that Phineas was a bit of a meddler. He had a talent which amounted almost to a genius for getting himself mixed up in the unfortunate affairs of others, and this not long before had got him into serious trouble.

Presently they reached a station of the L and Phineas paused. "I am going to New York," said he tentatively.

"So am I. Madison Square."

"That's where I get off," said Phineas truthfully. "We'll go together if you don't mind."

"I don't know how I can thank you for what you've done for me," she answered. "I was an awful fool to go to that place—but it wasn't what you probably think."

"Whatever the offense," said Phineas, "a raid like that is a disgrace."

And he led the way up the steps. They were just in time to catch a New York train, and in the brightly lighted and nearly empty car he observed his companion more comprehensively. Though he was a keen judge of metropolitan types the girl perplexed him. She was uncommonly pretty and of a Slavic look, he thought, with widely spaced gray eyes, a short straight nose, and a mouth that was firm though rather full-lipped. Her skin was very white and fine. In fact, she impressed him as the finished product of some very old race, not Semitic or Oriental, but which had been bred close to the pure strain for generations, like Balkan gypsies. But she was no Tzigane.

Her clothes were like herself, unmixed in quality of texture. Phineas, a bit of an expert in a purely amateur way, saw at a glance that there was no sham about the stylish tailor-made suit, the lace-embroidered blouse, Siberian sable trimming of her round hat and silver fox round her neck. And yet he had just rescued this bit of elegance slipping out of the basement of a raided house.

She seemed to read his thought and asked with a smile: "What ever possessed you to take a chance like that?"

Phineas shrugged. "Their work was too raw for my taste. It offended the principles that led me to enter the Army. I once upset a dog catcher's wagon and let out all the dogs for the same reason. Those brutes back there made me want to start a little war of my own. Too bad I didn't—since I've missed out on the big show," he added.

"Have you been in the Army long?"

"Not long enough to take the crease out of my clothes; and next week I get mustered out."

"And then?"

"Hanged if I know. Anything that promises some of the great adventure I'd set my heart on and didn't get. For a reasonable stipend, of course."

"That's funny." The remark was in a low voice and as if addressed to herself.

"I'm glad you think so," said Phineas. "I think it's sad. What is there about it that strikes you as funny?"

"Well—for one thing you don't seem like the adventurous sort. And for another I would have said that you had never done a day's work in your life."

"I hadn't until my father came a cropper when the country went towar."

"I've seen you lots of times going up and down Fifth Avenue. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"Not if you will honor me ——"

"Well then, my name is Olga Karakoff. My father is the dealer in antiques."

"Of course. Used to be Petrovski. My family has dealt there for years and years. I'm Phineas Plunkett."

"Not Phœbe Plunkett?" Her voice rose but she hushed it quickly with a look of burning interest at her rescuer.

"I see that I am advertised by my loving friends," said Phineas sadly.

"Your friends may have started it, but I was thinking of your newspaper ——"

Phineas shuddered. "Don't," said he. "I am trying to forget. Yes, you are right. The paper finished it—and me. In fact we sawed it off pretty evenly, as I came within one jump of finishing the paper. They were lucky to get off with a hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit, which is now appealed. But it was their own fault. They told me to get the inside of that graft story and I got it. The trouble lay in my telling how I got it. That was a bit of inexperience on my part and carelessness on the part of the city editor; and it cost us both our jobs."

Olga stared at the handsome but, in the opinion of many, rather vapid features of the young man, and her light gray eyes had a peculiar expression of eagerness, one might almost say of cupidity. It was such a look as might have been seen on the face of a collector, a naturalist, who has suddenly caught sight of a rare orchid on an inaccessible ledge.

"Papa said it was one of the cleverest pieces of detective work that had come under his observation for a long time," said she. "How did you know where to start? You didn't tell that."

"Oh, I worked backward from *x*, the unknown quantity. I suppose I must have a natural gift for deduction, and being a born meddler it wasn't long before I turned up a clew. Maybe I'll set up for a private detective if I can't find honest employment. To tell the truth, I'm open to almost any sort of criminal proposition. Since I can't be a hero now that the war is over I might as well be a blackguard. Well, here's our station."

They left the train and went up and out into the raw soggy night. Phineas offered to see her to her door, which was not far. As they crossed Madison Square he asked again if she could not tell him anything about the peculiar character of the house from which she had been the only occupant to escape, being now convinced that its commerce was far more serious than he had thought.

"Not to-night," she answered, smiling. "I shall have to consult papa first. He has no idea that I knew about the place, and I am in for a good scolding. Now listen, captain ——"

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

"Did you really mean it when you said that you were looking for a dangerous well-paid job?"

"I certainly did, Miss Karakoff. 'Adventurous' was the word I used, but we'll waive that. Do you happen to need the services of a bodyguard or bravo or private assassin or something of the sort?"

"Not right away, I hope. But I'm not joking, captain. Will you dine with papa and me to-morrow night at eight? I think I can tell you all about this night's business then—and maybe you will find the job you are looking for."

"You're awfully kind. Yes, with much pleasure."

"Then I'll count on you. Where are you stopping? At your club?"

"Alas, no. I've had to drop all my clubs. You see, I've not only myself but my father to support. He's in a sanitarium." He gave her the name of his old-fashioned commercial hotel, adding that he was on leave in the hope of hunting up some sort of work. "If all else fails," said Phineas half jokingly, "perhaps your father might take me on as a buyer. I've lived a good part of my life in Europe and was halfway through a course in architecture for the Beaux Arts when the war began. Then father wrote me that things were looking rickety for him and I came home. Since then it's been one darn thing after another."

"Cheer up. If what I have in mind comes off you'll get all the excitement you want. And you'll be rendering the country a greater service than if you had gone to France."

Walking rapidly they had reached the shop and paused in front of a door at one side of it. Miss Karakoff offered him her hand. "Our apartment is over the store," said she. "Thank you a thousand times. To-morrow night, then?"

Phineas Felt Again That Perverse Impulse to Lay Hands on Her and Shake Some Information Out of Her

II

PHINEAS did not take very seriously Olga's suggestion of possible adventurous and remunerative employment. In the first place he could not imagine what use an importing merchant could possibly have for such service, and in the second, he had that greatest of all handicaps to a young man looking for a job—a supreme contempt for his own general qualifications.

As a matter of fact these were not brilliant from a business point of view. Most gentlemanly accomplishments attained at great expense are, curiously enough, such as to fit one indifferently well for employments of a semimenial character. Phineas might have qualified as a riding master, chauffeur, racing skipper, dancing teacher, athletic instructor, butler or barkeep. His college education had been academic, but it is doubtful if he could have taught grammar school. He had barely managed to save his skin through two years of preparatory courses in architecture for the Beaux Arts.

As the result of all this, Phineas' job-hunting efforts were a good deal like those of Kim's red Lama in search of a river or some of the Knights of the Round Table riding pleasantly about in search of the Holy Grail. Going down the line of such of his friends as were in town amounted to no more than a series of social calls paid at inconvenient hours, and after being staved off for the eleventh time with a lunch or dinner invitation Phineas grew peeved.

"Confound it," said he, "I didn't come for anything so picayune as mere food. I'm looking for employment, honest if possible but fairly remunerative."

Late in the day he returned to his hotel with a low estimate of friendship and the conviction that a man looking for a job was generally regarded as a worse pest than a man with the flu. The latter was to be shunned, but the former instantly deported. His lack of success brought him to a more thoughtful consideration of his adventure of the night before. Olga had impressed him as a sensible sort of girl and there might be something in it after all. He had been able to find nothing about the raid in the papers, and Phineas set himself to solve the problem of what it might have been, finally arriving at a conclusion by a process of elimination.

His estimate of Olga's personality and position made it impossible that the house could have been any sort of disreputable establishment in the ordinary sense, whether of gambling or drug dispensing or worse. But the vicious tactics of the police appeared to indicate that they considered themselves to be dealing with a dangerous group of individuals with whom it would not do to take any chances and who were not entitled to gentle handling. This would seem to put them in one of two classes—criminal or enemies of the state. Phineas reasoned that Olga as the daughter of a prominent merchant would have no reason to consort with thieves, and therefore the rendezvous must have been one of a sort to menace the public peace. It was undoubtedly a meeting of anarchists or nihilists or Bolsheviki or something of the sort.

This conclusion pointed to another. Karakoff was possibly a member of the organization who no longer approved its proceedings and was now denounced as a renegade. Fearing himself to be in personal danger he might desire a bodyguard or perhaps an unsuspected confidential agent through whom he might strike at the core of the society to nullify its mischief.

Such a position might not have appealed to most young men of Phineas' station, but it did to him. It was, in fact, precisely the sort of work for which he was best fitted, as behind his handsome, smiling and rather vapid face there was a deal of keen native

acumen, a cynical indifference to danger, and the germ of that peculiar Yankee ruthlessness inherited from pioneer Indian fighters.

It was therefore with pleasantly tingling anticipations that Captain Plunkett presented himself at the Karakoffs' apartment, where he was ushered into a salon which might have passed for a room in a museum of rare and precious *objets d'art*.

Olga, exotically beautiful in a pale green evening gown too dressy for an informal dinner *en famille* and likewise too décolleté for a young girl on any occasion, welcomed him as though he had been an old friend—even more, perhaps; and presented him to her father, who was a singularly handsome man of about forty-five.

Phineas found himself immediately interested in Karakoff, who began to thank him warmly in a musical but rather high-pitched voice for the service he had rendered Olga.

"It was far more than she deserved," said Karakoff. "I can't imagine what possessed her to go to such a place. Feminine curiosity, I suppose, with a certain amount of cupidity." He smiled.

"Why cupidity?" Phineas asked.

"Ah, that's the woman of it. She knows perfectly well that she has only to help herself to what she wants from my stock of gewgaws, which is quite considerable. The eternal feminine desire for a bargain. No doubt she inherits it from a long ancestry of merchants. You see, captain, that place was what crooks would call a fence."

"What!" exclaimed Phineas, no less startled to learn the nature of the raided house than at the frankness of his host.

"Yes," said Karakoff, smiling, "but not for stolen articles. For smuggled ones."

"Oh—I see," said Phineas, somewhat relieved.

"It appears to be a new enterprise which has sprung up since the Russian débâcle," said Karakoff, "and it is beginning to assume dimensions which cause us dealers a certain amount of anxiety. You see, rich Russians have always been great purchasers of valuable jewelry; more so than any other people, I suppose. Their gifts to wives and sweethearts and daughters are usually in this form. Now owing to the state of chaos in the country they have lost their estates and high-paid sinecures and even their money and securities in the banks. But they usually manage to hang on to their jewels, and these they are now forced to sell for what they may fetch."

Phineas nodded. "And that's beginning to affect your market?" he asked.

"It is going to unless this wholesale smuggling is stopped. That little place over in South Brooklyn was a mere bagatelle, but who knows how many such there may be? The trouble lies in the impossibility of preventing the individual smuggling of nondescript jewelry. You can't search every casual off a transport. You can't even keep them from getting ashore; nor the officers and crews of Dutch and Danish and Scandinavian ships. Customs officers are not clairvoyants. The clever seizures they make are the result of being tipped off from the other side. Where these transactions are secret and the mere existence of the gems unknown it is a pretty hopeless proposition."

"Unless," suggested Phineas, "the commerce is under some general organization."

Karakoff's dark luminous eyes glowed suddenly like a live ember struck by a draft of air. He leaned forward in his chair.

"I wondered if that idea would occur to you, captain. It is precisely what some of us suspect and desire to know more about. We are looking for the proper person or persons to undertake such an investigation without the knowledge of the Federal authorities."

Dinner was at this moment announced, and Karakoff dropped the topic with a gesture of postponement. In fact, he did not bring it up again in the course of an evening which passed most pleasantly for Phineas and recalled his student days in Paris, when he had mingled with an enlivening cosmopolitan society. The Karakoffs, however, represented a class with which he had absolutely no personal acquaintanceship: that of the rich and highly educated merchant whose commerce has been augmented by succeeding generations and whose pride as well as inclination does not admit of any effort to enter a smart social stratum for which he feels a certain secret contempt.

"Merci, Monsieur," Murmured the Marquise. "It Would be Very Odd if a Ring Stolen by a Boche on the Battlefield Should Find its Way Here to America, Would it Not?"

It occurred to Phineas that here was a social world all its own, and that those not in relations with it missed a good deal of interest and pleasure from their lives. He was struck, however, by a certain disparity between Olga and her father. Karakoff gave the impression of the finished man of the world, might have passed for European nobility, royalty for that matter. His handsome presence, easy graceful manner and precision of speech distinguished him. But Olga for all her superfine finish was not distinguished any more than some voluptuous phenomenon of female beauty in a harem would be distinguished. There was something lacking, something in excess.

Phineas could not have described it in words, but he felt it to be there. She gave him the impression of temperamental instability, like a docile performing leopardess which is trained but not tamed. He had a feeling that her beautiful manners were rather like her beautiful gown, something extrinsic and to be worn as occasion might require, that they were not a part of her, an integral part of her as in the case of women of his own world.

Then gradually as the evening wore on he became unpleasantly conscious of his having for her some peculiar fascination. Phineas was anything but vain—rather the reverse, in fact—but his instincts were keen and his experience considerable. Once or twice when their eyes met he read in Olga's that cosmic stare which is the betrayal of a swift infatuation. It was anything but a purposeful regard, not unconscious, perhaps, but uncontrollable and akin to the gleam of smoldering anger or hatred. It made him uncomfortable and he was glad when the time came for him to go.

Karakoff accompanied him to the door. "Can you dine with me and some of my business confrères Thursday night?" he asked. "It will be a stag party. My daughter has told me something about your circumstances and your desire to find occupation of an interesting and profitable sort. It may be that I shall have a proposition to make you, but this of course entails no obligation on your part. It would have something to do with the matter we discussed before dinner."

"I should be delighted," Phineas answered. He had an uncertain feeling about Karakoff, but the dealer's personality attracted him, and now the scent of adventure was distinctly in the air. "I'm afraid, though, that you are inclined to overrate my abilities."

Karakoff smiled in his attractive way. "If I do," said he, "they will have to be assayed by some of the shrewdest judges of character in this city of New York before we undertake anything definite."

And with a pleasant word or two they parted.

III

WHILE dressing the next morning Phineas' uncertain spirits were cheered by receiving an impromptu dinner invitation from a young and charming friend who a number of months previously had married a genial old gallant of enormous wealth. Phineas had himself at one time entertained a tender sentiment for this fair and gracious lady, might even have married her but for his calamitous change of expectations, when, neither of them having two sous to clink together, he had obtained employment on a daily paper and she a far more lucrative position as the pampered darling of an ancient beau:

"*Dear Phœbe*," read the note: "Why haven't you come to see me? I saw Doctor Bright to-day and he told me that you were in town and gave me your address. Can't you dine with us to-night at eight? Do please come as I have a charming little marquise, recently arrived with her husband on some French commission. She speaks scarcely any English, and none of the other men who are coming speaks real French. I have also a lovely mysterious girl I used to know in Paris, a Miss Melton. She pretends to be a French *propagandiste*, but I am not sure.

"Forgive the short notice and phone me that you can come. It is very wrong of you to keep away from your old friends merely because you can no longer burn the daylight as of old. *C'est la guerre!*

"Faithfully yours,

"EVELYN OSGOOD CROSBY."

Phineas immediately telephoned to accept the invitation. After all it was nice to be remembered. Probably the most painful feature of sudden poverty from affluence in American social life is the gradual withdrawal from one's former set. It is rather like the slow death of a blasted tree; first the withering of the leaves and twigs of slight acquaintanceship, gradually descending to the branches of friendship, and then the blighting of the solid limbs of intimacy and real affection.

It seemed to Phineas that one by one his former associates had drawn back into their august palaces and that the façades of these were sheathed in a coating of ice which

(Continued on Page 101)

Why Bolshevism Dominates Russia

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE other day I had a discussion with an American friend on the actual situation in Russia, the appalling gravity of which is naturally a matter of the most anxious concern to every Russian patriot and of no less earnest and sincere interest to my friend, since we, both of us, belong to a generation with whom the traditional cordial friendship between our two nations has always been almost an article of faith. Among other important matters touched upon in our discussion, my friend asked me a very pertinent question. "Can you explain to me," said he, "why the Russian people have been suffering so long the intolerable régime of the Bolsheviks and have never yet made even an attempt at its overthrow?"

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The Bolshevik Red Guard, Without Which the Overthrow of the Provisional Government Under Kerensky Would Not Have Been Possible

The first answer to this question that would suggest itself would naturally be the simple one that the Bolsheviks are armed and the rest of the nation is not. This circumstance is of course a very important element in the situation, but it is by no means sufficient to explain the apparently meek submission of a whole nation to the sanguinary sway of a small group of fanatic visionaries, with their following of murderous bandits, whose openly avowed aim has been the destruction of the social fabric and consequently the ruin of the country. Such a superficially plausible explanation leaves entirely out of account the psychological element in the attitude of the Russian people toward current events, and the immediate as well as the remote causes which have determined this attitude.

In judging of Russian affairs one should always remember and make allowance for the facts that the bulk of the nation and the mainstay of her power and prosperity—I mean the Russian peasantry—little more than half a century ago were still practically slaves, though euphemistically called "serfs," and that the principle of slavery is a subtle poison which affects the mentality of the slave no less than that of the master. Much of what to western observers appears strange and ever repulsive in the Russian national character has undoubtedly its source in the moral atmosphere created by centuries of slavery. To the baneful influence of this atmosphere must also be traced back the origin of that almost impassable gulf of mutual noncomprehension which separates the bulk of the nation from her natural leaders, the so-called "intelligentzia," or educated classes, and which is in a great measure responsible for the cruel fate that has overtaken Russia.

From Serfdom to Liberty

I FEEL that this last assertion of mine requires further explanation. In order to make this point quite clear it will be necessary to go back to the origin of the policies which ultimately led to the participation of Russia in the world war. Ever since Russia under Peter the Great became a member of the family of European nations the policy of her rulers has been one of gradual expansion, or let us call it "imperialism," until under Alexander I with the acquisition of Bessarabia and the inclusion in the confines of the Empire of the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Finland, the limit of the expansion of Russia in Europe seemed to have been reached.

This policy had been, strictly speaking, the personal policy of the sovereigns of Russia such as Peter the Great, Catharine the Great and Alexander I. Even the upper and educated classes, numerically extremely insignificant, let alone the bulk of the nation, had had no part at all in this policy, except so far as the instruments and agents needed for carrying it out were necessarily drawn from those classes. Its successful pursuit was possible because it was supported by military powers quite adequate for its purpose in the shape of a standing professional army, in comparison with modern developments numerically very insignificant indeed, but which, though being drafted by conscription from a most peaceful peasantry, had been drilled, thanks to the length of compulsory service—twenty-five years—of the conscripts, into an extremely efficient, in those days perhaps the most efficient fighting force in Europe. It was not till after the disastrous Crimean War that the educated classes, the so-called intelligentzia, which had grown numerically to some extent, though constituting even to this day but a very thin layer indeed of high-grade civilization floating on the surface of an ocean of more or less uncultured masses beneath, began to take a share, at first but very remote, in shaping the policies of the state, domestic as well as foreign, mainly through the growing influence of the press and of the more enlightened part of the vast army of the bureaucracy, itself part and parcel of the intelligentzia. The part the intelligentzia had in the great work of the liberation of the serfs was a most important and a highly creditable one. Indeed without the enthusiastic support of the great majority of the intelligentzia and the unselfish willingness of the greater part of the landowning gentry to sacrifice their private and class interests to the common weal it would never have been possible for the Emperor Alexander II to accomplish the crowning task of his reign, which has immortalized his name as the "Czar Liberator."

This much could not be said in regard to the influence which the intelligentzia, toward the middle of the second half of the past century, had begun to acquire in matters of foreign policy. Barring the policy which led to the disastrous armed conflict with Japan and which was favored exclusively by the extreme jingoistic wing of the intelligentzia, represented by the chief nationalist organ of the press, the Novie Vremia, this influence has been mainly exercised in the direction of an imperialistic policy in connection with two questions: The realization of the so-called "Great Slav idea," and the satisfaction of the pretended necessity of and the supposed traditional craving of the Russian people for the possession of Czargrad—Constantinople—and the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus.

In regard to both these questions opinions were divided. There is no doubt, however, that the great majority of the intelligentzia favored a forward, or in other words an imperialistic policy aiming at the realization of their political ideals. This attitude of the intelligentzia may be explained partly by the conditions of political life in Russia, which had precluded the possibility of the educated classes' acquiring any experience whatever in practical politics, and partly perhaps by a tendency of the national mentality toward doctrinairism and a certain vague idealism.

It was this fatal lack of experience in political affairs, no less than their personal incompetence, which led the Duma leaders of all parties—Octobrists, Cadets, as well as Social Revolutionaries, Social Democrats, and so on—into the fatal psychological error which proved their own undoing and ultimately resulted in the country's total ruin and destruction, and the shattering of the nation. They failed to realize that under modern conditions of warfare, when no longer comparatively small professional armies but whole nations armed to the teeth confront each other, imperialistic policies may be carried through only when they are fully understood and indorsed by the bulk of the nations at war.

This was emphatically not the case in the present war so far as Russia was concerned. The Russian peasantry, who compose about ninety per cent of the fighting forces of the nation, are as a class still largely illiterate, densely ignorant, politically quite uneducated and naturally incapable of forming a reasoned opinion on matters of foreign politics. Such abstract notions as the great Slav cause, hegemony, balance of power, or such legends as the supposed traditional yearning of the Russian people for the possession of Czargrad, strategical considerations in regard to straits, keys to this or that sea, and so on, are all creatures of the brain of an infinitesimally small—if compared with the bulk of the nation—circle of intellectuals, who by their control of the press, their influence on the government and on the numerically very limited reading public, are enabled to create the illusion of a public opinion of the immense mass of the Russian people.

The Bewildered Russian Masses

THE truth, however, is that all this does not convey any meaning to the masses of the people, and could not therefore affect the morale of the fifteen to seventeen million peasants who had been called to the colors and were wearing soldiers' garb. They had been fighting because they were ordered to fight by the Czar. They had seen victorious advances, they had patiently borne the sufferings of disastrous retreats. They had lost confidence in the army command. They knew that millions of their fellows had been slain or crippled or made prisoners. They saw no end to the slaughter. They felt they were being used as cannon fodder for the furtherance of aims they could neither understand nor have any sympathy with. Now there was no more Czar, and blessed Liberty had come at last, which they interpreted to mean freedom for all to do as they pleased. They wanted to return to their fields, they wanted no more fighting, they wanted peace. And that was the true underlying meaning of the revolution and also the secret of its immediate and irresistible success.

Now this perfectly obvious truth, and the further no less obvious truth that under the conditions resulting from the revolution the successful continuation of the war had become an impossibility, and that any attempt at forcing its continuation upon an unwilling people was bound to lead—and, as events have demonstrated, did lead—to the catastrophe that has overtaken Russia—all this the party

(Concluded on Page 81)

Adventures in Interviewing Pershing And Some Other War Notables

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THOUGH I saw much that was stirring and dramatic during the war, two particular events stand out vividly in the recollection of those years. One was that April dawn on the Russian border in 1917 when I learned that we had entered the great struggle. The other was an October afternoon in the same year, when I first saw the Stars and Stripes float over American fighting men up in the zone of the armies in France. There was more than ordinary professional interest in my initial meeting with the Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces. For nearly three years I had followed the trail of foreign soldiers and statesmen. I had seen a million men in action under many standards. Now I had come to my own people.

Their advent was largely embodied then in General Pershing. No living American perhaps was ever hurled into the limelight more swiftly than this grave-eyed soldier. His exploits in the Philippines and his dash into Mexico after Villa had given him a considerable reputation, but it was confined to his own countrymen. Overnight there flashed everywhere the news that he was to head the American Army in France. To our hard-pressed Allies it meant the breath of life and hope. To the average citizen in this country it roused interest and curiosity in the personality of a man suddenly charged with immense responsibilities.

American Beginnings in France

SINCE that time General Pershing has become, with the possible exception of President Wilson, the most famous American of his day. Yet little is known about his personal side. He has hidden his real self behind a reserve that is one of his chief characteristics. So far as France is concerned there is no fund of anecdote or story. When human-interest historians visited him in quest of biographical information, like Sir Douglas Haig he said: "Write about the Army."

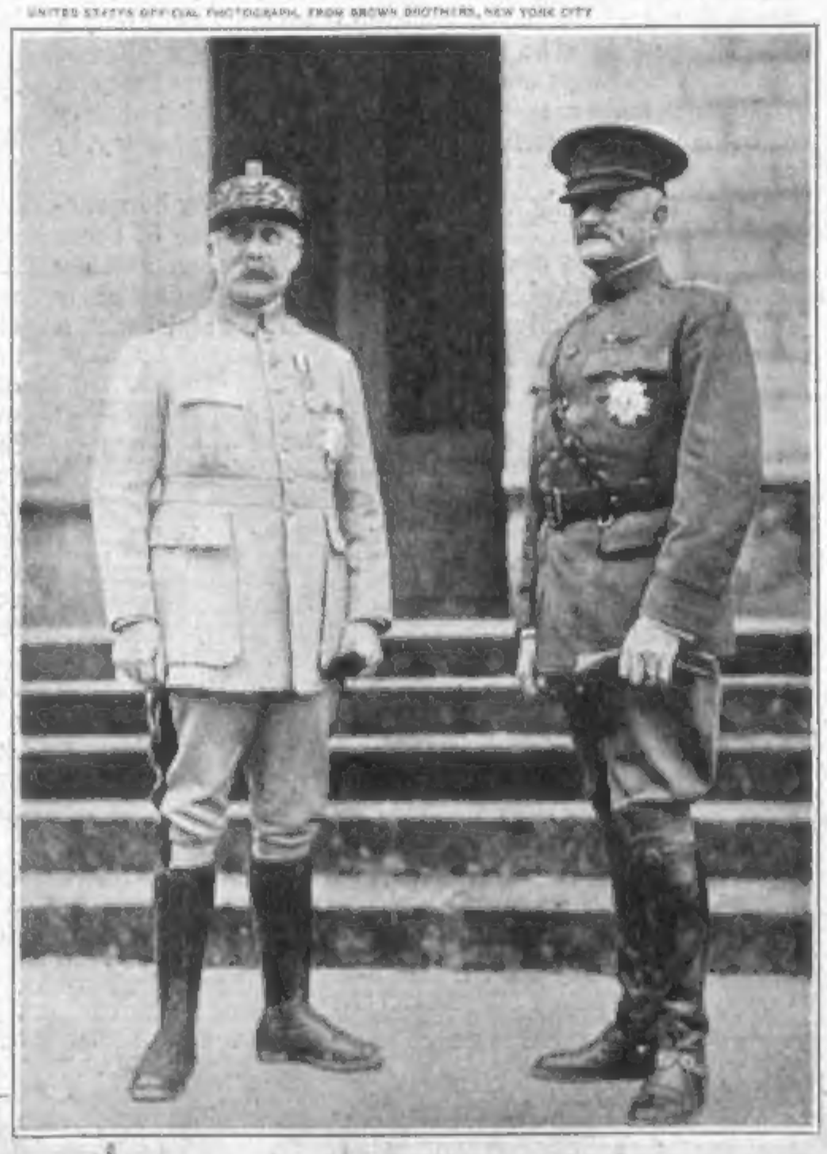
This aloofness made the task of interviewing him, of even seeing him, most difficult.

Of all my war experiences the contacts with General Pershing meant the most to me for the reason that he represented distinct American achievement. Likewise, they spanned practically our whole overseas participation in the conflict. At the time of that first interview he was head of a mere vanguard of the coming millions. When next I saw him he led a khakied host that had already written its heroism at Cantigny and Château-Thierry and was preparing for St.-Mihiel.

To have seen General Pershing in that autumn of 1917 was to realize the handicaps under which our effort abroad was launched. The first real evidence that the American Army was an active partner in the business of war came on September first, when the General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces was established at Chaumont, a charming town up in the Haute-Marne about four hours' journey by rail from Paris.

Until the signing of the armistice its name was jealously guarded. As was the case with Montreuil, the headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, it was always referred to as G. H. Q. For years to come it will be a shrine for American pilgrims, for here we really set up our military shop.

Chaumont has another and little-known historical value. Back in 1814 it was the scene of a notable gathering of the Allies who framed a treaty against Napoleon. America was then a child among the nations.



UNITED STATES OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Clémenceau Acknowledging Cheers of a British Division. Above—General Pershing and Marshal Petain

I planned my first trip to Chaumont so that I could see our little American Army before I met its commander. At that time we had two divisions in the north of France. The First, composed of regulars, was at Gondrecourt; the Twenty-sixth—New England—Division was at Neufchâteau, about fifteen miles away.

At the railway station at Gondrecourt I got my first actual sight of America in France. It was a rangy military policeman lounging against the wall of the weather-beaten ticket office. As I sped down the road in a military car I caught a gleam of color against the green-and-brown background of the Vosges. It was an American flag flying over a camp of regulars. Afterward I saw scores of other American flags waving in the midst of hundreds of thousands of Yankees in the field, but they never evoked the same emotion as that solitary and lonely outpost of our vast endeavor in the war.

G. H. Q. at Chaumont

I SPENT the night at Neufchâteau, at a hotel where the first group of American newspaper correspondents accredited to the Expeditionary Forces had a mess.

It was not until the following afternoon that I reached Chaumont.

The sleepy town had not grown accustomed to the unfamiliar presence of American soldiers. Only a headquarters troop had been assigned there. You saw an occasional Yankee stepping gingerly along the streets as if he were feeling his way. A year later, when I returned, our men outnumbered the inhabitants.

In the flood of writing about the deeds of the doughboy there has been a curious neglect of the General Headquarters. There were two good reasons for this omission. One was the secrecy and censorship enjoined during the war; the other resulted from the quick diversion of popular interest to the Army of Occupation as soon as the Germans collapsed.

Yet this establishment has a definite place in history. It is located in what the French call a *caserne*, which means a military barracks. You can see them in every large city in France. All have the same architecture. They are ordinarily four-story brick quadrangles with a parade ground in front. The lower floors are used for offices and the rest are quarters for the men. The entrance is an iron gateway flanked by sentry boxes.

The barracks at Chaumont differ in no way from a dozen others except that they are larger than usual. The nearer you get to the German frontier the more elaborate become the French military arrangements.

It was late that October afternoon when I reached the American G. H. Q. At the gate flew French and American flags. Half a dozen American soldiers were on duty. The weather was gray, bleak and cold, and the damp chill seemed to have penetrated into everybody's bones. It took our men a long

(Continued on Page 85)

The Sitpatter and the Nucleus System

By Holworthy Hall and Hugh Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

FOR perhaps an hour after Fan had answered his first question and answered it satisfactorily, Jerry Goodson had no thought of the morrow. For that matter he had no thought of yesterday either. Fan was clinging to him in glorious submission; and Cæsar, Gregory and all the rest of the almanac makers put together were immaterial to him. But at last there came a moment when Jerry was impelled to ask the other of the two inevitable questions, and at her shy response to it he was thoroughly floored.

He felt as though the calendar had suddenly slunk out of ambush and assaulted him.

Jerry had whispered: "When?"

"Just as—just as soon as you want me," Fan had whispered back.

Now Jerry had long since realized of course that if Fan were willing to let herself be endowed with all his worldly goods she had a right to know whether the endowment was going to be in the form of a dowry or only a schedule of liabilities. Indeed, he had told himself a month ago that before he asked her to marry him he ought to confide to her the fact that he had saved hardly six hundred dollars. He knew that she wouldn't think it was enough. Jerry himself knew that it wasn't enough. There would obviously have to be a long engagement during which the sordid financial phase of romance could be adjusted. But even when in voicing that impetuous question he recalled that he hadn't yet confided in her, he was still unsuspecting of the result. He fancied that she would put him off, as women are supposed to do, and set a date so far ahead that he could easily argue her into bringing it a few months nearer—and at the same time give him plenty of leeway to double his savings. In this case he needn't compare himself with the ant in the fable at all. And now, instead of putting him off, she had placed him in the position of having to put *her* off—which wasn't very comfortable for Jerry.

"We'll have to wait a little while, I'm afraid, dear," he said cautiously.

"How long, Jerry?"

The abrupt change of venue was embarrassing, but Jerry found that her eyes gave him courage.

"I'm only getting fifteen hundred a year, and all I've got saved up is six hundred dollars. I—I wish I'd known sooner, Fan. If I'd ever dreamed that anything so worth while as this would come along ——"

Fan sat up and resumed a measure of the poise which had fled from her an hour ago. "Six hundred dollars? Why, that's a lot," she exclaimed. "We won't have to wait at all—not if we begin with a nucleus, Jerry!"

Her breath-stopping immediacy was a delicious drug to Jerry. Merely that she should want to marry him was miracle enough, but that she was willing—even eager—to share his penury! Nevertheless, he couldn't seem to envisage his meager capital in the proper relation of guardianship to Fan and Fan's harmonious background.

"Nucleus?" he repeated. The word had only one meaning to him, but Fan's use of it made him wonder if she meant something else. It sounded suspiciously like the catalogue name of a portable house.

"Yes, dear, nucleus. If we take a tiny little coop of a bungalow and furnish it bit by bit. We couldn't buy everything at once anyway, unless it was the cheapest of the cheap, and even then we couldn't unless we waited—oh, a whole year."

"We could buy things on—er—deferred payments, I suppose," said Jerry not too enthusiastically.

"No!" she insisted. "I hate the flimsy old things you get in those installment places. They'd wear out before we got them paid for anyway. And we aren't going into debt, Jerry."

"That's sensible too," he conceded with great relief.

"No, we'll begin with a nucleus. We'll have some w-wedding gifts ——" She paused until the strains of the organ ceased to echo in her ears. "And then we'll buy just what we absolutely have to have. Take the dining room, for instance." She fairly bounced with the excitement of anticipation. "We'll get a dining-room table and a serving table and two chairs. Two, Jerry; some good standard design that we can always match. If anybody comes to dinner we'll use living-room chairs until we can perfectly well afford to buy two more for the dining room. Don't you see? We won't bother to get a sideboard until we can afford to get exactly the one we want. And so on right through the whole house. So even if we start with only a few things they'll be good and we'll have them always. And we can always match them and keep on having good things the more money you make. Won't that be better than having a houseful of junk to begin with or trying to wait until ——"

Jerry was strongly affirmative. Fascinated by her practicality he assured himself that he wasn't one of those unfortunates who develop astigmatism as soon as they cast about for suitable wives. He glorified himself anew for having fallen in love with Fan. She was a girl with a business head; a girl who'd be a managing partner instead of a matrimonial pensioner; and this attribute, because he hadn't previously suspected it, was velvet.

During the next few weeks he betrayed a tolerant condescension toward certain married men of his acquaintance who undertook to loan him advice. Jerry and Fan were going to be refreshingly different.

"Eight Dollars Extra Every Single Week! And for Only Two Hours' Work? Why, That's Just Like Finding It!"

Two months and six hundred dollars passed simultaneously into the discard. In exchange Jerry acquired—among other benefits—a year's lease of a pretty new stucco house in Fairview Park Gardens Estates, together with four infant maples, one ditto rosebush and a quarter acre of soil out of which he could make a park, a garden or an estate, just as he liked.

What if the living room harbored only three chairs? Wasn't one of them the softest, most luxurious, finest tapestried lounging chair extant? And didn't the other hold—sometimes—positively the finest specimen of wife in voluntary captivity? The guest room was quite unfurnished, but guests—except of the dinner variety—weren't yet desired anyway. As for diners, the open-stock china sufficed for a quartet without noticeable shortage—and Jerry sat on an enameled bedroom chair. The lack of a piano and a divan and a mahogany highboy was easily overlooked while there was a pale-blue negligée across the breakfast table. Granted that the butler's pantry contained none of those shining aids to vanity—a Sheffield steak platter and vegetable dish with compartments, a duck press, a tea cart and graduated sets of glassware—there wasn't any butler in the pantry either. Nor any cook, nor any maid, nor any servant whatsoever except for heavy cleaning. And if Jerry had ever found a boarding house in which he had been a tenth as comfortable as in that butler's pantry—on, say, a Sunday evening when a picnic supper was constructed about a chafing dish and Jerry helped wash the two dinner plates and the two cups and the four spoons afterward—he must have forgotten to mention it to Fan.

Fan, however, didn't forget to keep mentioning to spinster friends and to elder sisters in matrimony, all of whom were outspokenly impressed, her declaration of independence. It was also a tacit alibi for Jerry.

"We're just being sensible," she reiterated. "It's only a nucleus. And Jerry's absolutely happy, even if he does have to keep his books on the guest-room floor. Everything we've got is good. We shan't ever have to give much to the Salvation Army just to get rid of it. We'll always have the nucleus to remind us of this dear little house. And every now and then we'll add something. Why, we're trying to decide right now whether we really need a wing chair or a writing desk most!"

True, they were; but Jerry's salary hadn't proved so elastic as he had let himself be persuaded it would. The Goodsons did no buying to speak of, though they did a good deal of deciding—to speak of. Imperceptibly, as the year continued to nibble away the calendar, the attitude of Fan's listeners changed to courteous indulgence. Presently the Goodsons reached the invisible frontier at which the expedients of newly weds cease to be amusing and reveal themselves frankly as either poverty or parsimony.

It was in the early summer that revelation came battering at Fan's consciousness. And this was because, on the evening that the two affluent young Blairs appeared for bridge, Jerry made his usual joke about somebody having to sit on the non-existent piano stool.

"Of course," added Jerry automatically, "what we've got is good, and from time to time, when we decide what's the best stuff to get —— The big question right now is whether we ought to buy a couple of Bokharas next—or some porch furniture."

Fan had detected a curiously detached expression on the male Blair's face and noted that Dora Blair didn't sing the customary hymn of praise, but

looked the least little bit embarrassed as she smiled. And Dora was a social barometer.

Fan went through the evening with her usual vivacity, but when the Blairs had finally merged with the darkness she became very solemn to Jerry—and very explicit.

"So we've got to stop telling people what we're going to do," she finished. "It's four solid months now, and we haven't bought one single thing."

"Oh, yes, we have," said Jerry, mildly indignant. "There's the lawn mower and the aluminum kitchen outfit and the carving set and the sconces and the — "

Fan abolished them with a gesture.

"You know what I mean. We've kept talking about what we'll do and haven't been very particular to say 'when we can afford it,' and it's always been what we were going to do 'right now.' Well, the more we talk the more they know we can't afford it. And it's beginning to look as though you're not getting on. And when people come to see us ——"

"If they come to see us we're right here," stated Jerry placidly. "And if all they want to see is a wholesale furniture exhibit they can go down to Catherwood's house-furnishing department and look at that. We're the only people who've really got to be satisfied with our house—and I guess we are, aren't we? But if we start worrying about all the things we haven't got we'll never get any pleasure out of what we have. We're happy, aren't we? I don't owe a dollar in the world, and I've got sixty-eight dollars in the bank and thirty more coming in to-morrow, and next month I begin to draw forty. That's what makes happiness—being square with the world. Let's be glad we've got what we have got, and not start envying Ham Blair because he's got something else. When I've accumulated a little surplus, then we'll buy any old thing you like, from a phonograph to a sheep dog. In the meantime let's stand pat."

Fan went into a thoughtful silence, and then:

"You're going to get forty dollars a week, Jerry? I'm glad you told me before it's too late. There's a special sale at Catherwood's to-morrow. I saw the advertisement. There's a wing chair in burgundy velours that would just fit. It's thirty-six and a half dollars. I'm wondering if we hadn't better get it."

"What!" said Jerry, nonplused. "When I've just told you —— Why, Fan!"

She regarded him soberly.

"It's more for you than it is for me. People are talking, Jerry. And we've given them every reason to. But if we go and get something and let them see it and then stop saying what we're going to do, I—I think they'll have more respect for us, that's all."

"Is it as serious as that?"

"Yes, Jerry, it is. The Blairs think we're just bluffing. And if they do, other people do too."

Jerry winced.

"Well, if you say so. It hurts a little, but —— So they think we're bluffing, do they?" He motioned like a plutocrat. "All right; get it. And then we'll stop dreaming out loud. It's too expensive."

The burgundy velours was splendid enough almost to wean Jerry from his own tapestried armchair. It delighted Fan. It won admiration from Dora Blair and others. But it wasn't the only unforeseen drain on their exchequer that month. The nucleus system had been intensely practical when viewed in perspective, but there were a couple of outsiders who didn't understand it. One was a dentist and the other a plumber. And at this juncture Catherwood announced a clearance of odd pieces, including twin chairs which were members of the same order as the two already in the Goodson dining room. Jerry was regretful about it when Fan, her face lighted from within, told him about them after dinner. The magnificence of the burgundy velours had consoled him for the cost of it, but nothing could console him for the crumbling ideal of Fan as a financial wizard. Fan was apparently as human as anybody else. She talked as though you could raise gold eagles in the back yard, like squabs.

"I wish we could afford 'em, honey. But we'll just have to take it out in wishing."

"But—but they're all bought," said Fan breathlessly. "I had the money with me, and you're going to get a bigger salary in a few days now; and I just knew we'd never get another chance like that, so I paid for them right then and there and they're going to be delivered the first thing to-morrow morning."

Storm signals appeared on Jerry's face, but he hauled them in.

"It's all right, Fan. I suppose it'll have to be all right. Catherwood doesn't take back cash purchases. Only don't do it again, please. Talk such things over with me first. You see I was counting on you to pay the gas and telephone bills to-day. I can pay 'em to-morrow myself, but we lose seventy cents' rebate. And with the other chair and the dentist and the plumber—we're down to zero and a little bit more."

"They Want Jerry to be a Salesman," Volunteered Fan. "But He Won't. He'd Rather Stay in the Office"

Fan was awfully sorry; and she said so a good many times before Jerry returned to his magazine. It was a thick magazine, printed on pulp paper, and the legend on the cover confessed that it was "good easy reading." Jerry chuckled over it and turned a page.

"Jerry!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Jerry, if we're behind already, how are we going to catch up? And get ahead after that? It doesn't seem to me as though we're going very fast; does it to you? I can always let Georgina go and do all my own work, but ——"

"Don't bother, dear. I'll attend to it." Jerry burrowed deeper into his serial. "I can pick up some extra money any time I want to. Blair's been after me to teach one of the elementary electrical courses at the Y. M. C. A. night school. Said I could take it up any time on a week's notice. I told him I wouldn't, but unless things get easier I may have to change my mind." Another page turned. He didn't look up. Fan regarded him more fixedly than ever.

"Why didn't you take it when he first proposed it?"

Jerry lowered the magazine.

"Oh, it's a nuisance. I'm all rusty on theory anyway. And it's two evenings a week too."

"How long would it take you to teach the class?"

"Oh, about an hour." He lighted his pipe. "And it's only eight dollars a week at that. I'd rather stay with you than have the money."

"Eight dollars extra every single week!" Fan drew in her breath. "And for only two hours' work? Why, that's just like finding it! And we could have—oh, almost everything we've wanted! Eight times fifty-two is—it's more than four hundred dollars! Extra!"

"Yes, and one hundred and four hours—also extra." Jerry shook his head. "I want my evenings with you, and even if I didn't I wouldn't have any right to take my strength away from my job—not until I have to. The Acme Company pay me for working eight hours a day, but they expect me to use the other sixteen to rest up in." He relapsed into his good easy reading.

The next evening, however, some of his old electrical textbooks were lying in wait for him on the living-room table, and the good magazine had disappeared. Jerry looked at the books and looked at Fan. He laughed feebly.

"Well, as long as you seem to want me to, I'll telephone Ham Blair. As a matter of fact I've been sort of thinking it over to-day myself. It turns out that we are below zero. Only a few dollars, but ——"

The textbooks weren't by any means good easy reading, but he flogged his mind into them with reluctant obstinacy. It was really astounding to discover how much he had forgotten. He frowned at the realization that he couldn't have given even the most superficial of Y. M. C. A. courses without refreshing his memory.

Three weeks remained of June, and the emolument they yielded over and above his salary covered the deficit occasioned by the new chairs.

"There!" said Jerry, sealing two envelopes with a thump. "If I ever get behind again ——"

"We shan't have to," Fan answered him. "With forty-eight dollars a week instead of thirty we can get on beautifully. And you just ought to hear what Dora Blair says! It's almost worth losing you for an hour or two, Jerry, to know they can't say we're bluffing any more."

Jerry's neck rose slightly out of his collar.

"You don't think I'm going to keep on with that Y. M. C. A. indefinitely, do you? I've got to finish out the term of course, but after that I've had enough."

Fan was astonished.

"But now that you've studied up so much, wouldn't it be a shame to go and forget it again? And you said it really did you a lot of good for your office work. And the money would help in so many ways. I'm not sure you ought to give it up, Jerry."

Jerry was sure enough for both.

"We don't need the extra money any more. All I wanted was to catch up on our bills, and I've done it."

"Well, we ought to be saving something then," she persisted. "It isn't safe to be living right up to our income all the time."

"We'll save something out of the forty. We did it before on thirty and we'll do it again." Jerry let his eyes drop to his good easy reading and Fan let the debate go by default.

At the end of July the red-ink balance in Jerry's pass book showed a credit of more than a hundred dollars. "There!" Jerry settled deep into the cushions of the tapestried chair and exhaled with even deeper relief. "Now I guess I can afford to take a little comfort. We've proved we aren't four-flushers and we don't owe a nickel. We've got a nest egg and we've shaved down expenses till they're inside of income. I'll tell Ham Blair to find another instructor for next term."

Fan looked worried and that made Jerry look more worried than Fan. He had learned to interpret her reactions with fair success and there was no evading him, now that he had seen that expression in her eyes. There were some bills she hadn't dared to tell him about; they had come in only to-day.

"I just had to have some things, Jerry," she said apprehensively.

"What kind of things? I'm not criticizing you, dear; I'm only asking for information."

"A dress and—and a hat and some odds and ends."

Jerry was puzzled.

"I thought you said your trousseau was big enough to ——"

"Yes, Jerry, yes; but I can't wear evening gowns or negligées on the street. I had one afternoon dress and a tailor suit—and it's summertime."

"Then you certainly had to buy what you need," said Jerry cordially. "Let's have a look at that bill."

"It's just twice what I expected," she said contritely. Jerry, however, found it twice what he himself had expected even after that warning. It wasn't itemized. Just "account rendered, $58.75." Jerry grimaced at it. Of course Fan didn't understand business, but this was irritating. "Account rendered." He had never seen one before with his own name in it in all his career. He patiently explained his principles to Fan. "Just tell me ahead of time and let me arrange to have the money. I hate to be dunned, dear. I wouldn't have cared so much if you'd given me the bill last month when it first came in. But when you hide it from me you just store up trouble. I've got to pay this somehow, but I don't know how. I'll have to ask you to tell me ahead, dear."

"But I don't know ahead of time. I see something I need, marked way way down, and I—I just get it on the spur of the moment."

"I don't believe that bargains are very good business," said Jerry. "Anyway, if there's anything else you think you're going to need I wish you'd tell me to-night and I'll try to arrange to get it—bargains or not."

Fan studied him a moment before she slowly recited her catalogue. As the schedule lengthened, Jerry's face followed its example. Eventually he could almost have fitted it into a churn.

"Very well," he said quietly. "I didn't understand before. I never had to think about women's clothes, and I must have figured that you had enough in your trousseau to last the year out. But it's lucky we had this talk before I saw Blair. I'll just keep on with the Y. M. C. A. now. I'll have to. And I'm afraid I can't afford to take any vacation this summer either. That's too bad for both of us. But even at that, don't you see how much better it is to tell me frankly than to have me get another wallop afterward? And I haven't been so frightfully nasty about it, have I?"

She convinced him that he hadn't been nasty at all, and under the warmth of her affection he ventured several remarks to the general effect that he expected to support his wife adequately. There was no type of meanness so detestable in Jerry's opinion as that of the husband who stints his wife. The fateful bill was paid magnificently, and Fan obtained blanket authority to cover her projected replenishments. Subsequently Jerry gasped at the outcome. He wondered if Fan had intended to cover the whole neighborhood. She had mortgaged all but two dollars of his savings fund.

Jerry Conceded That She Had Better Taste Than He Had. His Appearance in the Mirror Charmed Him

"I feel simply horrid, Jerry, but I had to do it sometime, and you said ——"

He clung stubbornly to his self-respect. A man who nagged his wife about her personal expenditures —— Still it was demoralizing to learn that a bit of lace and linen for Fan cost almost as much as a serviceable suit of clothes for Jerry.

"Well, it won't happen every month," he said philosophically. "But maybe we'd better adopt a budget system so that we can take care of these things. You ought to have a regular dress allowance, all your own, and then you won't have to feel that you've got to ask permission to buy what you need. We'll divide up our income—so much for household expenses, so much for savings, so much for your personal expenses and so much for mine. Then we'll keep inside of our income and get along all right."

They spent an entire evening in the elaboration of detail. It was a beautiful scheme—on paper. As it worked out—on paper—they were predestined to save four hundred and sixteen dollars during the next year, with a margin for emergencies besides.

They set down the figures for only a year because by that time Jerry would probably be making more money, and the budget would have to be revised. The gross income for the year included four hundred and sixteen dollars from the Y. M. C. A. Jerry simply wrote it down and Fan made no comment.

The budget worked in theory and Jerry said sorrowfully to himself in September that it might even have worked in practice if Fan had been somebody else. Domestic autonomy had exerted an alarming effect on her.

"But it was my personal money that I spent, dear! You said it was mine to use as I wanted to! If I wanted to buy vegetable dishes with it instead of vegetables ——"

"Yes," said Jerry helplessly. "But you bought the dishes out of the housekeeping money and charged enough groceries to cover the cost of them! And spent all your personal allowance just the same."

Fan's eyelids trembled.

"I'm so stupid about money, Jerry. I get all mixed up."

"But it's really awfully simple, dear, if you'd just try to understand it."

"I do try, but it never comes out right. I'm always doing something wrong."

The matter went no farther, except that Jerry, looking rather melancholy, sent word to Ham Blair that he'd be willing to consider teaching one of the advanced courses in electrical engineering in addition to the elementary course. It meant two more hours every week, but it also meant twelve more dollars. The new term began on Monday and six weeks at the new rate would hoist the Goodson family out of peril again.

But Jerry was growing introspective. Rather a joke, come to think of it, how he had imagined that Fan was so clever and practical. The rind of the joke was bitter. Debts; twenty-two-fifty to the butcher; and these shoes were wearing out darned fast; nearly time to lay up the straw hat and get a derby too; telephone had to be paid by the tenth of the month or they'd cut off the service—no chance to argue against a public-service monopoly either.

If Fan could only get it through her head that she couldn't make her capital do double duty by charging a dollar's worth of something to save the dollar, and then spending in cash the dollar she thought she'd saved.

He made a number of careful experiments in the direction of Fan's enlightenment. He helped her to visualize an endless series of untroubled evenings for Jerry. He dilated on the joys of the tapestried chair and the good easy-reading magazine; he spoke hopefully of life without the constant annoyance of bills; without the alternative need of digging into the subject of the next day's class work, and of trying to drum that subject into ambitious but Para-headed plumbers' apprentices and sleepy clerks. He gave her a tonic rhapsody on contentment—nothing to do till to-morrow and not too much to be done then.

Fan told him haltingly that it nearly broke her heart to have him work so hard, but—speaking of plumbers' apprentices—that reminded her she had paid nineteen dollars and seven cents in cash to the plumber for toying with the water pipes. She had taken it out of the housekeeping appropriation. If Jerry could spare that much ——

"I'm just carrying water in a mesh bag," said Jerry dismally to himself.

Meditations of this nature, however, couldn't long survive the sight of Fan; Fan, who was uncontaminated by business instinct but as joyously decorative as ever; Fan, soft-eyed, sunny, vividly young and amazingly in love with a forty-dollar-a-week technical correspondent. Yes, if Fan had had any business sense she wouldn't have been Fan. But when Jerry saw any of those kind souls who had tried to give him advice before he was married he wanted to cross the street.

"There's only one way out of it," he lectured himself after the failure of the budget system had been proved beyond any reasonable doubt. "I've got to get money

(Continued on Page 122)

SAVING THE COUNTRY

By Booth Tarkington

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE other day I began to get worried about my country. A paper said that one of the best and most sensible Americans alive had stated that the people of the United States were going to choose between the revolutionary socialism of President Wilson and the anarchy of Lenine; everybody would have to face this particular choice because there wouldn't be anything else to choose. Having read the statement over several times, hoping to understand it, I began to be uneasy, though I certainly don't know what the President's revolutionary socialism is—if he has any. To quiet my mind I went through a file of newspapers covering the previous month and read interviews with distinguished Americans who were outlining plans for saving the country and reconstructing it properly. I made condensations of some of these interviews. Here are the condensations:

Admiral Borderwood, U. S. N., said: "What we most vitally need is a strong naval program—say, sixteen new battleships and eight new battle cruisers a year. A billion a year would do it."

Lieut. T. S. Jones, U. S. N., said: "What we need for the absolutely vital protection of this country is a strong naval program—say, roughly, some hundreds of new destroyers and about the same number of submarines annually. The cost would probably not reach a billion a year."

The Air Brake Economist

MAJ. GEN. FORREST CROLE, U. S. A., said: "We have had our lesson and now we know that we should have an enormously increased Regular Army. West Point should be expanded—quadrupled at least. In addition we should have universal military training under direction of the Regular Army. The cost would be negligible compared to the protection afforded."

Ex-Adjt. Gen. Horace M. Soltillo, of Wisconsin, said: "What the country needs is universal military training under supervision of the National Guard. A large part of the cost could be met by the obvious economy of abolishing West Point."

Ex-Congressman Homer U. Flint—operating five thousand acres of the best land in Illinois—said: "The one need of this country to put it on a solid economic basis is government guaranty of produce prices. The cost would be nothing compared to the benefit."

Mord Hathaway—author of several novels and a book compiled of magazine articles—said: "The country simply needs a bureau of propaganda with broad executive powers. This would not interfere with a strong military and economic program and the added cost of such a bureau would be negligible."

Ex-President Walter F. Daly, of the C. D. & P. R. R., said: "What is needed for reconstruction, to restore the country to a sound business basis, is the return of the railroads to their former owners with a minimum profit secured by the Government to the stockholders. Though the cost might at first seem considerable there is no other just way out of this quagmire."

It must be said that reading these interviews failed to have a beneficial effect upon the disquietude of my mind. If the proposed measures of reform and reconstruction were to be carried through, it seemed to me that some people in the country would certainly be saved, but that the particular mass of citizenry to which I myself belong would be forced into a lifelong altruism not of our own selection. In time we should come to look back upon war taxes as trifles of the good old days.

So I went to see a friend of mine, a railroad brakeman, and asked him what he thought ought to be done to save the country. Of course I meant what ought to be done to save me from the taxes, but I put my question in the more dignified and patriotic form.

"Well, we got to get rid of a whole lot of unjust inequalities between man and man," he said. "Those things got to be remedied pretty soon."

"That's what I think," I assured him heartily. "The way things are going, it seems to me that some of the most deserving people in the country are likely to get left out in the cold."

"They already are," said the brakeman. "Talk about inequalities! Do you know there's men on this line that only have to do about twenty minutes' work every few hours or so, and they're drawing down more pay than I do myself?"

This seemed a digression, but I said politely: "No, indeed! No, I didn't know about that."

"Well, it's the gosh truth!" he informed me bitterly. "There's something that needs reconstruction, I guess!"

"Yes; I suppose the twenty-minute man's pay ought to be reduced to the proper proportion."

"No, it oughtn't!" he returned with emphatic promptness. "Mine ought to be raised to the proper proportion."

"It may be that you're right," I said, though I was conscious of a sinking sensation, for he seemed much in earnest and I had forebodings. "But where's the money to come from?"

"From the pay car."

"But suppose the railroad doesn't earn enough money to run a pay car equal to your idea of justice."

He laughed.

"The Government's behind the pay car now," he said. "Look at what Wall Street used to do with the railroads—just took 'em to gamble with; get hold of one, water its stock and sell it; then get hold of another one and do the same way! It's labor's turn to get something out of the railroads." His voice suddenly became hoarse as he concluded: "Up to now capital's had it all!"

"Well," I said feebly, "fares and freight rates are up pretty high, and traveling is any amount more bothersome than it used to be. I hope somebody's getting the benefit of the change. I'm glad if you're the one. You do get more pay than you used to, don't you?"

"Sure! We made 'em raise our pay as a kind of emergency measure during the war. But we didn't get a cent more than we earn, and it's never going down again—don't forget that!"

I felt certain that his prophecy was accurate, and though I was glad that he should be doing well, for he is a good man and a friend of mine, nevertheless, certain uncomfortable sensings within me were but the more in agitation.

"The rates had to be put up to pay you, didn't they?" I suggested.

He smiled.

"I guess my raise was part of it. Anyhow, the people are paying the higher rates. The Government's got a right to charge the highest it can get, hasn't it, just the same as anybody else?"

"I don't know," I said. "One way of looking at it, you might say the Government is supposed to be the agent of the people. If I have an agent who makes my expenses as heavy as he can in order to benefit some men he hires for me—why, I'd be apt to look round for another agent. If he's my agent he ought to consider me first. Isn't that the question: Whether or not the railroads are to be run for the benefit of the public or for the benefit of the railroad workers?"

"No." He was amused. "Don't you understand economics?"

"I'm not sure. If I should call it the science of human selfishness would that seem to you as if I understood it?"

"It'll do," he said indulgently. "What you're worried about some is the high rates, but what you're worried about more is whether our pay can stay where it is, even with the rates up where they are, because you know that if the high rates don't cover the high pay the difference has to come out of your pocket, you bein' a taxpayer. Isn't that a good guess?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm worried about the country financially."

"Now, listen," he said. "The Government's going to stay in control of the railroads. You can call it government ownership or government supervision or whatever you like—maybe the roads'll be restored to private ownership again, but that'll only be a way of speaking—the Government's going to stay in control. That is, so far as financial matters are concerned. The Government couldn't help staying in control if it wanted to. Well, I guess you understand that, and of course you keep the idea in mind that our pay's up and going to stay up."

The Man Who Pays the Difference

"IT'S right for you to feel that way about it," I said, "because I would myself." Having delivered this profound moral instance I went on plaintively: "But if your pay stays up the rates can't come down."

"Yes, they can. We don't want high rates. High rates make the cost of living high for us as much as they do for anybody else. Our pay has got to stay up, but the rates ought to come down."

"Then it begins to look as if my taxes would have to go up to pay the difference," I said. And at this he indulged a natural hilarity. He shouted with laughter and slapped his knee.

"You've got it!" he cried. "You're right in on the secret, old man! Our pay's not only going to stay up, but afterwhile it's going up again, and then some more. All the Government's got to do is to raise the taxes."

"But the people won't stand that—beyond a certain point."

"Yes, they will. They'll like it!"

(Continued on Page 76)

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP—

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"AS A LITTLE change this year, love," said Bessie, "I had thought of ——"

"Where is the mauve silk with the white lines?" said William.

"—— Scarborough," said Bessie, handing William the shirt in question. "We have been eight years to Margate; two to Brighton; and three to Torquay; and now it does seem to me, as Mrs. Pirbright was saying ——"

"I think, my dear," said William, placing his silk socks lovingly on top of his golf hose in his bag, "that I shall be away quite the fortnight with old Charlie. You can write to me at the Royal Hotel; best in Sandsdown."

Here William bent over his bag to hide the anticipatory smile that lurked round his mouth.

Bessie sat down in the dressing-room chair and watched William packing all his nutty clothes.

"And about Scarborough?" said Bessie presently, in the pleasant but stubborn tone of a confirmed wife.

William ran through the facial expressions of the confirmed husband—a little surprised; a little plaintive; somewhat aggrieved; a trifle harassed; rather driven; ending with the happy-compromise one.

"My dear," he replied, "why not arrange to take a jolly holiday with your sister and her family?"

"I wonder what the Pirbrights would think of that?" said Bessie, adding reasonableness to the other inflections of her voice.

"She always goes away with him. And the Carters—he always goes away with her. I do not know what they would say in Whitbury if ——"

William had an axiom. It was: "If your wife begins to get reasonable with you—divert her." So he exclaimed: "The Carters! Ah, the Carters! Have you seen them lately?"

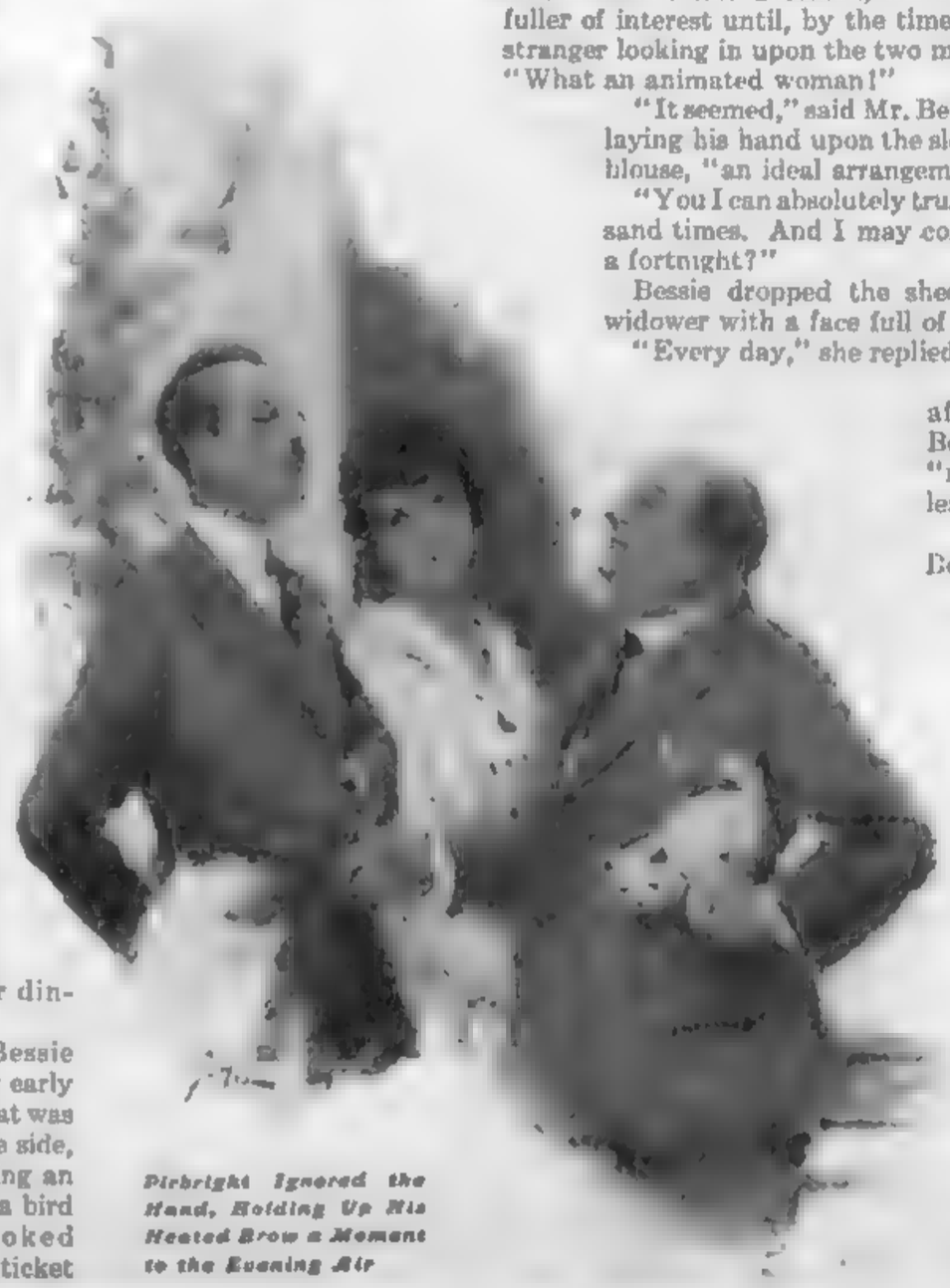
"I saw him pass to his office this morning," said Bessie, cheering up and becoming chatty. "And Doctor Ponsonby, he drove by. Quite a lot of people passed. I had sat down in the dining-room window to do that old pair of sheets I told you about the other day; I am cutting them down the middle, and joining them up the sides, you will remember. Where was I? Oh, yes. And the general went by with the vicar. I don't usually bow to gentlemen from a window, but they looked up and saw me. And Mr. Pirbright passed on his bicycle; and Bobby Appleyard. And poor Mr. Benson took the twins to school himself this morning, because I saw their little satchels under their arms; they must miss their poor dear mother."

William was burning to ask a question; it was "Where in hell's dinner?" but he was a nice man in spite of being the gayest husband in Whitbury. So before he asked he patted Bessie's shoulder; made a good long pause; sighed; and said "H'm. Ah. Indeed. A sad loss." Then: "Is dinner ready?"

When Bessie had hastened away to see, William began to sing. He finished packing, looked at himself in the mirror, pulled himself together, squared his shoulders, tugged his waistcoat down. He felt so jolly that he winked at his face in the glass.

This is what William was thinking: "Charlie and I will find a couple of nice girls down there, no doubt. Foursomes; little dancing after dinner ——"

William kissed Bessie and went away very early next morning. His hat was cocked a trifle to one side, and he was restraining an impulse to trill like a bird in spring. He looked roguishly at the lady ticket collector, and followed the best-looking woman in the station into a first-class carriage. That is how he felt.



Pirbright Ignored the Hand, Holding Up His Heated Brow a Moment to the Evening Air

But Bessie went back to sew the two old sheets in the shelter of her dining-room window curtains.

General Topperley had gone portentously by on his morning constitutional; and the vicar had passed with that beaming air of cordial mystery sacred to his profession; and Mr. Pirbright and Mr. Carter had ridden into view and out again on their bicycles; and Bobby Appleyard had reluctantly entered the doors of his father's office farther down the street; and Doctor Ponsonby had rushed up the High Street in his car; and the hairdresser opposite Bessie's house had received his first morning client—when Bessie's garden gate opened and closed again behind the unexpected figure of Mr. Benson, the Whitbury widower.

Two minutes later Mr. Benson was shown into Bessie's presence as she sat sewing the sheet.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hudson."

"Good morning, Mr. Benson," replied Bessie. "My husband is away."

"That," said Mr. Benson, looking hard at Bessie—though never could she have appeared more irreproachable—"is why I came."

Bessie sewed the sheet. She was not easily disturbed.

"I want to talk to you, Mrs. Hudson," said Mr. Benson, settling his glasses on his nose in a sort of nervous way he had. "There's something I want particularly to ask you now that you are alone."

"Certainly, Mr. Benson," replied Bessie, sewing.

"For how long are you alone?" he asked.

"A fortnight," said Bessie.

Mr. Benson sighed; smiled; settled his glasses; drew his chair very close to Bessie's, and began to talk in a low voice.

Bessie sewed the old sheet, nodding and smiling. As Mr. Benson's tale unfolded, her face became fuller and fuller of interest until, by the time he ceased speaking, a stranger looking in upon the two might almost have said: "What an animated woman!"

"It seemed," said Mr. Benson, in his earnestness laying his hand upon the sleeve of Bessie's flannel blouse, "an ideal arrangement.

"You I can absolutely trust. Thank you a thousand times. And I may come here every day for a fortnight?"

Bessie dropped the sheet and looked at the widower with a face full of feeling.

"Every day," she replied softly, nodding.

"If I may stay till after dark," said Mr. Benson, leaning closer, "no one would see me leave."

"Exactly," said Bessie.

"Of course I might be seen entering," said Mr. Benson, "but we must risk something, mustn't we? Besides—if I may come early, before ladies go out for their shopping?"

"You may come and go just when you like," said Bessie softly.

"A thousand thanks!" cried Mr. Benson.

"I think it will be safe," said Bessie, musing.

"My little boys must never know," cried Mr. Benson.

"No, no!" said Bessie. "The children must not be told." And then, her mind running in its accustomed rut, she asked: "What are your favorite puddings?"

Next morning just as the hairdresser was taking down his shutters—it was nine o'clock—he observed Mr. Benson enter Bessie's house.

Now the hairdresser's mind at this stage of the affair was just a pure white tablet. He suspected nothing. It was merely from force of habit and from lack of any other traffic in the High Street that he leaned against his doorpost watching for Mr. Benson to leave again. The hairdresser leaned against his doorpost till ten-thirty, when Mr. Appleyard, Senior, dropped in to get his hair cut.

"In one moment, sir, I will be with you," said the hairdresser, showing Mr. Appleyard very respectfully, for he was the Whitbury solicitor, into the chair.

The hairdresser ran up to his wife, who was doing the bedroom above the shop.

"I've seen Mr. Benson go into Hudson's at nine o'clock; and he's there still," said the hairdresser.

"Go on down," replied the lady, dropping her duster and seating herself at the window, "and I'll watch."

The hairdresser's wife watched till twelve; then she had to leave her watching post to cook a meal; and Mr. Benson was still in Bessie's house.

The hairdresser's wife took tea that afternoon with the grocer's wife. It need scarcely be said that hardly anyone in Whitbury had missed seeing William and old Charlie depart for Sandsdown the day before. The next morning the hairdresser saw Mr. Benson steal through Bessie's garden gate at eight-fifty-five. The hairdresser's most aristocratic customer this second morning was Mr. Pirbright, the county surveyor. When he had got Mr. Pirbright's head well covered in the lather resulting from Our Best Shampoo, with his eyes and his mouth screwed up so that he couldn't interrupt a bit of gossip even if his position in Whitbury demanded it, the hairdresser considered he had got Mr. Pirbright fixed.

The Moon Was on the Wane, But the Hairdresser's Wife Saw and Recognized Dear Old Charlie's Inimitable Silhouette

"'Ave you heard, sir, if Mr. Hudson is likely to be away for long?" said the hairdresser, with his hands wandering very slowly indeed over Mr. Pirbright's head. "Beg your pardon, sir; can't speak just now? . . . I don't believe in all this parting of husbands and wives, and neither does my missus. She says to me, she says—not that I listen to ladies' gossip ——"

The hairdresser corrected a slightly remonstrant movement of Mr. Pirbright's head.

Continuing firmly "'The best of women will be imprudent,' she says to me," said the hairdresser. "'That's what my wife says, and a clever woman Keep still, Mr. Pirbright, sir! 'And when there's undetached gentlemen about at loose ends all day, with their little boys at Miss Biggs' school,' she says, 'husbands ought to be more careful. They ought'n't to go away with their friends playing gowf.' I've told 'er to be quiet, 'for Mrs. 'Udson's a very respected lady,' I says to my wife —— Keep perfectly still for two more minutes, if you please, sir!"

Correcting another agitation of Mr. Pirbright's head the hairdresser's knowledge of human nature informed him that though as county surveyor resident in the best part of Whitbury the client might feel it incumbent upon him to administer a rebuke, as man to man he would scarcely be averse to hearing more.

Therefore, covering Mr. Pirbright with lather the good man continued: "He's in there now. Third morning he's gorn in about eight or nine o'clock, and nobody don't never see him come out. Looks quiet too. Friend of the

vicar's and all. He don't want for good influence. But there he is hangin' round her. And women are weak, Mr. Pirbright! Women are weak!"

"Finish me," said Mr. Pirbright, firmly but reluctantly, through masses of lather, "and let me go."

In five minutes Mr. Pirbright was walking into the street. His gaze was fairly drawn across to Bessie's house; and at that moment there emerged from it Bessie herself with her shopping basket, looking a perfect lady.

His natural courtesy took Mr. Pirbright across the street like a streak of lightning.

Without being exactly aware of it he gave Bessie a very gallant and inquiring look.

"Shopping?" said he, examining her from the crown of her morning straw to the soles of her ladylike boots.

"Yes," said Bessie, smiling that smile of a perfect lady, which tends to double the chin.

"Er—Hudson away?" pursued Mr. Pirbright.

"Yes," said Bessie, doing it again.

"Got your garden beds planted, Mrs. Hudson?" said Mr. Pirbright, his eyes bulging very slightly.

"I'm going to plant out after tea," replied Bessie.

"You're putting in some Arocksiosis and Veriasites and Aurora Carbuncles of course?" said Mr. Pirbright, a little swimmy in the voice.

"I haven't any of those," said Bessie. "Dear me!"

"I'll bring some round—got plenty—thinning out," said Mr. Pirbright. "Hudson being away—shall I—I should be delighted to assist—after tea ——"

Now Bessie was one of those women who like to give people meals; so she exclaimed: "Oh, not after tea, Mr. Pirbright! Come to tea, and I'll make my special scones!"

"By Jove!" said Mr. Pirbright. "Charmed—delighted! You'll love the Aurora Carbuncles."

Lifting his hat Mr. Pirbright went on, bemused. Just as he walked blindly into the butcher he was thinking: "What is it Benson sees in her? Eyes? Um. Figure? Um. Now how should you assess that woman's charm?"

"Sorry, sir," said the butcher courteously.

Mr. Pirbright continued his way.

"I'd never noticed her," he thought. "A quiet woman. I wonder what Benson sees ——"

Mr. Pirbright was here struck violently on the back by a devoted friend. Mr. Carter, the Whitbury brewer, had paid this playful attention, alighting very softly from his bicycle.

"I'm glad to see you, Carter," said Mr. Pirbright, stopping. "Have you heard? No? . . . 'Heard what?' do you say? Well, it seems all over the town. All—o-ver—the—town. About—— Well, Carter, why does that fool Hudson go off and leave that amazingly attractive woman alone the way he does?"

"An amazingly attractive woman? In Whitbury?"

"Bessie Hudson," replied Mr. Pirbright in a lowish voice. "Bessie Hudson!" said the brewer, dumfounded.

"Yes," replied Pirbright, nodding. "And now see what happens. Benson's there hanging round her morning, noon and —— Oh, well, I won't believe any more. She's a good woman, Carter. A good little woman. A nice woman. But women are weak after all! They're weak!"

For some while the brewer stood gazing at the surveyor. At last: "What does he see in her?" said he.

"What should he not see in her!" cried Pirbright, firing. "I'm married, but ——"

"You admire her?"

"Admire her! Great heavens!"

"But since when, Pirbright, old thing?"

"I have always admired Bessie Hudson," said Mr. Pirbright, implicitly believing himself.

Then he shook off Carter's detaining hand with an effective gesture and strode away.

Pirbright hardly knew how it was that he found himself at length in his office with the door shut upon him and the wonderful revelation about Bessie. He did very little work; but he watched over the blind for her well-known figure going in and out of shops, and soon he was rewarded. With a pair of field glasses he reëxamined her intently.

"A dear little woman," he thought. "Well, she can trust me. I trust myself. But Benson—I know what men are. Does she?" Turning back at length to his desk, he wrote "Aurora Carbuncles" instead of "Main drainage." He found the long afternoon hang heavily, but four o'clock drew on somehow, and then having reparted his hair and arranged his colored silk handkerchief attractively in his breast pocket he set out for Bessie's house with a moist package of Arocksiosis, Veriasites, and that gem, the Aurora Carbuncle.

For a full hour, while she plied him with tea and scones and talked on many subjects, from one so cosmopolitan as foreign missions to so local a theme as the increase in the water rate, did Pirbright sit gazing at Bessie, trying to answer the question "Why?"

They were in the garden, where the nice woman concealed her charming secret more effectually than ever by pinafore and galoshes, when the gate creaked, and raising his perspiring face from its lowly bowing over the beds Pirbright beheld Carter coming up the path with that abominably jaunty air of his, and a dear little kitten mewing feverishly in his hand.

"I Have Not Come for Eggs," Said the Youth, Looking at Bessie With a Somewhat Moonish Expression

"Mr. Carter!" exclaimed Bessie in a tone of simple pleasure.

"Good evening, my dear Mrs. Hudson," said the brewer very mellowly. He then held out the kitten. "Seeing this dear little thing for sale," said he, drawing close to Bessie and looking at her in a manner both gallant and appraising, "I thought of you. Will you accept it as a little token—er—token—er—Pirbright, my dear fellow, you are putting in that Pneumoniarti quite wrong. Quite, quite wrong! Ha, ha!"

"As it happens to be Arocksiosis, I am perfectly right," said Pirbright freezingly.

"I'll stay and help you," said the brewer, "and when we've finished, Mrs. Hudson, perhaps—er—you'll allow me to stay behind a few minutes to—er—to—er—butter the kitten's feet. It is a well-known thing about cats ——"

While the brewer talked this silly and evil nonsense to the innocent woman Mr. Pirbright went on pretty bitterly with the flower beds. He said to himself: "I should not have thought it of Carter. I should not have suspected it at all. That kind of fellow, is he? Um. Ha. Well, we will see who stays behind a few minutes."

It was fine to say this to himself, but another thing to do it; for as soon as Mr. Pirbright had jabbed in the last cluster of Veriasites, Carter ceased his monologue on The Cat: Her Ways, and held out a hand.

"Good night, old fellow," he said. "Good night."

Pirbright ignored the hand, holding up his heated brow a moment to the evening air, and mopping it. He meant to say "I think I'll stay and weed the path," when something happened that for a second shocked him out of speech.

It was a momentary glimpse of Benson's face peering at them round the half-drawn curtains of an upper window. It will be easily understood how this gave Mr. Pirbright pause; and in that pause Bessie too was holding out her hand, and saying pleasantly, "Good night, Mr. Pirbright. How kind you have been!"

"Not at all," said Pirbright, holding Bessie's hand long and tenderly, with rage in his heart. Then he looked at Carter, abominably fat, mellow and triumphant, with the kitten in his hand. "I would like," he said, "to come again to-morrow and do the path."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Pirbright!" exclaimed Bessie with simple pleasure.

Mr. Pirbright left, watched by the hairdresser and his wife across the street.

Mr. Carter remained, timed by the hairdresser and his wife. The vicar passed on his way to evensong, looking a little surprised.

Mr. Carter somehow began to feel himself rather pleasantly affected by the ambiguous position of this attractive woman. "How," he said softly, "are the ramblers promising?"

They strolled on. The kitten mewed feverishly.

"Devilish queer she'd never struck me like this before," said the brewer to himself. "The ramblers," he added aloud, "should be cut back."

"William has cut them back," replied Bessie.

"Then they must be cut further back," said the brewer in a voice of authority; "and at once. I will do it for you myself."

"To-night?" exclaimed Bessie with simple pleasure.

"No, no!" said the brewer. "I will come again to do it. I will come —— Well—if Pirbright intends to monopolize you to-morrow afternoon I will come in the morning. Yes, I will snatch time somehow in the morning."

(Continued on Page 109)

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

There Lay the Far West! He Was Years Older Than When He Left Home Six Weeks Ago. He Was a Man!

When Calico Was King

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS noon, and past, in Franklin, and still Jed Bennett had not started. Beyond the edge of town rose the dust of a dozen ox teams. Others passed so close that there could be heard the creak of heavy yokes, the rattle of chains. Now and again the explosive crack of a great bull whip would come, followed by the hurried trot of the oxen for a few paces before they settled down again, low-headed, into their swaying gait. But the twenty-foot lash of Jed's whip lay loose-curled on the ground beside him. He had not heard, or had not heeded, the command in obedience to which the scattered teams had fallen into line and passed down the straggling street toward the river road. Jed lingered—if only to make a fine front of independence—at the gate of Sally Breen, the prettiest girl in town.

"Sure, I'll brung you back a blanket, Sally," said he, "one of them red-an'-black ones, 'f I hatter kill me a Spanisher to git hit fer you. An' I'll brung you a silver hairpin, too, an' a horsehair bridle for yore colt. An' hit won't be so very long 'fore I'll be back, Sally. Now, you wouldn't forgit a man, would you, when he's got to go 'way fer jest a leetle whiles? 'Twon't be more'n six months, Sally, an' what's that, now?

"But when I come back," he added, since she did not make any reply, "ef I hearn another word about you an' that triflin' carrothead, Bill Simpson, I seen you with last Sunday—well, you both better look out, that's all! Us men of the perairies ain't goin' to be fooled with noways."

"You men!" scoffed Sally, giggling. "You a man, Jed? Why, you ain't nuvver bin 'crost in your life, and yit you talk like you knowed hit all!"

Goods for Truck and Traffic

"A MAN'S got to make a start," replied Jed. "My pap was acrost several times before he was kilt. I'm on my ways West, hear me now? I'm a-goin' to make more money then ary ager shaker that stays home in these yere bottoms an' plants him a crap o' corn you could kivver with a bedspread. I'm got me a share in the trade of this yere train. Give me a couple more trips an' any luck like my pap had, an' I promise you I'll give you a better home then ary man in these parts could think o' doin' in forty years.

"An' Sally, as fer hats an' shoes an' all the caliker you want for dresses right along—not namin' that red-an'-black blanket an' the silver pin for yore hair—them things is easy fer a man like me. An' I 'us just thinkin' how that silver pin'd look in yore hair, Sally, hit bein' so dark an' the pin so bright an' shiny. Yore hair ——"

Sally drew back on her side of the gate as he leaned toward her.

"Will it be a real silver one?" asked she—"real an' shore 'nough? Heaps of men that goes 'crost is right careless, promisin' that a-way."

"Ef I don't do them things don't you nuvver speak to me ag'in!" said Jed, his young face brightening. "You'll git the pin an' the blanket, Sally, now. But now, whiles I'm gone, you'll wait, won't you, Sally? Hit cain't be noways more'n six months or so. Of course I know how yore folks feels. You're eighteen a'most an' I'm twenty, an' I know, I know—gals has got to be a-marryin' right along in there of course. But six months, now—what's six months?"

"Hit'll seem right long," said Sally, leaning on the gate, her face aside.

"Damned long!" admitted Jed, nodding. "One way, yes, damned long. But I'll come back, Sally. Now, you say—now, you promise me that ag'inst the time when I do come back?"

"Stretch out! Stretch out!" came back down the street the long-drawn call of the caravan leader. Sally looked down the street and up at Jed. He saw her head nod just a little; and then her eyes indicated the westbound road where lay his duty summoning him.

"Whut do I care about the damned captain?" said Jed. "I kin move along. I got to say good-by. An' I want your promise, Sally."

Perhaps he got it—who can tell? He stepped back from the gate and, as his hand moved back with the three-foot hickory whipstock, the long lash undulated in the dust that lay in the street before the gate where lived the prettiest girl in Franklin. She was standing at the end of a little walk, soon to be edged by beds of hollyhocks and marigolds, where even now some green buds were thrusting up from the ground for the warm sun of April.

"Good-by!" Perhaps he heard her whisper. She ceased to stir in the dust with the toe of her bare foot, and nodded swiftly a dozen times in the direction of Jed's back. And Jed, barefooted, past twenty, head of a family, merchant with all his capital of forty-eight dollars ventured in the goods which lay in the covered wagon yonder—goods bought with capital raised by a mortgage on his mother's cabin—stepped away swiftly and exultantly and, like the sort of man he was, did not turn round to look at the woman he was leaving. "Gee! Whoa! Haw! Come up, Buck! Git along, Star! Damn ye, hep thar! Hep! Come along now, ye wall-eyed pizen-face sons o' misery! What's ailin' ye now? Hoy-ee, oxens!"

The Santa Fé Overland

JED began well. Indeed this was not his first experience with an ox team, for he had grown to young manhood on yonder backwoods farm. Four years old, he had trudged most of the way from Kentucky when his people moved west half across Missouri. The arms that showed no more than half their power in their jean sleeves were long and sinewy and moved with confidence as he flirted the whipstock down and backward under his elbow and over his head. The lash, an inch thick at the head-loop, tailed down to a soft leather cracker. Good twenty feet it was and heavy, a load for a man's two arms; but it straightened on ahead, came back, rose and curled once, twice round Jed's head and then straightened forward like a rod. A tremendous report came from the flung cracker, which missed by no more than a couple of inches a certain bare spot on the hip of the near ox of the lead team of the five yoke. The terrifying report of the lash and the continuous objurgations of the driver disposed every animal to lean strongly into his yoke. Came the creak of gear, rattling of chain ends, the faint jangle of a pail hung at the wagon reach underneath. The last car of the Santa Fé Overland rolled down the street. Jed Bennett, merchant, was off to seek his fortune.

I ask you to watch his tall figure as it trudges along with measured paces beside his swaying team, mastering them; mastering his destiny; not turning back toward home, but looking on ahead. You do not know where Franklin was; you never saw the Santa Fé Overland start eighty-eight years ago? You do not know Jed Bennett? Perhaps not. Jed and Sally went West long ago. Their children helped finance this war; their children's children fought at St.-Mihiel. Yet Jed and Sally lived in and helped to make the country which is—or ought to be—your own.

Once upon a time there was a country, and it was called America. Is an acquaintance with that country's past a matter of shame for us to-day? Why is it that Americans are less familiar with the history of their country than any other people of the world? Does not Britain know her ancient history? Does not France know hers? Has either more thrill or more romance than ours? Was ever keener and bolder story written than that of the Americans westbound across the richest region of the world in the greatest people movement the world has ever known?

True, we devour stories of the Wild West, as we always term them, because there has always been in all countries a thirst for blood and thunder. We all like the hero story—like to say that what the hero did is what we should have done had we been there. As publishers and producers we preserve these tendencies, propitiate these propensities, in tons of fiction and untold miles of the immortal "illum."

And yet the masters of our artistic fate to-day say: "We don't want 'costoom' plays"; meaning that they want blood and thunder, but want it to-day and not in the past—want anything but the history of America. Why is this? There is no adequate answer except in the fact that so many Americans are not Americans.

Well, once they were—once upon a time, when the Santa Fé Overland crossed three hundred miles of flower-covered multicolored prairies, four hundred of short grass rolling silver in the sun, and additional hundreds of blue-gray sage and brown and gray and red and yellow foothills. What a country it was! What a country to love and know about! And you and I know that—had we lived in those days—we should have gone West with Jed and taken our hand in the trade to Santa Fé. We should have learned the bull whip with him. We should have mastered any sullen ox with him. We should have feared no cold-shouldered mule in the morning after rain. The dew would never have wetted our feet so that we would have noticed it. Had we had no saddle, we could have ridden with a blanket and a cinch. With him we could have driven a tack with the long-barreled rifle that lay along the front seat. With him we could have slept tentless with a single blanket over a folded buffalo robe.

Old Days

JED'S mother made his jean breeches for him. She wove his flax shirt on a hand loom in a cabin. Jed's father had cleared that land and tilled it until he died and then Jed took up the ax and hoe in his father's place. Sally's mother never knew what a housemaid was. Every woman did the work of her own household in those days, and not one of them saw a hundred dollars in any five years of her life. They rocked their babies in cradles made of hollow logs in those days. But they raised good babies—babies good enough to lead this country to-day in finance and war.

In those days the women of Franklin had no flowers on their hats; nor had any of them heard the rustle of a silken gown. If one could afford it, calico was prettier than linsey for the race days and the days when court was settin'. But far out, west of where Jed and Sally lived, stretched a land without calico; the Mexican settlements, where lived women who also liked colored prints for race days, cockfights or religious festivals. Calico out yonder was high of price, as were also the simplest domestic drillings, white or brown. It was far from the seaport of Vera Cruz up to the inland capital of Santa Fé, and none could tell when a ship would come.

The natural route of trade to upper New Mexico was up the Arkansas Valley, and that was our outbound route across the sea of the prairies, when, less than a hundred years ago, we took stock of ourselves and found that we had enough for our own living and a small surplus to export. Our first export went West by prairie schooner at a time when we did not know where the edge of our own western country was; did not guess that Texas soon was to be separated from Mexico, or suspect that one day soon we all were to be at war with that Mexico. That was not so long ago. But just beyond the Missouri lay a country wholly unknown; four hundred thousand square miles of wild roses and sweet Williams and sunflowers, of silver bunch grass and blue sage; and over all the sweetest sun that ever shone on any land.

The appeal of that unknown land—teeming with big game, swarming with savages, offering adventure—could not be lost to the bold men who made the western fringe of our population. Men were as eager to better themselves then as we are now, and they were more self-reliant and adventurous than we are now. There were Indians on ahead on the plains, but what of that? Yonder lay the Spanish hills somewhere to the west. A trainload of cotton goods, well sold in Santa Fé or Chihuahua when the market was not crowded, meant a fortune to a man. Hurrah for Santa Fé! Hurrah for the cotton trade! Hep, Buck and Star! and Gee! Whoa! Haw! Almost, one may see the dust rise to-day under the shuffling feet of the sullen mules or the low-headed kine which first made motive power for the Santa Fé Overland.

The early merchants of the Santa Fé Trail were not foreigners, but Americans every one. We had lived here for two hundred years on this continent and had become Americans. Especially on the frontier was the strain clean American; a new race—keen, strong, self-reliant, eager, adventurous and brave as any the world has ever seen. Our English, our Scotch-Irish or our early Dutch had all become Americans in their two hundred years. Of these, some remained at home content to till the soil or engage in trade, or to help build up the machinery of permanent settlements. Others pushed on, half nomad, pausing to raise enough to eat, but eager then as we are now to reach independence and a competency as soon as possible, and willing to take any sort of chance thereto.

Early Traders With Mexico

FOR Jed Bennett and his fellows the Far West was, after all, not so strange a country, nor one so unknown as it is to us to-day. Zebulon Pike in 1806 had gone up the Arkansas Valley to see how far America really ran in those times; and, taken prisoner for trespass on Spanish ground, had time to learn something of Spanish countries and Spanish methods before he got back home. It was his story which first turned the American imagination toward Santa Fé. Pike said that James Pursley, who had gone West by way of the Platte River, got down into New Mexico in 1805. Yet perhaps the Frenchman, La Lande, emissary of Morrison, a Kaskaskia merchant of lower Illinois, got to Santa Fé in 1804. La Lande liked the place. He said nothing to Morrison about the goods, but sold them, became rich, married a Mexican dame and settled down comfortably at Santa Fé, where he lived for some twenty years thereafter.

In any case the news spread that there was new country, new opportunity out yonder. The first deliberate trade expedition thither was the pack train of McKnight, Beard and Chambers, which went across in 1812. The Mexicans took these men prisoners also, marched them all the way to Chihuahua and left them in jail there for many years. Two of them got back in some fashion by 1821; and they could tell something more about the country and its needs. A Mr. Glenn, of Ohio, got through to Santa Fé with a little trade goods in 1821.

The man who perhaps could claim to be the father of the Santa Fé Trail was Captain Becknell, a Missourian, who, with four companions, took through a few pack animals in 1821. They could have had but a scant supply of goods, which they had intended to trade among the Comanches; but they were invited by Mexicans to go to Santa Fé with their goods and there turned a very pretty penny. At that time calico and domestic cottons brought two or three dollars a yard at Santa Fé—and a yard, or vara, was only thirty-three inches long out there.

Becknell started out from Franklin and that town became the eastern metropolis of the trade, many parties then outfitting from that

(Continued on Page 133)

"I Got to Say Good-by. An' I Want Your Promise, Sally"

THE CHURCH THAT JOHN BUILT

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

"I Suppose the Trouble is With Me. As for its Paying — of Course You Don't Judge a Church on That Basis"

CHURCHES were not stylish in Babylon, though the motion-picture houses were packed to the doors weekdays and Sundays. Saint Alonzo's on Pine Avenue Hill did a nice business; but the Pine Avenue neighborhood was made up of the élite, the cognoscenti and the crème de la bluebook of Babylon. In spite of a low overhead—this does not refer to the artistically low-browed shingle roof or the old English jig-sawed beams which supported it—the Rev. Poindexter Biggs was constantly obliged to pry funds from wealthy parishioners in order to assuage the mortgagee.

The Reverend Poindexter was five feet three inches tall, plump, wore black spats and a wide-awake hat, lived in a rectory and spoke British.

To hear him pronounce "I dare say," or "Quite so," as if his mouth contained a section of French-fried potato too hot to swallow, was as good as a foggy afternoon in Piccadilly.

But aside from Saint Alonzo's and its rector, churches and ministers in Babylon were, as I have said, unfashionable. If a parish like that on Pine Avenue Hill had to be jacked out of debt every little while, what could you expect of the Old Union Brick in K Street East, opposite the ruins of what had been Rogan's carriage factory before the fire? The Old Union Brick was not only unfashionable; it was disreputable—at least in appearance—a veritable tramp among churches. Of substantial construction, it had once been painted buff with brown trimmings. These colors had gradually worn away. The blotchy effect was what Southerners call po'-folksy.

The blinds, which had once fitted the tall round-topped windows, were no longer anything like a full set. Those which still stuck, like the last stubborn leaves on an autumn tree, drooped despondently and were prone to escape their rusty fastenings and flap dismally.

Yet people still went to the Old Union Brick. Some had been in attendance ever since it was a proud young church in a prosperous neighborhood, holding up its steeple with the best of them. Of such loyal souls is made up heaven's charter membership. These survivors were poor. All the rich ones had moved away. To this residue of elderly stand-bys were added enough younger devotees to form a congregation. Humble folk, simple and faithful, they closed their eyes as much to shut out the hateful sight of rain-stained plastering as to pray.

They wanted old-fashioned religion and got it—cheap and plain. The pews were free. Otherwise they would have been filled even more sparsely.

At the rear of the barnlike auditorium was a pipe organ. To extract anything resembling music from this instrument required years of practice and a developed technic. Amos Pinch had both. He had played it ever since it had been built into the Old Union Brick, and had invented an ingenious way of marking the keys that went dead as advancing senility invaded its vitals. Sometimes on Saturday afternoons Amos would fumble in the dust-coated works, endeavoring by means of solder, adhesive tape, pieces of rubber tubing and such feeble expedients to stem the rate of its decay.

"Save us!" he would grumble. "I've wheedled hymn tunes from this old ruin so long I wouldn't know what to do with a real keyboard."

The singing in the Old Union Brick was ——

Let us pass on to the preaching. Nothing is meaner than to ridicule an elderly spinster trying her wholehearted best to sing soprano when she knows if the church had money to employ a paid choir she wouldn't stand a chance.

In the Old Union Brick the preaching was done by the Rev. Daniel Byron, who did not believe in compromising with the devil. He had been minister for—but why rub it in? A minister can brag about his silver anniversary only if the mortgage is burned publicly on or before that event. The mortgage of the Old Union Brick had never been burned, though it was badly decayed. In a race between moss and interest, to see which would collect faster, the odds would be on the interest. Had it not been for the Rev. Daniel Byron, who succeeded in stalling off the evil day by a system of cajolery and mendicancy, the mortgagees would have foreclosed long ago. When Daniel was "right" he could soften a heart of stone.

He might have been a great revivalist. He could preach. If the people of Babylon had run more to religion he would have been a sensation. Even as it was, you would occasionally hear a Babylonian say: "Want a red-hot sermon? Go over to the Old Union Brick and listen to Byron. He's good!"

But aliens couldn't stand the poor old church, with its musty cushions, its threadbare carpet and ghostly echoes. It was too doleful. They didn't like the neighborhood. They went but once. They liked to get a touch of Daniel's old-fashioned two-fisted gospel, but not at the expense of so much discomfort. Babylonish wit remarked that Daniel preached the torments of the damned while the pews exemplified them.

Stubbornly, year after year, the Reverend Daniel went on fighting.

He was either plumb pig-headed or loyal above the loyalty of the saints; for he would not quit the sinking craft until the last soul on board had preceded him, either by transfer into the ferryboat of Charon or some more cheerful craft bound for an uptown church.

At the end of twenty-five years in the pulpit of the Old Union Brick, Daniel was forty-seven and looked older, for his hair was white and his large shoulders were beginning to stoop under the weight of a failure he apparently could not prevent.

Many persons loved him with an abiding affection merited by honesty, loyalty and unremitting devotion. Byron believed in close personal contact with his people. They told him their troubles and believed in the efficacy of his prayers. He visited the sick and comforted the sorrowful. He christened, married and buried—in proper chronological order or not—according to circumstances.

And he remained single. People thought any wife of his would lead a dog's life, sharing his poverty and the burden of his parish labors. Unless built of tempered steel, she would stand neither the drain on her sympathies nor the strain on her nerves. And some said he probably didn't want to be bothered with a wife in addition to all his other worries.

II

TO BABYLON returned John T. Milliken, an owner of mines, mills, ranches, and the cattle upon a thousand five hundred and eighty-six hills by actual count—a stocky little man with a square jaw and keen gray eyes. The minute you saw John T. you thought of the word "practical."

On his first Sunday in town, after an absence of twenty-five years, he sought the Old Union Brick Church, where as a boy he had attended Sunday school. The sight of the time-tortured structure's blotchy exterior brought him up short.

"Well, well," he murmured. "Kind of blighted, by the looks."

He passed within. The service already begun, faithful Amos Pinch was coaxing the impossible from his aged pipe organ, while to its quavering accompaniment the congregation droned the opening hymn. An usher with a red nose and watery eyes would have led Milliken to a pew well forward, but he chose to stay unobtrusively at the rear.

"Old Silas Treadway, sure," he thought. "Looks about the same as he did when I was in his Sunday-school class. Doesn't know me from Adam."

In due time the Reverend Daniel rose and took a healthy wallop at the powers of darkness, paying especial attention to a gentleman in red tights whom most folks know as one of the leading and popular characters in opera—both grand and petty. But along toward the end of the sermon the speaker eased up and showed them some of the silver lining behind the cloud of earthly woe and sin. In bursts of vivid eloquence he pictured the rewards in store for the deserving.

Daniel would have made a first-class salesman, judging by the way he handled the Beatitudes. He knew how to display his line, and—first qualification of your true salesman—believed absolutely in his goods.

At length he sent the people home full of uplift and good resolutions and the satisfied feeling that, though this world might be a tough place to live in, it needn't think itself the only world! It hadn't any monopoly. There was another a short way up the line that would make this one look small and cheap; and they proposed to qualify for promotion to it.

A few glanced curiously at the chunky, prosperous-looking stranger in the back pew who did not get up and leave when the service was over. He waited until the Reverend Daniel came along and said: "I'm glad to welcome you, sir. I trust you have enjoyed our —— Bless my soul! It's John Milliken!"

"That's who. So you're still at it. When I left you were just starting here."

The minister looked about at the bare rain-stained walls, the worn carpet, the scarred and varnishless pews, the faded cushions.

"Yes, I'm still at it. I'm glad you dropped in this morning. I—I—well, it's both a treat and a shock to see you after all these years."

"You'll come up to the house for dinner, won't you?"

"You're not back in the old home already?"

"We are—mother and Ethel and I. Collard took pretty good care of the house. Had some tenants in it most of the time. We were surprised to find everything in such nice shape. Even the furniture's about as it was when we left, except for reasonable wear and tear. The women folks'll be tickled to see you."

"I'll be glad to go, John. I always was fond of you people. Seems odd to think of Ethel grown up. She was just a little girl ——"

"Regular old maid now," said John. "Wait till you see her."

"I shall have to be back here at three-thirty; our Sunday school is in the afternoon."

He led the way into a bare little study and provided his guest with a semicomfortable chair.

"Smoke?" asked Milliken.

Daniel declined. Milliken returned the cigars to his pocket.

"Then I won't. I forgot anyhow; folks don't smoke in churches, I guess. Hardly see why they shouldn't, though."

"Let's hear all about you," demanded Daniel. "We've heard rumors of your success, but nothing more."

Milliken said it would take too long. Plenty of time later. They'd better start for the house and dinner. The main thing now was, he was back and the old town sure did look good to him.

"And here I'm going to stay, if I can find something to do to keep me contented. Rip-snorting sermon, Dan. Don't see why the church wasn't packed."

Daniel shrugged.

"John, I'm a failure. I've been here a quarter of a century and now I'm beginning to get old."

"Tommyrot! You're less than fifty. I'm over forty myself and you bet I'm not old!"

"You look fifteen years younger than I do—twenty."

"There's less than half that difference. Why don't you try a pulpit where your talents will do you some good?"

"I want to do good to other people, John; but they won't let me. This congregation is growing smaller all the time."

"With your ability to preach, you ought to be getting a big salary."

"That isn't my ambition. But if I could make this church a success, if I could build up a big congregation of people I could really serve, I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"Why don't you? It isn't too late. Must be something the matter with your system. Well, let's go home. After dinner we'll talk it over."

III

IT IS likely that the Rev. Daniel Byron was accustomed to neither the quality nor the quantity of food set before him in the Milliken home. When dinner was over he could not tell whether his conscience or his waistband pinched him the more.

He sat with the Millikens—mother, son and daughter—in a homelike living room, prosperous and comfortable in its Victorian way, and reminisced. Mrs. Milliken remembered her own days in the Old Union Brick Sunday school. She had been intimate with Daniel's parents. Now she asked many questions about the town and its people.

Her daughter Ethel, rather a splendid type—if a trifle robust—seemed a fine and vital spirit. Daniel knew, but a stranger would have had to be an expert to estimate just how far she was advanced beyond the sunny boundary of spinsterhood. Like her brother, she had keen blue eyes, but they were capable of more sympathy. Daniel could not reconcile this mature, poised woman with the spindle-legged tomboy whose image he had carried in his mind for twenty-five years.

"Time has changed you less than I expected, Daniel," she said.

This embarrassed the minister who glanced down at his shabby black suit, shiny where the trousers drew tight over his big knees.

"Sometimes I feel like an octogenarian," he said. "You were just a little girl when I knew you. That doesn't make me feel any younger."

"I can't fool you about my age," returned Ethel. "I think I'm fairly well preserved though—don't you?"

Daniel fumbled for some fitting rejoinder, but hung fire. He was of the opinion that Ethel was fishing. No less disconcerting was the question shot at him by John T.

He Knew Just What People Would Say if a Church Mouse Married the Sister of a Millionaire

"Dan, what's the trouble with your old church? Can't you make it pay?"

"I suppose the trouble is with me. Probably the church would have been better off if I'd retired in favor of some more aggressive man. As for its paying—of course you don't judge a church on that basis."

"Why not? A bankrupt institution is a drag on the community, whether it's a church or a factory. An enterprise that won't pay is an economic superfluity. You know that, Dan."

"Doubtless a prosperous church is more useful than an insolvent one, but you can't apply the economic test ——"

"I can. Law of supply and demand applies to churches same as it does to foundries. If folks want your goods you can make a profit if you run your business right. That's the matter with churches and ministers. That's the matter with the Old Union Brick. You're not businesslike. You depend on charity. Most churches are run wrong. Yours happens to be an extreme example, Dan."

"John!" said Ethel. "You're mighty unkind. What you say isn't true "

She felt that Daniel must be writhing with embarrassment, and respected him because he managed to keep his temper.

"I'm afraid you and I can't agree," he said to her brother. "I'm in a weak position because my church is a failure. You can ascribe any reason you like for a failure, you know, and the failure can't defend itself. I can't prove you're wrong, though I know you are."

"I'm right," persisted Milliken. "I could show you—if you'd let me make some experiments with your church and your policy. It would take an investment; but every business does. That's doubtless one of your troubles. Twenty-five years ago you had a pretty respectable plant and equipment. You probably haven't set anything aside from earnings to take care of depreciation."

"But a church hasn't any earnings," said Ethel. "Anyone would think it was a mill, from the way you talk, John."

"It ought to be run like a mill. The minute you put a church on a business basis you line it up with dividend-paying institutions. I could tell you how—if you'd let me."

Ethel looked again at the Reverend Daniel.

"John's awful," she said. "He works out all his problems in terms of dollars and cents. Life is nothing but a balance sheet to him. You ought to be thankful you don't have to live with him."

John T. laughed.

"Handy thing to have round the house just the same; little fat meal ticket, eh? Suppose I'd got married and left you to shift for yourself, sis?"

"I'd have managed. Housekeeping for a bear like you isn't a bed of roses."

"Oh, I suppose I'm a tartar! Dan, you and I ought to get married. We've never shown much of a weakness for the girls, have we, old boy? I suppose, like me, you just have to turn 'em away."

When Byron rose to go Ethel said: "You haven't asked me, but if I wouldn't be intruding could I go and see your Sunday school? Mother and John won't mind. I might meet a lot of people I used to know."

"Hardly likely," said Daniel. "I'd have invited you but I didn't honestly think you'd care about it. It's pretty hopeless. Still, if you wish, I'd be only too delighted to have you."

"That's right, Ethel, go along with him," said John. "Get all the facts and bring me a report. I've an idea I may make the Old Union Brick an honest-to-goodness proposition."

IV

WITHIN a week Milliken did attempt to make a proposition. "Dan," he said—having inveigled the pastor to the house for supper and afterward got him planted in a comfortable chair in the library—"let me go into the church business with you; sort of silent partner, my capital against your experience, eh? We can make the Old Union Brick a dividend-producer."

"Dividend-producer? Churches don't pay dividends."

"No, I know it. That's what ails 'em. Now I don't mean to go into this to make money for ourselves. I mean to help you put it on a profitable basis with a balance every year on the right side of the ledger. You can spend the proceeds for whatever you like—missions or soup kitchens or fresh-air work for poor children—that makes no difference. The main thing is: Can we make your church a self-supporting, prosperous enterprise that will be a credit to its promoters?"

In Due Time the Reverend Daniel Rore and Took a Healthy Wallop at the Powers of Darkness

"I never heard of a church being considered as an enterprise, John. Of course a large congregation of generous Christian people ——"

"Generous Christian people my eye! Great Scott, Dan, that's what makes a church unpopular! It's always rubbing it into the generous Christian people. They must get tired of lugging the burden. Beg, beg, beg—all the time. It's unfair."

"But I fail to see ——"

"Listen, Dan. We'll rebuild or renovate the old church, make it comfortable and attractive, get some first-class music and provide the very best speakers."

"It would cost a fortune."

"All right. You'll never get anywhere if you pike. I'll supply the funds."

"You mean—endow?"

"Endow nothing! I lend the money to the business at fair interest. And of course you've got to establish a sinking fund to pay me back."

"But our present mortgage is more than we can carry. My board would never consent to an added indebtedness."

"Bother the board! You and I'll run this thing. We can't have a lot of old fossils butting in. A business has to have a manager with backbone to dictate ——"

"But, John, a church is a democracy, a voting organization. My congregation ——"

"We'll forget them too. Lot of old women. What do they know about business? We'll have no squabbles. We're after results. They'll come and thank you when you've built up a prosperous, profitable church."

"Profitable. You keep using that term. How do you expect to make any profits? At our last church fair ——"

"Don't make me laugh, Dan! We'll make our profits from the sale of our product, same as any other business does—that is, we'll charge admission to every service. Fifty cents for adults, two bits for children. I've been figuring we could make that auditorium seat sixteen hundred people, and if we ran three evenings a week—besides Sunday mornings—with an average of half our seating capacity filled ——"

At this moment something happened. Let us call it an explosion. The Rev. Daniel Byron blew up and hit the ceiling. Every orthodox sensibility he owned was outraged. His cloth precluded profanity, but what he had to say got across hard and fast. He told his old friend a few things, illustrated from the Scriptures.

(Continued on Page 94)

THE MONSTER KABULI

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

"Gunpath-Rao—Prince of Vindhya—Declares the Chase is On! Hold Fast, Sahib! We Go!"

AFTER their last walk to the Monkey Glen, Skag had left Carlin Deal and taken the train down to Poona to see her eldest brother. It was all arranged between themselves; but that didn't help matters, so far as India was concerned, or with the pride and tradition of a half-caste line dating back to the forming of the East India Company. It wasn't like a man in America finding the one particular and inimitable girl; not even if she were the wreath part and he the eagle of the same coin. In India, where people have pride of race and time to keep it shining like their gold-bright cooking utensils, there are formalities; and, no matter how they irked Skag's casteless, cultless soul, he was adjustable enough to know that each step must be carried out with grace and care.

The two had arranged to meet in the Jungle—not deep in the glen where the tiger had coughed, but at the edge toward Hurda—when Skag returned from Poona. He was to go straight into the Jungle from the railroad station. Carlin would be watching and follow there. . . . Waiting in Poona, Skag's run of adventures held good and included experience with Jungle Laughter, the Monsoon and the Hunting Cheetah. Also, through this tarrying, Skag found his perfect servant, Bhanah, and the incomparable Nels, a Great Dane dog.

Incidentally there was offered much opportunity to wrestle with the subtle, gritty and hard-testing Demon of Delay; but he came at last to Hurda again, with a throb in his chest and a knot in his throat which only the best and bravest soldiers have brought in from the field. As the moments of waiting at the edge of the Jungle passed, it dawned upon him that something had happened or Carlin would already be with him; at least, crossing the big sun-shot area from the unwalled city. . . . What had happened is this story of the Monster Kabuli, which is an animal story, even without the entrance of the racing elephant, Gunpath-Rao.

Many months before, five merchants came in from far Kabul and sat down in the market place at Hurda, day by day unfolding more of their packs. They brought nuts from the high Himalaya, Kabuli raisins, and the long white grapes themselves, packed in cotton, a dozen to fifteen in a box, and out of reach of the smell of the kine—which is to say, having nothing to do with the purse of the herd. Then there were dried figs and dates, and pomegranates, picked up far this side of the Hills; and Kabuli weaves of cloth; silks inwoven with gold; and puttoo, the cloth that some of the great teachers wear, hand-woven of camel's hair. They were small packs, but worth a great price, which is important to relate in any company.

Now these five Kabuli were usually together—not too far from the kadamba tree of Ratna Ram, the scribe—and their turbans were of different colors; but their hearts were mainly of one kind of hell. Sometimes they stood and sometimes they moved one by one among the bazaars; but Hurda thought of them as one alien presence, and signified that the hugest of them—the Monster himself—was also the most hateful and dangerous; which he was. If I should tell exactly how tall he was, and this in the midst of Sikhs and other of the tallest people of the world, you would think it one of the high lights of a writer-man. And if I should tell you of the face of this Monster—the soft folds of fury resting there in the main; the bulk of loose grayish lids over the whites of eyes flecked with brown pigments; of the sunken upper lip and the nose flattened against it—you would say, long before I had finished: "Let up on the poor beast!"

And this was a rich man, this Kabuli—richer than any of his brothers, and deeper-minded; so he could think with keener power to make his thought come true. Also, life was more full to him than to the others; so he could look over the world of his packs. And when he slept in the midst of his packs all his treasure was not there. You really should have seen him smile when the head missionary, Mr. Maurice, approached; and you should have seen the smile change to a sneer, without a flick of difference in the expression of the eyes. And perhaps it is just as well you missed his look when the beautiful English missionary woman, Miss Annesley, passed.

Miss Annesley was Carlin's closest friend in Hurda. They worked together among the women and children, among the sick and hungry, and found much to do without entering the deeper concerns of the soul's well-being, which Mr. Maurice attended. These last were rather reticent concerns of Carlin especially. Mr. Maurice protested against the young women moving through certain parts of the city, and against entering Mohammedan households or the quarters of the bazaar women—all of which talk was well listened to.

Miss Annesley had no fear, because she was essentially clean. She was effective and tireless, a thrilling sort of saint; but she could see no evil, not even in the Monster Kabuli. Carlin had no fear, because she was Carlin; but she had a clear eye for jungle shadows, for beasts, saints and men. As for the Kabuli, she quietly remarked:

"Why, Margaret, can't you see he's a mad dog?"

In other words, Carlin used the optic nerve as well as the vision said to be of the soul.

"But, my dear, he seemed really stirred!" Miss Annesley protested.

"I do not doubt that he was stirred," Carlin replied.

Her mind was the mind of India, with Western contrasts; also, it was familiar from both angles with the various attractive attributes of her friend. . . . But Margaret Annesley continued to greet the Monster Kabuli from time to time. Having great means and worldly goods and riotous health, he had nothing to discuss but his soul, which few besides Margaret would have found ostensible.

"I tell you he has rabies!" Carlin repeated.

This did no good; so she went to Deenah, who was Miss Annesley's servant, a Hindu of the Hindus and priceless. Deenah declared that he was already aware of the danger and that he missed nothing; also, that he was watchful, like one who feared the worst.

Deenah was a small man, swift and noiseless. He had an invincible equilibrium and authority in his own world, which was a considerable establishment back of the dining room, including a most delectable little creature, even smaller than Deenah, but quite as important, and sharing all light and shadow by his side. Deenah had a look of forked lightning and a mellow voice. The more angry he became, the more caressing his tones.

One day, while he was down in the bazaars buying provisions, the Monster Kabuli beckoned Deenah to come closer. They stood together—terrier and bloodhound and Deenah listened while the form and color of a better world was outlined for his sake. . . . The Kabuli said he had heard that Deenah was one of the great servants; he had heard this from many sources—even that Deenah was favorably compared with the chief commissioner's favorite servant, who was a picked man of ten thousand.

Deenah inclined his head, hearkening for the tone within the tone, but gravely acknowledged that much he had heard in this life was harder to listen to.

The Kabuli continued that Deenah, no doubt, was appreciated on a small scale in the house where the Bari Sahibah—Miss Annesley—lived; but the establishment itself, as well as the people, was inadequate to offer scope for the talents of such a man as Deenah; also, that Deenah

was remiss in making no better provision for the future in relation to his own household; also that the gifts of the present should be considered. And now the Kabuli was opening his packs.

Deenah granted that life was not all so orderly and sumptuous as he could wish; but he had been given to understand that no man's life was so in this place. He would be glad now, in this conference, to hear the plan by which all he lacked would appear and all he hoped for come to pass.

The Kabuli opened wider his treasures. Deenah's narrow-lidded eyes feasted upon the wealths and crafts of many men. . . . And the plan had to do not with this night or with the next, but with the night after these two nights were past; and Deenah's Bari Sahibah and the Gul Moti Hakima—literally the Rose Pearl Physician, which meant Carlin—were to be brought for the evening to the house of the Kabuli's friend, one Mirza Khan, a Mohammedan whose soul also was in great need.

Deenah's voice was gentle as he inquired why he was to be used, and why riches accrued to him, since it was the life of the life of his mistress to serve those who were ill or in need, in body or soul. The Kabuli replied that he was not sure the Bari Sahibah would go to a Mohammedan house, even with her friend the Gul Moti Hakima, unless Deenah could assure his mistress that the Mohammedan was well known to him and honorable, and his house an abode of fellowship and peace.

Deenah considered well, saying in soft tones that he could not accomplish this thing alone, but must advise with his fellow servants, who were trustworthy. In fact, if the Kabuli could come this afternoon, when the Sahibah and Gul Moti Hakima were away, and tell his story once more in the presence of the utterly reliable among the servants, all might be brought to pass—even to the improvement of his own so poor condition.

The Kabuli did not care for the plan; but Deenah repeated that he could not do this thing alone, his voice admirably gentle as he reiterated his own helplessness. . . . Still, he granted with hesitation that the Bari Sahibah deigned to trust him to a degree. . . . At this moment the Kabuli saw Deenah's eyes forking at the treasure pack. There was a longing in them that was pain. The face of Deenah was the face of one struck and crippled with his own needs; which point helped the Kabuli to decision.

The terms of the agreement were made straight and fixed. Deenah went back to his house, where he made all properly known to the servants.

In the quiet hour of the afternoon, when the house was empty, the Monster Kabuli called and opened a small pack in the sleepy shade of the compound before the eyes of six men and one woman, as much Deenah as himself. When the time in the story came that Deenah was to use his influence upon the mind of his mistress, there seemed a slowness of understanding among the other servants; so the Kabuli had to speak again and very clearly.

Just now the head of Deenah bent low over the open pack, the movement of his hand instantly drawing and filling the eye of the trader of Kabul; and then it was that the Bari Sahibah's syce, who was a huge man, materialized a lackri from under his loose cotton blouse—a lackri being a stick of olive wood from the high Himalaya and very hard. This he brought down with great force upon the hugest and ugliest head in all the Central Provinces at that time.

Merely a beginning. Six other lackris were drawn from five other blouses, the extra one for Deenah.

The great body was dragged farther back toward the servants' quarters, where Deenah officiated. With each blow he enunciated in caressing tones some term of the agreement—until he heard the screaming protest of the mother of his little son:

"Shall you, who are only her manservant, have all the privilege of defending the Bari Sahibah—to whom I am the woman servant?"

And Deenah, not missing a count, cried:

"Come and defend!"

So Deenah's wife and the other women came, bringing the long, smooth hand stones with which they ground the spices into curry powder. . . . And when the beating was over they carefully tied up the pack of the Kabuli and sealed it, without a single article missing; then they carried the body out of the compound, across the main highway, beyond the parallel bridle paths, and let it slide softly down into the little khud beyond, deeper and deeper each year from erosion.

A little while afterward, that same afternoon, Margaret Annesley and Carlin Deal were walking along the bridle path. Hearing a moan, they looked over into the khud, where the Monster Kabuli was coming to. He managed to raise one hand; but the movement of the fingers somehow struck the pity from Carlin's heart. It was not a clean gesture of a chastened man. Even though his body was terribly bruised and broken, the face was the face of Ravage, in person.

Carlin pulled her companion on. They hastened to the bungalow, where the tied pack was in evidence, and strange sounds reached them from the servants' compound.

It was the picture of a tranced group they saw—Deenah sitting upon the ground uttering frightful low curses securely coupled together, and in the language of all languages for this ancient art. The others were round him—even two or three of the women.

"Deenah!" Miss Annesley called. The concentration was not to be broken. "Deenah, is there any intelligence in this place?"

The head of her priceless servant was bowing close to ground, but his mind was still away; and in high concord with his tones were the tones of the small delectable one, whose eyes, dark and vivid, were the eyes of Jael singing her song after slaying Sisera.

Margaret turned to her huge syce. There were tears and sweat in his eyes, but no answering human gleam.

"Help me, Carlin!" she said. "Help me carry the daikdji."

It was a huge vessel containing several gallons of cool water; and this was lifted by four hands and poured upon Deenah, whose eyes met them at once with the light of common day.

"Bear witness, I am cursing softly," he said.

"Are you my head servant here?"

"I am thy servant."

"And you dare to permit this bazaar thamasha in your compound?"

Deenah observed that this was not an affair upon which he could speak to the Bari Sahibah, his mistress. Meantime Carlin watched Deenah's eyes fill with the keen reds of bloody memory.

"Go away for the time, Margaret," Carlin said. "He will talk with me. Please go now! In six breaths he will be back in his trance again."

So it happened. Deenah watched his mistress depart; then he raised his eyes to Carlin, saying:

"The Gul Moti Hakima will understand. These things are not for the Bari Sahibah."

"Speak!"

Deenah rose, saying:

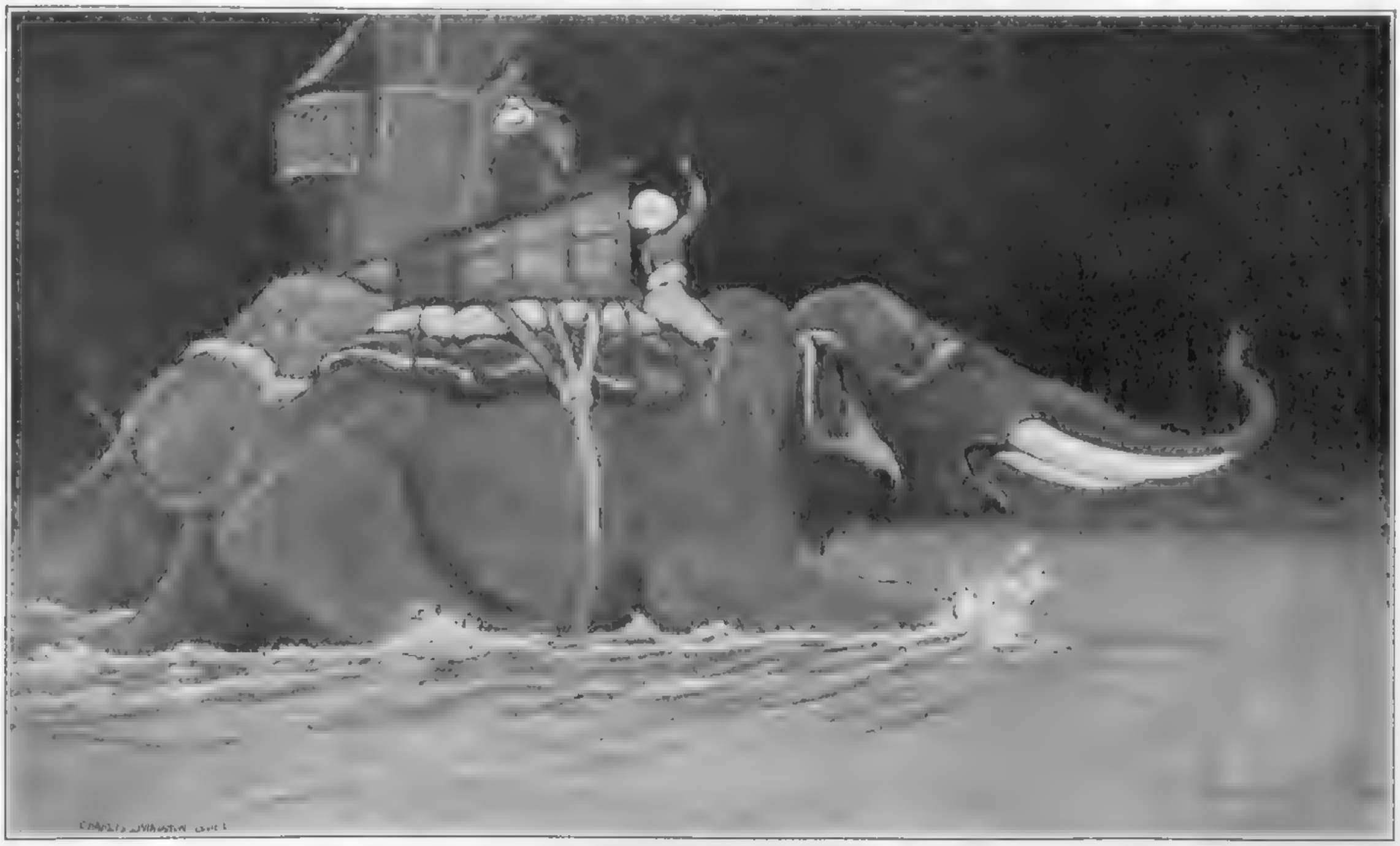
"It is not good for you to set foot in my house, but come to the threshold; then neither my voice nor the voices of these shall enter her understanding." Deenah pointed to the rest of the servants, who gathered round.

The tale of the Monster Kabuli was unfolded to Carlin without a single interruption for several moments; in fact, not until Margaret Annesley came running forth, crying:

"Are you never going to cease talk and carry help to the Kabuli, who is hurt?" Carlin beckoned her back.

"Not hurt, dear. He is ill. He has hydrophobia."

(Continued on Page 70)



The Two Great Beasts Were Melted Together Against the Stream. They Heard the Welt as Chakkra's Elephant Stick Came Down

How Lenine Intrigued With Germany—And Betrayed His Own Comrades

By JOHN SPARGO

Author of "Bolshevism"

SOME day in the not remote future when Bolshevist tyranny in Russia has been overthrown and Russian democracy asserts itself, and when Germany has become normal, the archives of the two nations will, we may confidently expect, reveal to the world the full story of the manner in which Nikolai Lenine and his associates made common cause with the militarist régime of the Hohenzollerns on the one hand and, on the other hand, united with the police agencies of the corrupt and despotic Russian Government, under the old régime, to betray their own Socialist comrades. In all modern history there is no chapter so sinister and vile as that which is known to be included in the archives in question.

It is very well known throughout Europe that for a long time prior to the first Russian Revolution in March, 1917, Lenine had enjoyed, by special permission of the German authorities, the right to reside in Austria near the Russian border. There is no room for reasonable doubt that he received the assistance of Germany in promoting the revolutionary agitation in Russia. This has been freely charged against him by some of the most responsible leaders of the Russian revolutionary movement, including Vladimir Bourtzev, that remarkable man whose special service has been the unmasking of spies and traitors in the Russian revolutionary ranks, and who has won international repute as the Sherlock Holmes of the Russian Revolution. When we add to the admitted fact of Lenine's immunity and freedom of action in Austria at such a time his wartime journey across Germany in a special train provided by the German Government, by which method he and his associates were enabled to reach Petrograd and begin their intrigues for the overthrow of the provisional government, the conclusion that there was close cooperation between the government of the Kaiser and the leaders of the Bolsheviki is irresistible.

This does not mean that Lenine was pro-German, though there are many indications that as between the two groups of powers he preferred to see Germany triumphant. His own explanation of this attitude is that he believed the triumph of the Central Empires, involving as it must the defeat of the government of the Czars, would afford a better chance for revolutionary Russia than would a contrary ending of the war. We cannot understand Lenine's course unless we take full account of his remarkable psychology. Coldly cynical, crassly materialist, utterly unscrupulous, repudiating moral codes and sanctions as bourgeois sentimentality, Lenine had for many years, ever since the collapse of the Revolution of 1905, surrounded himself with desperate and shady characters, many of them having criminal records.

Parvus the Notorious

ON MORE than one occasion in the conventions of the Bolshevist faction of which he was a leader he boasted of this fact, and it was not unusual for a majority of those attending such conventions to belong to this criminal type. Rejecting all moral restraint Lenine believes that the achievement of the end desired justifies any and all means that can be employed. Might, the power to do, is the only valid right, according to his creed. Perhaps he believed sincerely enough what he told his followers by way of justification of his conduct; namely: That he could beat the German Government at its own game; that while using the German Government's natural desire to foment revolution in Russia, and thus apparently becoming a partner of the German war lords, he depended upon the revolutionary fire thus kindled in Russia to consume Germany also. It was a cynically conceived policy, characteristically reckless and desperate.

How much material support Lenine and his colleagues actually received from the German Government will be known only when the German imperial archives have rendered their secrets to the more democratic Germany of the immediate future. Certainly Russia was rife with ugly charges of German gold freely poured into the coffers of the Bolsheviki. There were many circumstantial stories in support of the charge and the demand for a rigid investigation of the charge rose on every hand. That a well-known German Socialist leader, the notorious Doctor Helfandt, better known by his pseudonym of Parvus, acted as an intermediary and bribing agent there seems little room to doubt.

The sinister part played by this Parvus has been abundantly exposed by leading German Socialists.

A Good German Peace—as the Kaiser Planned It

A still more shady side of Lenine's activities concerns his intimate relations with spies, *provocateurs* and police agents belonging to the Czar's infamous Secret Police Department. In my book, Bolshevism, I have given some of the main outlines of Lenine's intimate connection with one of the most brilliant and dangerous of these police spies, Roman Malinovsky. A fuller account has lately been published by Vladimir Bourtzev, which throws a flood of additional light upon the matter. It will be remembered by those who keep close track of events in Russia that when the Bolsheviki overthrew the Kerensky régime they cast Bourtzev into prison. In this they acted precisely as the old régime acted, for when the war broke out Bourtzev hastened from Paris to Petrograd and placed his services and his influence at the disposal of the Russian Government, whereupon he was cast into prison.

Double-Crossing as a Fine Art

WHILE he was in prison at the end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918, a victim of Bolshevist tyranny, he had as his cell mate one Beletzky, who under the old régime of the Czar had been the Director of the Police Department. From this interesting fellow prisoner Bourtzev learned the true story of Roman Malinovsky. Nowhere else than in Russia could such a story be possible.

Malinovsky was an intimate friend and apparently an ardent disciple of Lenine. He was the leader of the Bolshevik faction in the Fourth Duma. In that body he was famous for the violence of his views and for the extreme virulence with which he attacked all the Socialist members who did not approve of the Bolshevist tactics. He wanted violent revolution, scorned as unworthy compromise every suggestion of coöperation with other liberal and radical groups, and in general established himself as the most violent and extreme of the extremists.

Now the truth is that he was all the time a paid agent of the Czar's Police Department, acting directly under the orders of its director, Beletzky, who actually wrote all his speeches! Thus the most bitter attacks upon the Czar's government and the most virulent diatribes against the police were actually of police manufacture. The reason for this is quite obvious to those who have any knowledge at all of the methods employed by Russian and other European police systems. Malinovsky was one of the most active *agents-provocateurs* in Russia.

The advantage that this gave to the Police Department and the extreme peril in which it placed the Russian revolutionary leaders need not be pointed out. Malinovsky was the actual leader of the Bolsheviki in Russia, acting as the direct representative and confidential man of Lenine, the latter residing abroad. Though just prior to the outbreak of the war in 1914 travel between Russia and Austria was exceedingly difficult and practically prohibited, Malinovsky found no difficulty in constantly traveling to and from Petrograd and the place where Lenine resided in Austria. This freedom of movement was possible to Malinovsky, who was not only a member of the Duma but an agent of the Police Department, because there had always been a working arrangement between the German,

(Concluded on Page 113)

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

DECORATION BY W. J. RICHTER

I HAVE said that I knew the widow of Walewski, the natural son of Napoleon Bonaparte by the Polish countess he picked up in Warsaw, who followed him to Paris; and thereby hangs a tale which may not be without interest.

In each of our many sojourns in Paris my wife and I had taken an apartment, living the while in the restaurants, at first the cheaper, like the Café de Progres and the Duval places; then the Bœuf à la Mode, the Café Voisin and the Café Anglais, with Champeaux's in the Place de la Bourse for a regular luncheon resort.

At length, the children something more than half grown, I said: "We have never tried a Paris pension."

So with a half dozen recommended addresses we set out on a house hunt. We had not gone far when our search was rewarded by a veritable find. This was on the Avenue de Courcelles, not far from the Parc Monceau; newly furnished; reasonable charges; the lady manager a beautiful well-mannered woman, half Scotch and half French.

We moved in. When dinner was called the boarders assembled in the very elegant drawing-room. Madame presented us to Baron ——. Then followed introductions to Madame la Duchesse and Madame la Princesse and Madame la Comtesse. Then the folding doors opened and dinner was announced.

The baron sat at the center of the table. The meal consisted of eight or ten courses, served as if at a private house, and of surpassing quality. During the three months that we remained there was no evidence of a boarding house. It appeared an aristocratic family into which we had been hospitably admitted.

The baron was a delightful person Madame la Duchesse was the mother of Madame la Princesse, and both were charming. The comtesse, the Napoleonic widow, was at first a little formal, but she came round after we were better acquainted, and when we took our departure it was like leaving a veritable domestic circle.

Years after we learned the sequel. The baron, a poor young nobleman, had come into a little money. He thought to make it breed. He had an equally poor Scotch cousin, who undertook to play hostess. Both the duchess and the countess were his kinswomen. How could such a ménage last?

He lost his all. What became of our fellow lodgers I never learned, but the venture coming to naught the last I heard of the beautiful high-bred lady manager she was serving as a stewardess on an ocean liner. Nothing, however, could exceed the luxury, the felicity and the good company of those memorable three months in the Avenue de Courcelles, Parc Monceau.

We never tried a pension again. We chose a delightful hotel in the Rue Castiglione off the Rue de Rivoli, and remained there as fixtures until we were reckoned the oldest inhabitants. But we never deserted the dear old Bœuf à la Mode, which we lived to see one of the most flourishing and popular places in Paris.

II

IN THE old days there was a little hotel in the Rue Daunou, midway between the Rue de la Paix and what later along became the Avenue de l'Opéra, called the Hôtel d'Orient. It was conducted by a certain Madame Hougenin, whose family had held the lease for more than a hundred years, and was typical of what the comfort-seeking visitor, somewhat initiate, might have before the modern tourist onrush overflowed all bounds and effaced the ancient landmarks—or should I say townmarks—making a resort instead of a home of the gay French capital.

The D'Orient was delightfully comfortable and fabulously cheap.

The wayfarer entered a darksome passage that led to an inner court. There were on the four sides of this seven or eight stories pierced by many windows. There was never a lift, or what we Americans call an elevator. If you wanted to go up you walked up; and after dark your single illuminant was candlelight. The service could hardly be recommended, but Cleanliness herself could find no fault with the beds and bedding; nor were there any queer people about; changeless; as still and stationary as a gorge in the Rockies.

A young girl might dwell there year in and year out in perfect safety—many young girls did so—madame a kind of duenna. The fare—for it was a pension—was all a gourmet could desire. And the wine!

I was lunching with an old Parisian friend.

"What do you think of this vintage?" says he.

"Very good," I answered. "Come and dine with me tomorrow and I will give you the mate to it."

"What—at the D'Orient?"

"Yes, at the D'Orient."

"Preposterous!"

Nevertheless, he came. When the wine was poured out he took a sip. "By ——" he exclaimed. "That is good, isn't it? I wonder where they got it! And how!"

During the week after we had it every day. Then no more. The head waiter, with many apologies, explained that he had found those few bottles in a forgotten bin, where they had lain for years, and he begged a thousand pardons of monsieur, but we had drunk them all—*rien de plus*—no more. I might add that precisely the same thing happened to me at the Hôtel Continental. Indeed, it is not uncommon with the French caravansaries to keep a little extra good wine in stock for those who can distinguish between an *ordinaire* and a *supérieur*, and are willing to pay the price.

III

"SEE Naples and die," say the Italians. "See Paris and live," say the French. Old friends, who have been over and back, have been of late telling me that Paris, having woefully suffered, is nowise the Paris it was, and as the provisional offspring of four years of desolating war I can well believe them. But a year or two of peace, and the city will rise again, as after the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, which laid upon it sufficiently blighting hands. In spite of fickle fortune and its many ups and downs it is and will ever remain "Paris, the Changeless."

I never saw the town so much itself as just before the beginning of the world war. I took my departure in the early summer of that fateful year and left all things booming—not a sign or trace that there had ever been aught but boundless happiness and prosperity. It is hard, the saying has it, to keep a squirrel on the ground, and surely Paris is the squirrel among cities. The season just ended had been, everybody declared, uncommonly successful from the standpoints alike of the hotels and cafés, the shop people and their patrons, not to mention the purely pleasure-seeking throng. People seemed loaded with money and giddy to spend it.

The head waiter at Voisin's told me this: "Mr. Barnes, of New York, ordered a dinner, carte blanche, for twelve. "'Now,' says he, 'garçon, have everything bang up, and here's seventy-five francs for a starter.'

"The dinner was bang up. Everybody hilarious. Mr. Barnes immensely pleased. When he came to pay his bill, which was a corker, he made no objection.

"'Garçon,' says he, 'if I ask you a question will you tell me the truth?'

"'*Oui, monsieur; certainement.*'

"'Well, how much was the largest tip you ever received?'

"'Seventy-five francs, monsieur.'

"'Very well; here are 100 francs.'"

Then, after a pause for the waiter to digest his joy and express a proper sense of beatitude and wonder, Mr. Barnes came to time with: "'Do you remember who was the idiot that paid you the seventy-five francs?'

"'Oh, yes, monsieur. It was you.'"

IV

IT HAS occurred to me that of late years—I mean the years immediately before 1914—Paris has been rather more bent upon adapting itself to human and moral as well as scientific progress. There has certainly been less debauchery visible to the naked eye. I was assured that the

(Concluded on Page 107)

THE CHARM SCHOOL

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VII

AUSTIN, by some mysterious process more direct than vision, had recognized that the feminine figure was Elise, though the tip of her silver slipper was all he could see as the door first opened; but he was not in the least prepared to discover that her companion was his erring accountant. He fixed him with a blank and astonished eye which, to a guilty conscience, looked like severity. Elise flew forward.

"Oh, Mr. Bevans," she said, "how wonderful that you should be here! Will you come upstairs and dance with me?" And for the first time, Austin became aware that somewhere in the house an orchestra was playing dance music.

"I don't dance," he answered. It was an uncompromising lie.

Elise looked disappointed. She was dressed in shining white, with a green wreath in her hair and a green feather fan in her hand, but her added beauty did not soften Austin's heart. On the contrary, it made him feel all the more acutely the utter degradation of her conduct.

"I came to see Mr. Johns," he said.

"Oh, George, run upstairs and tell grandfather that Mr. Bevans is here," said Elise, with far less consideration than Austin had shown the footman.

"No," said Austin. "I came to see Mr. Johns about this young man, and it may be that he would prefer to offer me some explanations of his conduct first."

George, who did not like being referred to as "this young man," said proudly: "I don't feel any obligation to explain my conduct to you, sir."

"I was offering you an opportunity, not an obligation," said Austin.

"I am not ashamed of anything that I have done," said George.

"Indeed," replied Austin, "then let me tell you your face belies you. Step to that mirror and see if a human countenance ever wore a more guilty expression."

Such was the disarray of George's mentality that he almost found himself obeying the command and moving toward the mirror over the mantelpiece. Pulling himself hastily together, however, he answered:

"My conduct requires no explanation whatsoever.

"Mr. Johns' head bookkeeper selected me for this position. Mr. Johns can hardly object to my taking it. Have you any complaint of the way in which I filled the position?"

"I certainly have," said Austin.

"Am I not a competent bookkeeper?"

"As competent as any man under a strong emotional excitement could be, I suppose."

"I don't understand you."

"That has been quite clear from the beginning," said Austin. "The fact is, Mr. Boyd, you have made the common mistake of explaining the wrong crime. I have no objection to your having taken the position of bookkeeper in the school."

"What do you object to?" asked George, relieved for an instant of apprehension.

"To your writing love letters to your pupils; to your using their exercises as a means of communication; to these"—he drew the letters from his pocket—"found in Miss Benedotti's desk."

"Oh, Elise!" said George reproachfully.

The little princess, whose mind worked quicker than George's, had seen this coming for some time, and she now took action. She made a little gesture to indicate running upstairs. "Go away, please, George," she said.

The suggestion was not altogether disagreeable to George. Two primitive instincts contended within him, self-preservation and jealousy; one bade him go and the other bade him stay, and in the end, like the great Gibbon, he sighed as a lover but obeyed as an accountant. He heard Austin begin: "Really, Elise, I have nothing to say to you in regard to this ——" and then the door closed behind him. Elise closed it, and leaning her back against it she looked at Austin.

"I have nothing whatsoever to say to you," Austin continued, while all the phrases he had been inventing especially for her benefit went whirling through his brain. "If you are really attached to this"—the words "red-faced lout" rose to his lips, but he suppressed them—"this young man with the consent of your grandfather, it is no concern of mine; but you shall not correspond with him clandestinely. It makes no difference to me what your feelings may be, but while you are at my school your conduct ——"

"When I'm an Old Withered Woman Like Miss Curtis," She Answered, "I Shall Love You Just as I Do To-night"

"Mr. Bevans, is that really true?"

"Is what true?"

"That you don't care how I feel?"

He could not say that it was, and did not choose to say that it was not. In the momentary pause he became aware that she was as usual trembling, trembling to such a degree that the air of the whole room seemed to be vibrating about her, and, what was worse, setting up a sympathetic tremor in his own nerves. He said angrily:

"Why do you tremble like that? Are you afraid of me?"

She shook her head and then as emphatically nodded it. Then she put up her hand to her mouth in a vain effort to control her lower jaw so that she could enunciate: "Not a bit—yes I am—not exactly afraid—but I love you—I love you terribly."

It seemed to Austin that all sounds had suddenly died away and that he and she were left alone in an absolutely silent world. The truth was he had ceased to take note of anything but her. She stood quite still until he began to speak, and then she stopped him.

"No, no, pl-please," she stammered, "don't say any of those things you are thinking of saying—that I'm too young to know what love is, and all that. I have so little time and it's so hard for me to tell you about it. You see it doesn't matter about George—anything he says or does doesn't matter. He's been proposing to me once a week since I was fourteen, and grandfather thinks it would be a good way of getting rid of me. But he's just like a paving stone I step on every day; I might notice it if it disappeared. What's the use of talking about him, or complaining to grandfather about him? He doesn't matter—nothing matters but you."

If Austin had been a student of the great psychologist whose works he had once recommended to Mr. Johns he would have known that the strange passivity which he thought was calm was really the conflict within him of two strong and opposing emotions. He stood quiet, aware only of just what it would be like to take her in his arms; while she discovered that by pressing both hands against her chin she could in a measure control it, and she went on:

"It's terrible to feel like this—it eats me up. I used to be rather a silly girl about singers and actors and great people—used to think about them and make myself unhappy; but I wasn't unhappy—I enjoyed it. Oh, Mr. Bevans, I don't enjoy this—it's dreadful—it gives me no rest. I can't eat or sleep, and all the time I have that horrid feeling here"—she pressed her hand against her heart—"that you have just before something very exciting happens. I get no peace except when I'm with you, and then it almost kills me. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

It was impossible for Austin to tell her what to do, for he was fully occupied telling himself what not to do—not to take her hand, not to pat her shoulder, not to offer her any sign of sympathy for fear it would end in something quite different.

"Now just wait a moment," he contrived to say, and was horrified to find how strange his own voice sounded.

"Do you hate me to love you?" she asked.

"My dear child," he said, "I'll tell you something: Nobody hates to be loved, and certainly no man could hate to be loved by a beautiful little being like you, and I've had a rotten life, and no one ever cared about me, except probably my mother, and I don't remember her."

Elise gave a gasp of joy, for obviously if no one had loved him, he had never really loved, for if he did he would be irresistible.

"But," he went on, "of course I'm not going to have you love me, not like this, because it isn't the best thing for you." He knew now what he had to do—he had to tell her about Susy. He wished that at the moment Susy seemed to him less like a vague, agreeable perfume and more like a living, breathing woman. He had to tell her about Susy, but first he must let her see that she herself was a matter of profoundest importance to him.

He decided, in other words, to give the sweet first and the medicine afterward. He tried to outline for her the cherishing affection he had for her as a pupil—for her in particular. "And I shall go on feeling like that," he said, "when you have forgotten that I was ever anything to you but the head of your school."

"When I'm an old withered woman like Miss Curtis," she answered, "I shall love you just as I do to-night."

And then most unfortunately the door opened and Mr. Johns came in, and the announcement about Susy had not been made.

"Hullo, Bevans." Mr. Johns began to shout in his most holiday humor. "George Boyd told me you wanted to see me. What are you doing at a frivolous occasion like this—a stuid old schoolmaster like you? Want to spoil the girls' fun by reminding them of lessons, eh?"

Austin smiled vaguely. He was trying to think out what it was he had once wanted to see Mr. Johns about.

"Well, my dear," Johns went on, taking Elise's limp hand, "how's it going? As much fun as you expected? Your hands are cold. By Jove, Bevans, what would you give to be at an age when your hands are like ice, and you tremble, yes, tremble, at the pleasure of a mere dance? My, I couldn't get as excited as that if I were going to wreck a bank." He patted her hand and replaced it at her side, as if of herself she would not have sense to know what to do with it. "Ah, Bevans, youth, youth—no cares, no troubles! Run up and dance, my dear, we won't keep you doing the civil—dance and get your circulation started. And now what was it you wanted to say to me, Bevans?"

Austin hesitated. In view of what had just occurred, it did seem absurd to cite George as a criminal disturber of the little princess' peace of mind. She saw his hesitation, gave him a last smile to assure him that whatever he decided to do would be perfect, and disappeared.

Mr. Johns settled into a chair, bit off a cigar, and prepared for a chat along lines of his own selection.

"Notice that young fellar, Boyd?" he said.

"Did I notice him?" echoed Austin.

"Wasn't he here when you came in? Sweet on Elise. They think I'm awfully opposed—sneak off like that, you know, so that I won't see. They think I don't know—think we're all fools, Bevans; maybe we are. It would surprise them to know I'm for it—that would take all the fun out of it. I believe girls ought to marry young—out of the way—out of mischief. Clean young fellar—dull dog, though."

"Does Elise seem to—to fancy him?" asked Austin; and even put like this, in the face of facts he knew to the contrary, the idea disgusted him.

"Don't know. Treats him like the devil—that's no sign with a woman that she isn't crazy about him, though."

"Oh, Mr. Johns, for heaven's sake don't get off that stuff about woman's being a mystery," cried Bevans. "Take it from the head of a girls' school that she isn't—she's just so clear and direct that men can't get the hang of it."

Mr. Johns gave a tremendous grunt. "Do you mean to tell me that at your age you think you know more about women than I do?" he shouted.

"Of course I think I do—and I do too," said Austin. "I've got beyond that old mystery stage, anyhow."

One of the best ways of keeping your temper in an argument, as most of us know only so well, is not to listen to anything the other person has to say. This discussion now went forward very comfortably, each party to it using the comparative leisure of the other one's speeches in order to marshal his own ideas.

"Direct and clear!" roared Mr. Johns; "why, I think you must be crazy! Women can't be clear for they don't know how to think, and they can't be direct for they don't know what they want, and when they do, they change it. '*Varium et mutabile*,' that fellar surely knew what he was talking about."

"Yes, and who said that?" cried Austin, for the first time appreciating that his midnight studies of Vergil had not been wasted. "A slick male god trying to get a wandering widower to desert a woman so constant that she immediately burned herself upon the seashore when he actually went."

"Ha," said Mr. Johns, "and do you call that sensible—to burn yourself up on the beach? Do you quote that as a rational, intelligent action?"

"I call it clear and direct, anyhow," said Austin, and at this instant the door again opened, and this time George hurried in.

The instinct of self-preservation had sent George upstairs; once safe, however, his jealousy had suggested his sending Mr. Johns down to interrupt the tête-à-tête, by the assertion that Austin had come to tell him something. But hardly was this successfully accomplished than George began to consider in great agony of mind what it was that Austin was telling. He believed not only that he would be most unacceptable to Mr. Johns as a suitor, but that his conduct in masquerading as an accountant at the school would lose him his job at the bank, and unless properly explained might damage his whole financial future.

The Elderly Man Who Had Replaced George Was Not Looked Upon With Favor

He hurried down, therefore, and as he entered he never doubted that it was his conduct, not Dido's, which the two men were so hotly discussing. Assuming a slightly pompous calm, which he was far from feeling, he said:

"Mr. Johns, I have a right to be heard." Neither of the others answered him, and he continued: "Even a criminal has a right to be and I am not a criminal."

"Well, that's good news, George," said Mr. Johns, who had not yet the least idea what it was all about.

"I wish an opportunity to explain," continued George.

"I thought your conduct did not require explanation," said Austin, delighted to find someone to be disagreeable to.

"You go right ahead, George," said his host, "and explain anything you have a mind to."

"To begin with," said George, "I am a competent bookkeeper."

"Wrong at the start," replied Mr. Johns. "However, you're no worse than the others, so go on with the explanation."

"I had a perfect right, at the suggestion of your own head man, to accept employment outside the bank if I saw fit. I cannot allow any discussion on that point."

"Anybody want to discuss it?" asked Johns.

"And as for the letters," continued George, "the letters which this gentleman found and read"—he emphasized this bitingly—"all I can say about them is to be candid, Mr. Johns, and tell you that I love your granddaughter."

"God bless my soul!" shouted Mr. Johns, beginning a most elaborate series of grunts and scowls.

"I know, I know, sir," said George, standing his ground in spite of the terror that those manifestations always roused in him. "I know it surprises you. I had not intended to tell you until my financial position was better, but it's the truth. I do love her, and some day I hope to marry her."

"Well, you don't expect me to agree to any such proposition as that," said Johns, his eyes twinkling brightly at Austin under his drawn brows. "Ten years hence is time enough to think of her marrying, and then to someone——"

"I did not expect you to approve," answered George; "but you will not forbid my seeing her and writing to her sometimes?"

Johns, who was beginning to get a pretty good idea of the situation, was enjoying himself immensely.

"I don't think we can object to an occasional letter, eh, Bevans?" he said. He had expected Austin to be as much amused as himself, and was surprised to hear him answer quickly:

"I expressly forbid Boyd's writing to Elise—or to any pupil in my school, except his sister."

"You forbid me!" cried George. "You forbid me to write to Elise, and yet you order her to write to you—every day too."

"Eh, what's that?" asked Mr. Johns. "He orders Elise to write to him?"

"Yes," replied George triumphantly, feeling that he was scoring for the first time. "He has her write to him every day."

"And does she?" asked her grandfather.

"You bet she does!" answered Austin, who was no coward. "I've been trying to improve her writing and spelling, which aren't much good, you know, Mr. Johns."

"He's right there, George," said Mr. Johns; but Austin could feel that those bright little eyes dwelt rather contemplatively upon him for an instant.

"Mr. Johns," said George, "you ought

Continued on Page 114

Of Course the Whole School Knew the Story of George's Romantic Conduct, and Elise and Rosa Jolly Were Heroines as a Result

JUBILO

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

ON THE second day of Jubilo's third week at Hardy's place Sheriff Punt with another man rode out from Muskoka. They came in a car, flinging up a cloud of dust behind them; and they and the car were covered with dust when they arrived. Hardy and Jubilo were working in the field near the road, and the sheriff stopped there to speak to Hardy, and left the car there, and they walked up to the house together. Jubilo followed them. He was full of curiosity that had to be satisfied.

The sheriff and the other man were as thirsty as they were dusty. Rose gave them buttermilk. There was always plenty of buttermilk, and the fat sheriff seemed to relish it.

Rose Stopped Dead Still, Staring at Him With Wide Eyes

He had said nothing up to this time of his business with Hardy, but after he had washed down the dust with buttermilk and lighted a stogy, he asked: "Seen anything o' them train robbers, Jim?"

Hardy shook his head soberly. "Not a thing."

"Le's see," the sheriff meditated; "you told me you didn't see them morning of the holdup, didn't you?"

"Yes, I told you that."

"Ain't changed your recollection, have you, Jim?"

Hardy smiled faintly. "No."

"Sure o' that?"

"Come, now," said Hardy, "you know you're barking up the wrong tree, sheriff. I'm too old to take up train-robbing. Besides"—he looked toward his daughter and chuckled—"Rose wouldn't let me."

Sheriff Punt looked shocked and surprised. "I ain't accused you, have I, Jim?"

"Of course."

"When was that?" Punt demanded.

"You're doing it now. Your eye and your tone."

Hardy was perfectly good-natured, but Sheriff Punt seemed concerned.

"You let me tell you something, Jim," he said earnestly: "If I thought you had anything to do with that business you'd be in Muskoka jail right now."

"You don't think I had anything to do with it, then?"

"I don't think you had," said Sheriff Punt; and then he squinted shrewdly at Hardy. "But, Jim, I'm a-wondering if you had."

Rose said from behind her father: "You're very unfair. You ought to know my father better by this time."

Sheriff Punt chuckled. "Now, Miss Rose, you got to make allowances," he said. "You know when a man gets into court he's innocent till he's proved guilty; but with me, where this holdup is concerned, every man in twenty miles is guilty till he's proved innocent."

"My father had no more to do with it than you had."

The sheriff nodded wisely. "Well, now, I'd say if I'd ha' been asked I might have had something to do with it. I could use a share of that money. So could any man." He looked toward Hardy. "Had any visitors lately, Jim?"

Hardy shook his head.

"Nobuddy stopped at your place here?"

"Nobody but Tom Pence, from up the river. He brings out my mail when he goes to town, Saturdays."

"Then you ain't heard the news?"

"I've heard nothing in particular."

"Didn't know we'd got one of the gang?"

"No." Hardy's face was calm under Punt's scrutiny.

"Picked him up in Okmulgee. His bandanna slipped off when he went through the cars, and I've got four men that recognizes him."

"Who is he?"

"Name's Billet. Bill Billet. Leastwise, so he says. He's one o' Lafe Smart's bunch."

"Lafe Smart? I thought he operated nearer the border."

"I hear he's been up round here."

"What does Billet say?"

"Ain't made up his mind to talk yet."

"I should think you could persuade him."

"I aim to," said Punt. "Bringing him down to Muskoka to-morrow. I aim to persuade him to talk—some."

Hardy said: "I wish you luck."

"Lafe wouldn't take that kind of you, Jim."

Hardy got up, with the first sign of impatience he had shown.

"Sheriff, I've got work on hand—unless there's something you want of me."

"That horse of yours in the stable?"

"No; down in the pasture."

"I want my friend here to have a look at the critter. He was on the train."

Hardy nodded. "Come along."

Jubilo took this invitation to include him; and they walked down to the pasture together. Hardy whistled shrilly from the gate, and the horse came on the run.

The sheriff said: "He minds you, don't he?"

"Yes," said Hardy.

The stranger studied the beast, and moved round to see the distinctive white marking. Then he and the sheriff spoke together in undertones.

Afterward Sheriff Punt told Hardy: "That horse was in it, Jim, sure as shooting."

Hardy shook his head. "You're wrong."

They moved back to the house, went on down to the sheriff's car. Little more was said. The sheriff seemed to be thinking. When he and the other man had taken their seats—the car was a roadster—Hardy asked good-naturedly: "Well, do you want me to pile in and come to jail?"

Sheriff Punt grinned. "No, Jim. You'd crowd us. I'm a big man, and there ain't any too much room in here now. But, Jim—stick round. Don't you go on any trips. Now mind."

"If I do," Hardy told him, "I'll let you know."

They spurted away in a cloud of dust, and Hardy and Jubilo watched them out of sight. All that day, Jubilo thought, Hardy was perturbed and uneasy, but he offered no comment whatever on the sheriff's visit.

The next day, as it happened, was Saturday, and Tom Pence, Hardy's nearest neighbor up the river, brought out the mail on his return from town in the early evening. There were two letters, and a packet of papers accumulated at the post office in Muskoka during the week. One of the letters was for Rose, the other for her father.

When Hardy read it Jubilo saw that he was disturbed by the word it contained. He passed it to Rose.

She read it through, and then looked at her father and asked: "Does it mean you'll have to go?"

Hardy nodded. "Yes."

Rose said uneasily:

"Will Sheriff Punt let you?"

Her father laughed softly. "Why, I don't think Punt will want to take any strongstand against my going. Not yet, anyway."

No more was said at the time, but the next day Hardy told Jubilo: "I've got to go away for a few days, young man. Do you think you can hold down the place?"

Jubilo said: "Yes; I'll keep it going."

Hardy hesitated, and Jubilo saw the other man was reluctant to leave Rose alone with him. He wished there were some promise or assurance he could offer; but to do so would only make matters worse. If Hardy mistrusted him any word he might say would not create trust. But if Hardy trusted him Jubilo knew he would be loyal to that trust.

"I'll go to-morrow," Hardy said. "Get the up train at noon. That will get me to St. Louis next day, and I can be back by Thursday or Friday. Thursday night or Friday morning."

"All right, sir," Jubilo agreed.

"Think you can get me to town in the flivver?" Hardy asked.

"Get you to St. Louis in her if you say so," Jubilo told him; and Hardy laughed.

"I guess we won't ask that," he said. There was no particular reason why he should tell Jubilo the purpose of his trip, but he did. "It's a matter of settling up an estate," he said.

Jubilo made no comment, but he was wondering whether this was true. He was wondering whether the arrest of that man who called himself Bill Billet had anything to do with this hurried trip of Hardy's. He thought it not unlikely.

Rose announced at breakfast the next morning that she was going to Muskoka with them, to be with her father till train time. Hardy seemed dubious as to the wisdom of this.

"There are the animals and the chickens to be fed," he reminded her.

"We'll be back by dark," she told him. "They can forage. Besides, I don't want to be here alone all day."

Hardy agreed half-heartedly. After breakfast Jubilo got out the car, and Hardy appeared in a suit of clothes that sat upon him surprisingly well. Jubilo thought he no longer looked like a farmer; he looked like a doctor, or a lawyer, or an engineer. He looked like a man of the world. Jubilo knew Hardy was a reading man. The house was full of books. But this suit of clothes told him that Hardy was also what would in other lands be called a "gentleman."

Jubilo sat on the front seat alone, and Hardy and Rose were in the tonneau. The car behaved itself. The road to Muskoka was a bad one, rutted and dusty and full of holes and pitfalls. Nevertheless, they made it in something less than two hours. Hardy told Jubilo to drive to the bank. He cashed a check there and gave Jubilo twenty dollars.

Jubilo stared at the money and asked: "What's that, sir?"

"Your wages," Hardy told him. "I'm paying you forty dollars a month and keep."

Jubilo laughed. "That's the first money I ever earned."

"You've earned that," Hardy told him.

Jubilo had suggested the night before that they get certain spare parts for the car; and they went to a garage and service station and got the things he had listed, and filled up with gasoline and oil. Then to the station. The train was due to leave at a little after noon. It was then short of eleven o'clock, and the station agent told them the train was three hours late. Hardy told Rose and Jubilo to start for home, but Rose said she was going to wait and see him off, and he assented.

They went to the hotel for dinner, and encountered the sheriff there, and Hardy told Punt he was going away. The sheriff scratched his head and seemed undecided, but he made no objection.

After dinner Jubilo left Rose and her father together, and went out to invest some of his money in clothes and shoes and a hat that were suitable for his work. He needed them. He stowed his parcels in the car. Then he walked down the street and came to a pool room and went in to kill time. There were two or three indifferent tables; and only one was in use. Jubilo watched the game there. One of the two players was a man to whom he took an immediate dislike—a young man with short hair, of an even length all over his head, and an unhealthy pallor. This man played tolerably well, and he talked loudly. He was winning, and he was what is called a bad winner. He jeered at his victim. After each game money changed hands, and Jubilo saw they were playing for a dollar a string.

Jubilo fell into talk with a lean, silent, spitting man who was also watching the game. After a particularly obnoxious word from the winner he asked this man: "Who's the conquering hero?"

"Him? Oh, that's Bert Rooker."

Jubilo said amiably: "Never heard of him. What's he the king of?"

The lean man looked at Jubilo. "Oh, he's the cheerful idiot that run through the train, time o' the holdup, telling everybuddy to hide their truck, with a holdup man looking on in each car."

Jubilo was interested. "Played right into their hands, didn't he?"

"Sure."

"Does he live here?"

"Come in on that train and he's been living on the story ever since. Claims he saved their lives or something."

"I should think someone would pick him while he was still green."

The lean man spat and made no comment. Rooker won another dollar from his victim. Jubilo felt that it would be pleasant to mix things with the man; he disliked him with an unreasonable violence.

But he remembered his responsibilities. He had no business getting into any trouble, with Rose on his hands. So he went out and turned up the street toward the hotel. After all, Rooker was none of his business. He tried to forget him.

He was to find that he had very serious business indeed with Rooker; and he was to find it quite impossible to forget him. If chance had so arranged it, matters might have come to a head that day. But as it happened they did not. Rooker stayed in the pool room, winning a dollar a string with the utmost regularity; and Jubilo joined Hardy and Rose and waited till the train at last arrived, something more than four hours late, and saw Hardy safely aboard. Sheriff Punt was at the station. He seemed half-minded to interfere, but he did not. The train pulled out. Rose turned to Jubilo.

"Now," she said, "we'll get some things I want; then we'll start for home."

VII

JUBILO drove Rose to the stores, where she got salt, sugar, coffee, and such staple necessaries of life as the farm did not afford. They were some time about this, and it was within a few minutes of sundown when she said at last:

"Now, let's go home."

Jubilo was ready. As they drove down the main street that led to the river road he noticed Bert Rooker in a loud argument at the door of the pool room. Rooker did not look toward them, and Rose did not happen to notice Rooker. But the man stuck somehow in Jubilo's mind as he piloted the car round and over and through the ruts and pitfalls of the homeward road.

They were not more than two miles from town when the engine suddenly and without warning died. There was no preliminary coughing or stuttering or knocking. The explosions simply ceased, as though the ignition had been cut off. Rose exclaimed: "There, that's the way it's always acting!"

Jubilo said confidently: "That's easily fixed. Let's take a look."

He got out and examined the wiring, and saw at a glance that there was no break or short circuit. "Ignition's all right," he told Rose. "So the feed is stopped up somewhere. Probably in the needle valve. Let's see."

He screwed the valve up out of its seat; then he crawled under the car and drained the sediment bulb; and then with the valve open he cranked the car and it started cheerfully enough until the flood of gas choked it.

"That's all there is to that," he said, and replaced the needle valve, cranked again and drove on.

The sun had set while he was tinkering with the car; and he struck a faster pace now, heedless of bumps and holes.

"Those mules will be kicking the stable down if they don't get some grub before long," he told Rose; and she laughed and said the mules were always kicking, anyway.

The day had been warm and fair; the sky now at sunset was like a vast opalescent bowl inverted above them. There was a rosy crimson sheen overlaid upon the blue. A warm wind blew across the level reaches of the prairie and fanned their cheeks

Five miles from Muskoka the car stopped again, in the same unostentatious manner. Jubilo gave it the same treatment, with the same success. It ran this time for a scant two miles, then died once more.

Dusk was falling. The vanguard of the coming night was creeping toward them. Jubilo did not say so, but he was beginning to be uneasy.

As he got out and tackled the car again he asked Rose: "You say this sort of thing has been happening right along?"

"Yes. Every once in a while."

"Did you or your father ever drop anything in the gasoline tank?"

"Why—I don't know."

"Because there's something in there that's sifting down and choking off the gas."

"Oh, I remember," the girl said. "Dad had some plastic stuff, like rubber, for filling cuts in the tires; and he dropped a ball of that in the tank one day when he was trying to moisten it with gasoline to soften it up."

Jubilo threw up his hands. "Heaven will protect the working girl!" he said despairingly.

"Will that do any harm?" Rose asked. "It was quite a large ball."

Jubilo laughed. "It's a lot of soft little balls by this time, and they're wandering into tight places and making all the trouble. Maybe we can get home, though."

But they couldn't. This time the valve trick did not work. And it was almost dark. Jubilo disconnected the feed pipe at the carburetor and found the gasoline was not coming through. So he crawled under the car and loosened the other end of the pipe from the sediment bulb, and

(Continued on Page 145)

These Were the Robbers—or Some of Them, for There Had Been Six in the Affair—and They Were Dividing Their Loot

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1919

That Budget System

DIRECTLY after Congress convened Mr. Good introduced a bill "to provide a national budget system"—and redeem the promises of the Republican majority in that connection. It proposes a Bureau of the Budget, with a director and an assistant director, to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, at salaries of ten thousand and seventy-five hundred a year respectively. It provides that all executive departments, bureaus, boards, commissions and officers shall prepare estimates of their needs for the coming fiscal year and submit them to the President, who shall then, with the aid of the Bureau of the Budget, frame a balanced statement of the revenues and expenditures of the Government for the past year and his estimates of revenues and expenditures for the coming year, together with his recommendations as to how the revenues should be raised. The bill provides also for a consolidation and improvement of audits and for a Joint Committee on Receipts and Expenditures, consisting of three members of the House and three of the Senate, "to investigate methods and procedure relating to the receipts and expenditures of the Government" and recommend changes in existing laws, rules and practices.

We have never expected a budget system to come about otherwise than a step at a time. This bill offers a good working basis for the first and easiest step. It would set up an expert organ of Government to frame a budget. The next and much harder step is to agree upon some efficient method of coöperation between the legislative and executive branches of the Government so there will be some single compact body to take up the framed budget and pass upon it with authority—whose O. K. of the budget will, with rare exceptions, be accepted by both branches as practically final. This involves a change in the rules of both Houses so that Congress will bind itself not to consider any bill carrying an appropriation that does not come to it through the established budgetary channels.

Probably we shall not get to that step this year. So radical a departure from long-established custom requires time. We do not expect a real budget system at this session; but we do expect a conclusive test of the Republican majority's intentions in the matter of redeeming its promises of budgetary reform. Whether those promises were honestly made or were mere electioneering buncombe will be shown by the industry and good faith with which the majority moves in the right direction. Mr. Good's bill is a fair start.

Utopian

LAST December, broadly speaking, Europe was bankrupt. The Peace Conference met to settle its affairs. But the politicians composing the Peace Conference were mostly bankrupt themselves, and we had one insolvency trying to settle another.

If Solomon had been managing this business of settling the affairs of Europe he would have taken the same delegates to the Peace Conference, because they were the only available political representatives of the several nations. But he would have shipped them to Bermuda, where the climate is pleasant, cut the cable, and bade them debate and redact at their inevitable slow pace. He would then have picked out in each nation several of the ablest men of affairs he could find—bankers, railroad men, shipping men, farmers, manufacturers, dealers in foodstuffs, men soundly experienced in labor organization—and put them down at Versailles with this mandate:

"Never mind the gentlemen at Bermuda. You get Europe fed and at work as fast as you know how. There are probably twenty million able-bodied men on the Continent with nothing in particular to do except nurse discontent. Food is dangerously scarce. Railroads over a good part of the Continent need rebuilding, repairing and new equipment, and without good transportation all industry must limp on one leg. Factories are idle, stocks of raw materials are low or exhausted. In great fertile regions not half the ground will be planted next spring unless an extraordinary effort is made to get seed and tools there. Europe's dire need now—and the world's dire need—is to get all that industry back to a normal scale of productivity as rapidly as possible. That is a business problem, in the broad sense. Go at it in a businesslike way. Draw on whatever sources you can find for the materials and credit; issue your first-lien receivers' certificates for whatever is immediately necessary to get this great plant going again. There are Ally countries and enemy countries and neutral countries. The first need of all of them is industrial reconstruction. The enemy countries stand in the relation of insolvent debtors to the Ally countries. The first thing to do with an insolvent debtor is to put him in the way of solvency by getting him industrially organized and productively at work. You do that. In their own time the gentlemen at Bermuda will tinker the boundaries and assess the damages."

That is rather Utopian, we admit. The politicians probably had to come first, with their political motives and methods. But the settlement of Europe's most vital problem—industrial reconstruction—has simply hung in abeyance all these months.

While the Peace Conference debated how much the enemy countries should pay, the ability of those countries to pay anything steadily declined. First putting them in the way of solvency would have been the business method. What we have actually seen is the political method. We read of Utopias in which everything shall be run by the political method. They seem more like Tophets to us.

The Great Stake

CONGRESSMAN TOWNER, of Iowa, mentions that in the Department of the Interior there is a Bureau of Education, for which Congress appropriates something less than half a million dollars a year. In the same department there is a Bureau of Indian Affairs, for which Congress appropriates something more than nine millions a year, most of which is spent on education.

All honest radicalism puts equality of opportunity as the grand objective of social effort. Equality of opportunity begins with equal chance for education. Though all Russian statistics are only approximations, it is probable that seventy per cent of the inhabitants of that country were illiterate at the beginning of the war. That fact alone largely explains Bolshevism. Their Romanoff tyranny collapsed of its own rottenness, and then they did not know what to do.

Education is the great interest of this country. No other big interest has been so slighted. Five and a half million illiterates in 1910 is only one bit of the evidence. Bare literacy, under the Census Bureau's definition, is no more education than one lung is sound physical condition.

Education ought to be predominantly a state interest; but it is also the greatest national interest. Nothing the national government can do to stimulate and advise state activity will be amiss. No reconstruction program can afford to overlook the foundation. A revival for better education, with a big push from Washington, is due now.

Opportunity

A MIDDLE-AGED man remarked the other evening that when he was about ready to cast his first vote older persons of his acquaintance told him there was not much opportunity in the United States any more for a young man with no special advantages in the way of money, position or education; about all the free arable land in Nebraska and Kansas had been taken up; the railroads had mostly been built; the good mineral deposits preëmpted; a young man with no special advantages could not expect very much. Whereupon an older person in the company observed that men had been saying that ever since Adam's time.

Of all the men in the United States to-day who enjoy a notable degree of material success—who are able, say, to spend fifteen thousand a year and up—only a most inconsequential few got their success by any special advantage in the way of inherited money or position or educational opportunities beyond what are open to the children of parents whose incomes allow a margin above bare necessaries. That will be as true of the United States in the next generation as it is now.

For a fair show to succeed a child must have some advantages, but only the advantages of an environment in which his mind and body are not positively stunted but can develop normally, and of such education as is now open to any child above the bread line of bare subsistence. Opportunity for material success is now wider and freer to the normally developed, publicly educated young man and woman than it was to the children of the pioneers who, in successive generations, took up the virgin empire west of the Alleghanies. A normally developed, publicly educated youth in New York City to-day has greater opportunities of material success than had the son of an Illinois farmer when, by traveling west twenty-four hours by rail, he could take up a quarter section of government land.

Some German Propaganda

ONE of the leading newspapers of Brazil, friendly to the United States and desiring closer business relations with this country, recently printed a long editorial, from which we quote the following:

We should remember that before the war Germany was rapidly getting control of our markets. Why? Because the Germans studied our habits, conditions and possibilities. They found out admirably well what we would buy from them and how we would buy. The propaganda developed by them was immense and constant. In the most remote corners of our country one would sometimes find German salesmen showing samples and arguing with the merchants in Portuguese—not Spanish; the twenty-five millions of Brazilians speak Portuguese—obtaining data from them as to consumption of this or that article. In this manner the Germans were preparing an absolute commercial domination of Brazil. They sold cheap and granted long credits. . . . No matter how great our esteem might be for this or that country we could not sacrifice our own interests to it, especially our commercial interests; neither could we, for reasons of friendship, require our importers to buy at higher prices from a friend. . . . The United States seem disposed to maintain in Brazil their supremacy along commercial lines. Once their competitors were withdrawn, American exports to this country increased enormously. This should be cause for our rejoicing, and interchange of business with the United States should be developed by efforts on both sides. . . . Our business men complain that Americans do not always give good service; packing and the manner of shipping leave much to be desired, and exporters refuse to take any notice of our claims for damages no matter how just they may be, either demanding payment in advance or giving insufficient time when they give any.

That pictures a sort of German propaganda that has finally got to be met on a strictly business basis. For the time being we have a great advantage; but finally it will be the salesman on the spot, speaking the native language, patiently studying native needs and conditions, with a responsive factory and trade organization behind him, that will get the orders.

Soldiers' Insurance

WE MENTIONED recently that two million soldiers returning from France carried about eighteen billion dollars of government life insurance, which they should by all means continue under the favorable terms offered by the Government. Of course that applies equally to soldiers who were not sent overseas. Altogether the Government insured the lives of nearly four million young men.

That insurance is a social asset. We cannot afford to lose it. The men cannot afford to miss the unusual opportunity that the Government now offers them. While they are on the government pay roll the insurance goes on automatically. When they are discharged from government service it will lapse unless they take the necessary steps to continue it.

The rather cluttered and chaotic conditions that prevailed in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance are an obstacle. With something like four million policies outstanding, under which many claims arose, the bureau fell considerably behind, and a great deal of dissatisfaction resulted. Government is proverbially slow, but in the matter of paying its admitted debts it is equally sure. Its policyholders should not let annoyance at delay blind them to the real advantages of this insurance.

As the case now stands some four million young men can insure one another's lives, the Government handling the money and the details without cost to them. If they drop out of this government-managed association nine-tenths of them will go uninsured until, later on, obligations to dependents cause them to enter some other insurance association. If they already have the insurance habit when they assume obligations to dependents most of them will take more insurance. The question is whether some billions of mutual life insurance, supervised by the Government at cost, shall be wiped off the slate. The answer ought decidedly to be No.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Judge Gary Looks Ahead

By Floyd W. Parsons

FEW men are possessed of more facts on which to base an opinion concerning our future industrial life than the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. Professional pessimists will find little of comfort in Mr. Gary's present views. He calls attention to the facts that "we have in the United States between a third and a half of all the wealth of the world. We possess more than a third of all the gold; the banks have on deposit more than fifteen billion dollars in money; the circulation per capita is $56; our production from the ground is about twenty billion dollars annually; we are a creditor nation, holding the notes or securities of foreign countries, perfectly solvent, amounting to nearly ten billion dollars; we have the largest resources and the best climate of any nation on earth. Blessed with such good fortune, surely we can take care of ourselves and successfully meet the world's competition in coming years.

"I do not say this in any spirit of boastfulness," said the judge, "for I know we are all anxious to hold out the hand of cooperation to the peoples of foreign lands. We know that if they prosper we share it; when they fail we are not free from the effects. The war is over, and we not only wish for industrial peace here at home but we earnestly advocate industrial peace with all the other nations of the world. We have great natural resources which furnish us exceptional opportunities to succeed. Whether or not we proceed without interruption depends upon all our people, from the lowliest laborer to the highest official."

Speaking of the new days that are coming Mr. Gary continued: "The basis of relationship between employer and employee in the long past, throughout the entire world, has been wrong and unsatisfactory to all classes. It has been a condition of master and servant instead of one of associates or cooperators. In the effort to protect and advance each one's own interest the parties concerned have dealt at arm's length, each one acting under the belief that the other was seeking an undue advantage. As a consequence there have been dissatisfaction and strife, resulting in great injury to both employer and employee.

"The tendency of the last few years has been toward a better understanding between corporations and their men. There is also a more satisfactory condition to-day with reference to the treatment of each party by the other. This is particularly evidenced by a more generous view on the part of owners concerning what constitutes an honest measure of compensation for wage earners so called, in any fair distribution of the results of business.

"The old system resulted in limited production, uneconomical methods, low standards of living and dissatisfaction to all concerned. We may confidently look to the future with the expectation of more intelligent, more reasonable and fairer consideration for all. We have entered upon an era of employment which involves justice, fidelity and enlightened treatment. A careful observance of these basic principles is certain to improve the conditions surrounding industry and must inevitably minimize and eventually overcome the feeling of unrest which has been in the minds of people generally.

"The employer and employee for their mutual protection and benefit must come close together in business association upon a high plane of morals, economic progress and cooperative effort. That we have advanced of late is proved by the fact that the attitude of present managements in regard to welfare work if proposed a few years ago for earnest consideration as a practical possibility would have evoked exclamations of surprise and doubt.

"In making these general observations I am not considering any question of organization or combination or method of operation. Such matters should be taken up for discussion at some other time. I am not considering any of the proposed or adopted measures for bringing about changes and improvements from the viewpoint of either employer or employee. Some have been wise and some unwise. Some have proved to be practicable and valuable, and others the contrary. As always, there is danger of extremes, which frequently results from acting under the belief that reforms are necessary. With respect to all social, political or economic problems the pendulum generally swings too far in one direction or the other. For real success it is necessary to find an equilibrium which will justly protect all the interests involved.

"The distribution of earnings by percentages of profits, the payment of bonus funds, the determination of wages or rates of compensation, the decrease in working hours, the increase in benefits, privileges or pensions may be carried to the extent of actually injuring the one who receives it. Also, the effort to provide for a mutual and confidential relationship between a company and its men may result in total failure, for the reason that method and system are interfered with.

"The Bitterest Enemies of a Despotic Minority of Industrial Shirkers in America Will Always be Our Vast Majority of Honest Workers," Says Judge Gary

"Concerning the dangers to this country from a spread of the radical doctrines that are said to prevail now in Russia, it is impossible to believe that any party of destructionists, acting under a rule of force in utter disregard of law, could gain support or make material headway in the United States. To concede that such a theory might gain a footing here would be to admit that all the money and the effort which we have expended upon public education have brought us no lasting benefits. An appropriation of all property by force would result in a reduction of the people to slavery. The doing away with property rights would lead to the wholesale destruction of life. Under our system of government we can bring about alterations in our established laws to conform with the changing times without resorting to rapine, bloodshed and incendiarism.

"The workmen of America are intelligent beyond any others in the world. They know that there never has been any necessity in the United States for any healthy human being to remain in a condition of poverty and subordination. More and more we are learning that in this country wealth and position inevitably are distributed. Families poor in one decade loom leaders in the next, in proportion to their development of initiative and ability. With us bad stewardship of wealth or position and a disregard of the rights of others mean loss of wealth and position.

"I have never met American workmen who would be willing after earnest and efficient labor to divide their well-earned fruits with others who have not been energetic, intelligent and persevering enough to achieve for themselves. The bitterest enemies of a despotic minority of industrial shirkers in America will always be our vast majority of honest workers. A few 'lucky men' sometimes achieve riches without work, but generally in this country individuals fail or win success in accordance as they achieve education, develop honesty and exhibit undiscouraged industry. Under a Bolshevist rule any nation must crumble and finally disappear because of the decrease in total national effort. Success could not come to a people where each individual has lost the incentive to labor through being robbed of all reward for earnest initiative. Society at large, far more than individuals, has benefited from the general development of our great industries.

"In this country capital must not and will not give cause for offense to labor; on the other hand our workingmen must not and will not destroy themselves by wrecking capital. In ever-increasing degree must intelligence replace ignorance; cooperation must be substituted for hostility. As an outcome there will be larger pecuniary results for all, and the world will be made a better place to live in."

The High Cost of Poor Highways

NO ONE doubts that there are benefits resulting from improved public highways, but many citizens do not realize how very great are the effects of good roads in community and state life. Improved highways and an increased property valuation are inseparable. When the cost of hauling produce to market is decreased, the value of the farmer's land is increased. A smooth, well-graded highway reduces the time of travel and permits the movement of a larger load. One farm located four miles distant on a good road is often economically closer to town than another farm located only two miles away but situated on a bad road.

Most of the opponents of the good-roads movement—if they may be called such—base their arguments on the high costs involved. These citizens want roads, but not the kind that is enduring. They hold to the old idea that building a road is a simple feat instead of an engineering problem. They ignore plans to reduce grades and shorten length, and prefer to economize on initial outlay by following the surface contours. Such individuals think to overcome gravity by the application of axle grease. They forget or do not know that a horse cannot pull with force and at the same time raise his own weight up a hill. Like a chain that is no stronger than the weakest link, a length of highway is limited in use by the worst grade on it. For example, if a road is level a 1200-pound horse exerting a tractive pull equal to one-tenth of his weight can draw a load of approximately one ton. But if there is a hill on this road having a ten per cent grade, the horse exerting the same force against the collar can draw a load of only 750 pounds.

This condition is even more emphasized when instead of an earth road we take the case of a smooth macadam highway. The load that can be hauled on a level macadam road by an average horse is two and a half times as great as that which can be drawn on a level dirt road; but if a ten per cent grade is encountered, then the horse traveling on the smooth macadam can haul less than thirty per cent more than on the dirt road. All of which means that the better the road the more necessary it is to eliminate grades.

As to how much money a community is justified in spending for road improvement, the answer must depend on the amount of the possible reduction in the total annual hauling charges of the district. One authority estimates that the total cost of hauling the cotton crop in a recent year was in excess of thirty-five million dollars. Consequently, an eight per cent reduction in the cost of hauling would have effected a saving of about $2,800,000. This means that for road improvement the people in the cotton states could have obligated themselves to pay a two-million-dollar annual interest and maintenance charge and profited by the investment. Certain localities report that the establishment of better roads has reduced the ton-mile costs for hauling from $1.40 to twelve cents. It is easy to realize what a fraction of such savings would mean to the nation if they became general throughout the country.

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number Two: Wile vs. Guile

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar.—Hamlet.

IT WAS a mouse by virtue of which Ephraim Tutt had leaped into fame. It is true that other characters famous in song and story—particularly in Mother Goose—have similarly owed their celebrity in whole or in part to rodents, but there is, it is submitted, no other case of a mouse, as mouse *per se*, reported in the annals of the law, except Tutt's mouse, from Doomsday Book down to the present time. You will search in vain in the Encyclopedia of Law and Procedure for anything under "mouse," and the word cannot be found in any legal dictionary or index to the reports.

Yet it is doubtful whether without his mouse Ephraim Tutt would ever have been heard of at all, and same would equally have been true if when pursued by the chef's gray cat the mouse aforesaid had jumped in another direction. But as luck would have it, said mouse leaped foolishly into an open casserole upon a stove in the kitchen of the Comers Hotel, and Mr. Tutt became in his way a leader of the bar.

It is quite true that the tragic end of the mouse in question has nothing to do with our present narrative except as a side light upon the vagaries of the legal career, but it illustrates how an attorney, if he expect to succeed in his profession, must be ready for anything that comes along—even if it be a mouse.

The two Tutts comprising the firm of Tutt & Tutt were both, at the time of the mouse case, comparatively young men. Tutt was a native of Bangor, Maine, and numbered among his childhood friends one Newbegin, a commercial wayfarer in the shingle and clapboard line; and as he hoped at some future time to draw Newbegin's will or to incorporate for him some business venture Tutt made a practice of entertaining his prospective client at dinner upon his various visits to the metropolis, first at one New York hostelry and then at another.

Chance led them one night to the Comers, and there amid the imitation palms and imitation French waiters of the imitation French restaurant Tutt invited his friend Newbegin to select what dish he chose from those upon the bill of fare; and Newbegin chose kidney stew. It was at about that moment that the adventure which has been referred to occurred in the hotel kitchen. The gray cat was cheated of its prey, and in due course the casserole containing the stew was borne into the dining room and the dish was served.

Suddenly Mr. Newbegin contorted his mouth and exclaimed:

"Heck! A mouse!"

It was. The head waiter was summoned, the manager, the owner. Guests and garçons crowded about Tutt and Mr. Newbegin to inspect what had so unexpectedly been found. No one could deny that it was mouse—cooked mouse; and Newbegin had ordered kidney stew. Then Tutt had had his inspiration.

"You shall pay well for this!" he cried, frowning at the distressed proprietor, while Newbegin leaned piteously against a papier-mâché pillar. "This is an outrage! You shall be held liable in heavy damages for my client's indigestion!"

And thus Tutt & Tutt got their first case out of Newbegin, for under the influence of the eloquence of Mr. Tutt a jury was induced to give him a verdict of one thousand dollars against the Comers Hotel, which the Court of Appeals sustained in the following words, quoting verbatim from the learned brief furnished by Tutt & Tutt, Ephraim Tutt of counsel:

"The only legal question in the case, or so it appears to us, is whether there is such a sale of food to a guest on the part of the proprietor as will sustain a warranty. If we are not in error, however, the law is settled and has been since the reign of Henry the Sixth. In the Ninth Year Book of that Monarch's reign there is a case in which it was held that 'if I go to a tavern to eat, and the taverner gives and sells me meat and it corrupted, whereby I am made very sick, action lies against him without any express warranty, for there is a warranty in law'; and in the time of Henry the Seventh the learned Justice Keilway said, 'No man can justify selling corrupt victual, but an action on the case lies against the seller, whether the victual was warranted to be good or not.' Now, certainly, whether mouse meat be or be not deleterious to health a guest at a hotel who orders a portion of kidney stew has the right to expect, and the hotel keeper impliedly warrants, that such dish will contain no ingredients beyond those ordinarily placed therein."

"I've Grabbed Off the Whole Bag of Tricks!" He Cried. "We've Not Seen So Much of the Real Stuff in Six Months"

"A thousand dollars!" exulted Tutt when the verdict was rendered. "Why, anyone would eat mouse for a thousand dollars!"

The Comers Hotel became in due course a client of Tutt & Tutt, and the mouse which made Mr. Tutt famous did not die in vain, for the case became celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land, to the glory of the firm and a vast improvement in the culinary conditions existing in hotels.

"Come in, Mr. Barrows! Come right in! I haven't seen you for—well, how long is it?" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, extending a long arm toward the human scarecrow upon the threshold.

"Five years," answered Mr. Barrows. "I only got out day before yesterday. Fourteen months off for good behavior."

He coughed and put down carefully beside him a large dress-suit case marked E. V. B., Cayuga, N. Y.

"Well, well!" sighed Mr. Tutt. "So it is. How time flies!"

"Not in Sing Sing!" replied Mr. Barrows ruefully.

"I suppose not. Still, it must feel good to be out!"

Mr. Barrows made no reply, but dusted off his felt hat. He was but the shadow of a man, an old man at that, as was attested by his long gray beard, his faded blue eyes, and the thin white hair about his fine domelike forehead.

"I forget what your trouble was about," said Mr. Tutt gently. "Won't you have a stogy?"

Mr. Barrows shook his head.

"I ain't used to it," he answered. "Makes me cough." He gazed about him vaguely.

"Something about bonds, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Yes," replied Mr. Barrows; "Great Lakes and Canadian Southern."

"Of course! Of course!"

"A wonderful property," murmured Mr. Barrows regretfully. "The bonds were perfectly good. There was a defect in the foreclosure proceedings which made them a permanent underlying security of the reorganized company—under The Northern Pacific R. R. Co. vs. Boyd; you know—but the court refused to hold that way. They never will hold the way you want, will they?" He looked innocently at Mr. Tutt.

"No," agreed the latter with conviction, "they never will!"

"Now those bonds were as good as gold," went on the old man; "and yet they said I had to go to prison. You know all about it. You were my lawyer."

"Yes," assented Mr. Tutt, "I remember all about it now."

Indeed it had all come back to him with the vividness of a landscape seen during a lightning flash—the crowded court, old Doc Barrows upon the witness stand, charged with getting money on the strength of defaulted and outlawed bonds—picked up heaven knows where—pathetically trying to persuade an unsympathetic court that for some reason they were still worth their face value, though the mortgage securing the debt which they represented had long since been foreclosed and the money distributed.

"I'd paid for 'em—actual cash," he rambled on. "Not much, to be sure—but real money. If I got 'em cheap that was my good luck, wasn't it? It was because my brain was sharper than other folks'! I said they had value and I say so now—only nobody will believe it or take the trouble to find out. I learned a lot up there in Sing Sing too," he continued, warming to his subject. "Do you know, sir, there are fortunes lying all about us? Take gold, for instance! There's a fraction of a grain in every ton of sea water. But the big people don't want it taken out because it would depress the standard of exchange. I say it's a conspiracy—and yet they jailed a man for it! There's great mineral deposits all about just waiting for the right man to come along and develop 'em."

His lifted eye rested upon the engraving of Abraham Lincoln over Mr. Tutt's desk. "There was a man!" he exclaimed inconsequently; then stopped and ran his transparent, heavily veined old hand over his forehead. "Where was I? Let me see. Oh, yes—gold. All those great properties could be bought at one time or another for a song. It needed a pioneer! That's what I was—a pioneer to find the gold where other people couldn't find it. That's not any crime; it's a service to humanity! If only they'd have a little faith—instead of locking you up. The judge never looked up the law about those Great Lakes bonds! If he had he'd have found out I was right! I'd looked it up. I studied law once myself."

"I know," said Mr. Tutt, almost moved to tears by the sight of the wreck before him. "You practiced up state, didn't you?"

"Yes," responded Doc Barrows eagerly. "And in Chicago too. I'm a member of the Cook County bar. I'll tell you something! If the Supreme Court of Illinois hadn't been wrong in its law I'd be the richest man in the world—in the whole world!" He grabbed Mr. Tutt by the arm and stared hard into his eyes. "Didn't I show you my papers? I own seven feet of water front clean round Lake Michigan all through the city of Chicago. I got it for a song from the man who found out the flaw in the original title deed of 1817; he was dying. 'I'll sell my secret to you,' he says, 'because I'm passing on. May it bring you luck!' I looked it all up and it was just as he said. So I got up a corporation—The Chicago Water Front and Terminal Company—and sold bonds to fight my claim in the courts. But all the people who had deeds to my land conspired against me and had me arrested! They sent me to the penitentiary. There's justice for you!"

"That was too bad!" said Mr. Tutt in a soothing voice. "But after all what good would all that money have done you?"

"I don't want money!" affirmed Doc plaintively. "I've never needed money. I know enough secrets to make me rich a dozen times over. Not money but justice is what I want—my legal rights. But I'm tired of fighting against 'em. They've beaten me! Yes, they've beaten me! I'm going to retire. That's why I came in to see you,

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Cooked to your taste

Firm to the eye, and attractive in form and color. Tender to the tongue, and made thoroughly digestible by slow cooking. Blended with the luscious tomato sauce whose flavor only Campbell's can produce. Irresistible to the healthy appetites of growing children, and to every member of the family. Keep a supply in your pantry.

One size — 15c a Can — One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' PORK AND BEANS
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL WITH TOMATO SAUCE

(Continued from Page 28)

Mr. Tutt. I never paid you for your services as my attorney. I'm going away. You see my married daughter lost her husband the other day and she wants me to come up and live with her on the farm to keep her from being lonely. Of course it won't be much like life in Wall Street—but I owe her some duty and I'm getting on—I am, Mr. Tutt, I really am!"

He smiled.

"And I haven't seen Louisa for three years—my only daughter. I shall enjoy being with her. She was such a dear little girl! I'll tell you another secret" his voice dropped to a whisper—"I've found out there's a gold mine on her farm, only she doesn't know it. A rich vein runs right through her cow pasture. We'll be rich! Wouldn't it be fine, Mr. Tutt, to be rich? Then I'm going to pay you in real money for all you've done for me—thousands! But until then I'm going to let you have these—all my securities; my own, you know, every one of them."

He placed the suitcase in front of Mr. Tutt and opened the clasps with his shaking old fingers. It bulged with bonds, and he dumped them forth until they covered the top of the desk.

"These are my jewels!" he said. "There's millions represented here!" He lifted one tenderly and held it to the light, fresh as it came from the engraver's press a thousand dollar first-mortgage bond of The Chicago Water Front and Terminal Company. "Look at that! Good as gold—if the courts only knew the law."

He took up a yellow package of valueless obligations, upon the top of which an old-fashioned locomotive, from whose bell-shaped funnel the smoke poured in picturesque black clouds, dragging behind it a chain of funny little passenger coaches, drove furiously along beside a rushing river through fields rich with corn and wheat amid a border of dollar signs.

"The Great Lakes and Canadian Southern," he crooned lovingly. "The child of my heart! The district attorney kept all the rest—as evidence, he claimed, but some day you'll see he'll bring an action against the Lake Shore or the New York Central based on these bonds. Yes, sir! They're all right!"

He pawed them over, picking out favorites here and there and excitedly extolling the merits of the imaginary properties they represented. There were the repudiated bonds of Southern states and municipalities; of railroads upon whose tracks no wheel had ever turned; of factories never built except in Doc Barrows' addled brain; of companies which had defaulted and given stock for their worthless obligations; certificates of oil, mining and land companies; deeds to tracts now covered with sky scrapers in Pittsburgh, St. Louis and New York—each and every one of them not worth the paper they were printed on except to some crook who dealt in high finance. But they were exquisitely engraved, quite lovely to look at, and Doc Barrows gloated upon them with scintillating eyes.

"Ain't they beauties?" he sighed. "Some day—yes, sir!—some day they'll be worth real money. I paid it for some of 'em. But they're yours—all yours."

He gathered them up with care and returned them to the suitcase, then fastened the clasps and patted the leather cover with his hand.

"They are yours, sir!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"As you say," agreed Mr. Tutt, "there's gold lying round everywhere if we only had sense enough to look for it. But I think you're wise to retire. After all, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your enterprises were sound even if other people disagreed with you."

"If this was 1819 instead of 1919 I'd own Chicago," began Doc, a gleam appearing in his eye. "But they don't want to upset the status quo—that's why I haven't got a fair chance. But they needn't worry! I'd be generous with 'em—give 'em easy terms—long leases and nominal rents."

"But you'll like living with your daughter, I'm sure," said Mr. Tutt. "It will make a new man of you in no time."

"Healthiest spot in northern New York!" exclaimed Doc. "Within two miles of a lake—fishing, shooting, outdoor recreation of all kinds, an ideal site for a mammoth summer hotel."

Mr. Tutt rose and laid his arms round old Doc Barrows' shoulders.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said gratefully, "for the securities. I'll be glad to keep them for you in my vault." His lips puckered in a stealthy smile which he tried hard to conceal.

"Louisa may want to repaper the farmhouse some time," he added to himself.

"Oh, they're all yours to keep!" insisted Doc. "I want you to have them!" His voice trembled.

"Well, well!" answered Mr. Tutt. "Leave it that way; but if you ever should want them they'll be here waiting for you."

"I'm no Indian giver!" replied Doc with dignity. "Give, give, give a thing—never take it back again."

He laughed rather childishly. He was evidently embarrassed.

"Could—could you let me have the loan of seventy-five cents?" he asked shyly.

Down below, inside a doorway upon the other side of the street, Sergeant Murtha of the Detective Bureau waited for Doc Barrows to come out and be arrested again. Murtha had known Doc for fifteen years as a harmless old nut who had rarely succeeded in cheating anybody, but who was regarded as generally undesirable by the authorities and sent away every few years in order to keep him out of mischief. There was no danger that the public would accept Doc's version of the nature or value of his securities, but there was always the chance that some of his worthless bonds—those bastard offsprings of his cracked old brain—would find their way into less honest but saner hands. So Doc rattled about from penitentiary to prison and from prison to madhouse and out again, constantly taking appeals and securing writs of habeas corpus, and feeling mildly resentful, but not particularly so, that people should be so interfering with his business. Now as from force of long habit he peered out of the doorway before making his exit, he looked like one of the John Sargent's prophets gone a little madder than usual a Jeremiah or a Habakkuk.

"Hello, Doc!" called Murtha in hearty, friendly tones. "Hie spy! Come on out!"

"Oh, how d'ye do, captain!" responded Doc. "How are you? I was just interviewing my solicitor."

"Sorry," said Murtha. "The inspector wants to see you."

Doc flinched.

"But they've just let me go!" he protested faintly.

"It's one of those old indictments—Chicago Water Front or something. Anyhow —— Here! Hold on to yourself!"

He threw his arms round the old man, who seemed on the point of falling.

"Oh, captain! That's all over! I served time for that out in Illinois!" For some strange reason all the insanity had gone out of his bearing.

"Not in this state," answered Murtha. New pity for this poor old wastrel took hold upon him. "What were you going to do?"

"I was going to retire, captain," said Doc faintly. "My daughter's husband—he owned a farm up in Cayuga County—well, he died and I was planning to go up there and live with her."

"And sting all the boobs?" grinned Murtha not unsympathetically. "How much money have you got?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"How much is the ticket?"

"About nine dollars," quavered Doc. "But I know a man down on Chatham Square who might buy a block of stock in the Last Chance Gold Mining Company; I could get the money that way."

"What's the Last Chance Gold Mining Company?" asked Murtha sharply.

"It's a company I'm going to organize. I'll tell you a secret, Murtha. There's a vein of gold runs right through my daughter Louisa's cow pasture—she doesn't know anything about it "

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Murtha. "Come along to the station. I'll let you have the nine bones. And you can put me down for half a million of the underwriting."

That same evening Mr. Tutt was toasting his carpet slippers before the sea-coal fire in his library, sipping a hot toddy and rereading for the eleventh time the Lives of the Chancellors when Miranda, who had not yet finished washing the few dishes incident to her master's meager supper, pushed open the door and announced that a lady was calling.

"She said you'd know her sho' enough, Mis' Tutt," grinned Miranda, swinging her dishrag, "'ease you and she used to live tergidder when you was a young man."

This scandalous announcement did not have the startling effect upon the respectable Mr. Tutt which might naturally have been anticipated, since he was quite used to Miranda's forms of expression.

"It must be Mrs. Effingham," he remarked, closing the career of Lord Eldon and removing his feet from the fender.

"Dat's who it is!" answered Miranda. "She's downstairs waitin' to come up."

"Well, let her come," directed Mr. Tutt, wondering what his old boarding-house keeper could want of him,

(Continued on Page 32)

"Of Course I Didn't Have Any Ready Money, But the Bonds Only Paid Two Per Cent and the Oil Stock Was Going to Pay Twenty"

THERE are two sound reasons why Republic users are not often induced even to try some other tire.

One is that our Prodium Rubber actually does make Republic Tires last longer.

The other is the remarkable non-skid properties of the Staggard Tread.

The full length of at least three of these Staggard Studs is continuously gripping the road, with real non-skid firmness, but with the least resistance to travel.

On dry roads or wet, they hold like a power-belt—with force, yet with friction reduced to the lowest degree.

The sum of these two—Prodium Rubber and Staggard Tread—is longer, smoother, cheaper mileage, that makes every Republic user an unflagging Republic partisan.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black-Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

(Continued from Page 30)

for he had not seen Mrs. Effingham for more than fifteen years, at which time she was well provided with husband, three children and a going business. Indeed it required some mental adjustment on his part to recognize the withered little old lady in widow's weeds and rusty black with a gold star on her sleeve who so timidly, a moment later, followed Miranda into the room.

"I'm afraid you don't recognize me," she said with a pitiful attempt at faded coquetry. "I don't blame you, Mr. Tutt. You don't look a day older yourself. But a great deal has happened to me!"

"I should have recognized you anywhere," he protested gallantly. "Do sit down, Mrs. Effingham, won't you? I am delighted to see you. How would you like a glass of toddy? Just to show there's no ill *feeling*!"

He forced a glass into her hand and filled it from the teakettle standing on the hearth, while Miranda brought a sofa cushion and tucked it behind the old lady's back.

Mrs. Effingham sighed, tasted the toddy and leaned back deliciously. She was very wrinkled and her hair under the bonnet was startlingly white in contrast with the crape of her veil, but there were traces of beauty in the rather delicate lines of her obviously English face.

"I've come to you, Mr. Tutt," she explained apologetically, "because I always said that if I ever was in trouble you'd be the one to whom I should go to help me out."

"What greater compliment could I receive?"

"Well, in those days I never thought that time would come," she went on. "You remember my husband—Jim? Jim died two years ago. And little Jimmy—our eldest—he was only fourteen when you boarded with us—he was killed at the Front last July." She paused and felt for her handkerchief, but could not find it. "I still keep the house; but do you know how old I am, Mr. Tutt? I'm seventy-one! And the two older girls got married long ago and I'm all alone except for Jessie, the youngest—and I haven't told her anything about it."

"Yes?" said Mr. Tutt sympathetically. "What haven't you told her about?"

"My trouble. You see, Jessie's not a well girl—she really ought to live out West somewhere, the doctor says—and Jim and I had saved up all these years so that after we were gone she would have something to live on. We saved twelve thousand dollars—and put it into Government bonds."

"You couldn't have anything safer, at any rate," remarked the lawyer. "I think you did exceedingly well."

"Now comes the awful part of it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Effingham, clasping her hands. "I'm afraid it's gone—gone forever. I should have consulted you first before I did it, but it all seemed so fair and above-board that I never thought."

"Have you got rid of your bonds?"

"Yes—no—that is, the bank has them. You see I borrowed ten thousand dollars on them and gave it to Mr. Badger to invest in his oil company for me."

Mr. Tutt groaned inwardly. Badger was the most celebrated of Wall Street's near-financiers.

"Where on earth did you meet Badger?" he demanded.

"Why, he boarded with me—for a long time," she answered. "I've no complaint to make of Mr. Badger. He's a very handsome polite gentleman. And I don't feel altogether right about coming to you and saying anything that might be taken against him—but lately I've heard so many things ——"

"Don't worry about Badger!" growled Mr. Tutt. "How did you come to invest in his oil stock?"

"I was there when he got the telegram telling how they had found oil on the property: it came one night at dinner. He was tickled to death. The stock had been selling at three cents a share and, of course, after the oil was discovered he said it would go right up to ten dollars. But he was real nice about it—he said anybody who had been living there in the house could share his good fortune with him, come in on the ground floor, and have it just the same for three cents. A week later there came a photograph of the gusher and almost all of us decided to buy stock."

At this point in the narrative Mr. Tutt kicked the coal hod violently and uttered a smothered ejaculation.

"Of course I didn't have any ready money," explained Mrs. Effingham, "but I had the bonds—they only paid two per cent and the oil stock was going to pay twenty—and so I took them down to the bank and borrowed ten thousand dollars on them. I had to sign a note and pay five per cent interest. I was making the difference—fifteen hundred dollars every year."

"What has it paid?" demanded Mr. Tutt ironically.

"Twenty per cent," replied Mrs. Effingham. "I get Mr. Badger's check regularly every six months."

"How many times have you got it?"

"Twice."

"Well, why don't you like your investment?" inquired Mr. Tutt blandly. "I'd like something that would pay me twenty per cent a year!"

"Because I'm afraid Mr. Badger isn't quite truthful, and one of the ladies—that old Mrs. Channing; you remember her, don't you—the one with the curls?—she tried to sell her stock and nobody would make a bid on it at all—and when she spoke to Mr. Badger about it he became very angry and swore right in front of her. Then somebody told me that Mr. Badger had been arrested once for something—and—and —— Oh, I wish I hadn't given him the money, because if it's lost Jessie won't have anything to live on after I'm dead—and she's too sick to work. What do you think, Mr. Tutt? Do you suppose Mr. Badger would buy the stock back?"

There Was Only One Place for Jessie, Mr. Tutt Told Himself; and She Should Go There, Badger or No Badger!

Mr. Tutt smiled grimly.

"Not if I know him! Have you got your stock with you?"

She nodded. Fumbling in her black bag she pulled forth a flaring certificate—of the regulation kind, not even engraved—which evidenced that Sarah Maria Ann Effingham was the legal owner of three hundred and thirty thousand shares of the capital stock of the Great Geyser Texan Petroleum and Llano Estacado Land Company.

Mr. Tutt took it gingerly between his thumb and forefinger. It was signed ALFRED HAYNES BADGER, Pres., and he had an almost irresistible temptation to twist it into a spill and light a stogy with it. But he used a match instead, while Mrs. Effingham watched him apprehensively. Then he handed the stock back to her and poured out another glass of toddy.

"Ever been in Mr. Badger's office?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "It's a lovely office. You can see 'way down the harbor—and over to New Jersey. It's real elegant."

"Would you mind going there again? That is, are you on friendly terms with him?"

Already a strange, rather desperate plan was half formulated in his mind.

"Oh, we're perfectly friendly," she smiled. "I generally go down there to get my check."

"Whose check is it—his or the company's?"

"I really don't know," she answered simply. "What difference would it make?"

"Oh, nothing—except that he might claim that he'd loaned you the money."

"Loaned it? To me?"

"Why, yes. One hears of such things."

"But it is my money!" she cried, stiffening.

"You paid that for the stock."

She shook her head helplessly.

"I don't understand these things," she murmured. "If Jim had been alive it wouldn't have happened. He was so careful."

"Husbands have some uses occasionally."

Suddenly she put her hands to her face.

"Oh, Mr. Tutt! Please get the money back from him. If you don't something terrible will happen to Jessie!"

"I'll do my best," he said gently, laying his hand on her fragile shoulder. "But I may not be able to do it—and anyhow I'll need your help."

"What can I do?"

"I want you to go down to Mr. Badger's office to-morrow morning and tell him that you are so much pleased with your investment that you would like to turn all your securities over to him to sell and put the money into the Great Geyser Texan Petroleum and Llano Estacada Land Company."

He rolled out the words with unction.

"But I don't!"

"Oh, yes, you do!" he assured her. "You want to do just what I tell you, don't you?"

"Of course," she answered. "But I thought you didn't like Mr. Badger's oil company."

"Whether I like it or not makes no difference. I want you to say just what I tell you."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Tutt."

"Then you must tell him about the note, and that first it will have to be paid off."

"Yes."

"And then you must hand him a letter which I will dictate to you now."

She flushed slightly, her eyes bright with excitement.

"You're sure it's perfectly honest, Mr. Tutt? I wouldn't want to do anything unfair!"

"Would you be honest with a burglar?"

"But Mr. Badger isn't a burglar!"

"No—he's only about a thousand times worse. He's a robber of widows and orphans. He isn't man enough to take a chance at housebreaking."

"I don't know what you mean," she sighed. "Where shall I write?"

Mr. Tutt cleared a space upon his desk, handed her a pad and dipped a pen in the ink while she took off her gloves.

"Address the note to the bank," he directed.

She did so.

"Now say: 'Kindly deliver to Mr. Badger all the securities I have on deposit with you, whenever he pays my note. Very truly yours, Sarah Maria Ann Effingham.'"

"But I don't want him to have my securities!" she retorted.

"Oh, you won't mind!" laughed Mr. Tutt, rubbing his long thin hands together almost gleefully. "And now as it is getting rather late perhaps you will do me the honor of letting me escort you home."

It was midnight before Mr. Tutt went to bed. In the first place he had felt himself so neglectful of Mrs. Effingham that after he had taken her home he had sat there a long time talking over the old lady's affairs and making the acquaintance of the phthisical Jessie, who turned out to be a wistful little creature with great liquid eyes and a delicate transparent skin that foretold only too clearly what was to be her future. There was only one place for her, Mr. Tutt told himself—Arizona; and by the grace of God she should go there, Badger or no Badger!

As the old lawyer walked slowly home with his hands clasped behind his back he pondered upon the seeming

(Concluded on Page 34)

STYLEPLUS *Summer Clothes*

Summer fabrics –summer models – style

Every Summer more and more men buy two kinds of suits. One a "regular" weight suit for the ordinary Summer days. The other an extra-thin, extra-light suit for the very hot weather.

When that record-breaker of a hot day comes along don't buy a suit just because it is cool. Get a suit that *looks* right, too. Get a Styleplus summer suit!

You will find it light and cool as a Summer breeze. Tailored for style and service as well as for comfort. A value that will *prove* itself every day.

The Styleplus special summer suits offer you the same famous values as the Styleplus "regular" suits. All Styleplus clothes are a hit with men who want *real* style and *real* service at a sensible price.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35-$40
"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY
KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Concluded from Page 32)

mockery and injustice of the law that forced a lonely, half-demented old fellow with the fixed delusion that he was a financier behind prison bars and left free the sharp slick crook who had no bowels or mercies and would snatch away the widow's mite and leave her and her consumptive daughter to die in the poorhouse. Yet such was the case, and there they all were! Could you blame people for being Bolsheviks? And yet old Doc Barrows was as far from a Bolshevik as anyone could well be.

Mr. Tutt passed a restless night, dreaming, when he slept at all, of mines from which poured myriads of pieces of yellow gold, of gushers spouting columns of blood-red oil hundreds of feet into the air, and of old-fashioned locomotives dragging picturesque trains of cars across bright green prairies studded with cacti in the shape of dollar signs. Old Doc Barrows was with him, and from time to time he would lean toward him and whisper, "Listen, Mr. Tutt, I'll tell you a secret! There's a vein of gold runs right through my daughter's cow pasture!"

When Willie next morning at half past eight reached the office he found the door already unlocked and Mr. Tutt busy at his desk, up to his elbows in a great mass of bonds and stock certificates.

"Gee!" he exclaimed to Miss Sondheim, the stenographer, when she made her appearance at a quarter past nine. "Just peek in the old man's door if you want to feel rich! Say, he must ha' struck pay dirt! I wonder if we'll all get a raise?"

But all the securities on Mr. Tutt's desk would not have justified even the modest advance of five dollars in Miss Sondheim's salary, and their employer was merely sorting out and making an inventory of Doc Barrows' imaginary wealth. By the time Mrs. Effingham arrived by appointment at ten o'clock he had them all arranged and labeled; and in a special bundle neatly tied with a piece of red tape were what on their face were securities worth upward of seventy thousand dollars. There were ten of the beautiful bonds of the Great Lakes and Canadian Southern Railroad Company with their miniature locomotives and fields of wheat, and ten equally lovely bits of engraving belonging to the long-since defunct Bluff Creek and Iowa Central, ten more superb lithographs issued by the Mohawk and Housatonic in 1867 and paid off in 1882, and a variety of gorgeous chromos of Indians and buffaloes, and of factories and steamships spouting clouds of soft-coal smoke; and on the top of all was a pile of the First Mortgage Gold Six Per Cent obligations of the Chicago Water Front and Terminal Company—all of them fresh and crisp, with that faintly acrid smell which though not agreeable to the nostrils nevertheless delights the banker's soul.

"Ah! Good morning to you, Mrs. Effingham!" Mr. Tutt cried, waving her in when that lady was announced. "You are not the only millionaire, you see! In fact, I've stumbled into a few barrels of securities myself—only I didn't pay anything for them."

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Effingham, her eyes lighting with astonishment. "Wherever did you get them? And such exquisite pictures! Look at that lamb!"

"It ought to have been a wolf!" muttered Mr. Tutt. "Well, Mrs. Effingham, I've decided to make you a present—just a few pounds of Chicago Water Front and Canadian Southern—those over there in that pile; and now if you say so we'll just go along to your bank."

"Give them to me!" she protested. "What on earth for? You're joking, Mr. Tutt."

"Not a bit of it!" he retorted. "I don't make any pretensions as to the value of my gift, but they're yours for whatever they're worth."

He wrapped them carefully in a piece of paper and returned the balance to Doc Barrows' dress-suit case.

"Aren't you afraid to leave them that way?" she asked, surprised.

"Not at all! Not at all!" he laughed. "You see there are fortunes lying all about us everywhere if we only know where to look. Now the first thing to do is to get your bonds back from the bank."

Mr. Thomas McKeever, the popular loan clerk of the Mustardseed National, was just getting ready for the annual visit of the state bank examiner when Mr. Tutt, followed by Mrs. Effingham, entered the exquisitely furnished boudoir where lady clients were induced by all modern conveniences except manicures and shower baths to become depositors. Mr. Tutt and Mr. McKeever belonged to the same Saturday evening poker game at the Colophon Club, familiarly known as The Bible Class.

"'Morning, Tom," said Mr. Tutt. "This is my client, Mrs. Effingham. You hold her note, I believe, for ten thousand dollars secured by some government bonds. She has a use for those bonds and I thought that you might be willing to take my indorsement instead. You know I'm good for the money."

"Why, I guess we can accommodate her, Mr. Tutt," answered the Chesterfieldian Mr. McKeever. "Certainly we can. Sit down, Mrs. Effingham, while I send for your bonds. See the morning paper?"

Mrs. Effingham blushingly acknowledged that she had not seen the paper. In fact she was much too excited to see anything.

"Sign here!" said the loan clerk, placing the note before the lawyer.

Mr. Tutt indorsed it in his strange, humpbacked chirography.

"Here are your bonds," said Mr. McKeever, handing Mrs. Effingham a small package in a manila envelope. She took them in a half-frightened way, as if she thought she was doing something wrong.

"And now," said Mr. Tutt, "the lady would like a box in your safe-deposit vaults; a small one—about five dollars a year—will do. She has quite a bundle of securities with her, which I am looking into. Most if not all of them are of little or no value, but I have told her she might just as well leave them as security for what they are worth, in addition to my indorsement. Really it's just a slick game of ours to get the bank to look after them for nothing. Isn't it, Mrs. Effingham?"

"Ye-es!" stammered Mrs. Effingham, not understanding what he was talking about.

"Well," answered Mr. McKeever, "we never refuse collateral. I'll put the bonds with the note ——" His eye caught the edges of the bundle. "Great Scott, Tutt! What are you leaving all these bonds here for against that note. There must be nearly a hundred thousand dol ——"

"I thought you never refused collateral, Mr. McKeever!" challenged Mr. Tutt sternly.

Twenty minutes later the exquisite blonde that acted as Mr. Badger's financial accomplice learned from Mrs. Effingham's faltering lips that the widow would like to see the great man in regard to further investments.

"How does it look, Mabel?" inquired the financier from behind his massive mahogany desk covered with a six by five sheet of plate glass. "Is it a squeal or a fall?"

"Easy money," answered Mabel with confidence. "She wants to put a mortgage on the farm."

"Keep her about fourteen minutes, tell her the story of my philanthropies, and then shoot her in," directed Badger.

So Mrs. Effingham listened politely while Mabel showed her the photographs of Mr. Badger's home for cripples out in Tyrone, and of his wife and children, taken on the porch of his summer home at Seabright, New Jersey; and then, exactly fourteen minutes having elapsed, she was shot in.

"Ah! Mrs. Effingham! Delighted! Do be seated!" Mr. Badger's smile was like that of the boa constrictor about to swallow the rabbit.

"About my oil stock," hesitated Mrs. Effingham.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Badger sharply. "Are you dissatisfied with your twenty per cent?"

"Oh, no!" stammered the old lady. "Not at all! I just thought if I could only get the note paid off at the Mustardseed Bank I might ask you to sell the collateral and invest the proceeds in your gusher."

"Oh!" Mr. Badger beamed with pleasure. "Do you really wish to have me dispose of your securities for you?"

He did not regard it as necessary to inquire into the nature of the collateral. If it was satisfactory to the Mustardseed National it must of course exceed considerably the amount of the note.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Effingham timidly; and she handed him the letter dictated by Mr. Tutt.

"Well," replied Mr. Badger thoughtfully, after reading it, "what you ask is rather unusual—quite unusual, I may say, but I think I may be able to attend to the matter for you. Leave it in my hands and think no more about it. How have you been, my dear Mrs. Effingham? You're looking extraordinarily well!"

Mr. McKeever had about concluded his arrangements for welcoming the state bank examiner when the telephone on his desk buzzed, and on taking up the receiver he heard the ingratiating voice of Alfred Haynes Badger.

"Is this the Loan Department of the Mustardseed National?"

"It is," he answered shortly.

"I understand you hold a note of a certain Mrs. Effingham for ten thousand dollars. May I ask if it is secured?"

"Who is this?" snapped McKeever.

"One of her friends," replied Mr. Badger amicably.

"Well, we don't discuss our clients' affairs over the telephone. You had better come in here if you have any inquiries to make."

"But I want to pay the note," expostulated Mr. Badger.

"Oh! Well, anybody can pay the note who wants to."

"And of course in that case you would turn over whatever collateral is on deposit to secure the note?"

"If we were so directed."

"May I ask what collateral there is?"

"I don't know."

"There is some collateral, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have an order from Mrs. Effingham directing the bank to turn over whatever securities she has on deposit as collateral, on my payment of the note."

"In that case you'll get 'em," said Mr. McKeever gruffly. "I'll get them out and have 'em ready for you."

"Here is my certified check for ten thousand dollars," announced Alfred Haynes Badger a few minutes later. "And here is the order from Mrs. Effingham. Now will you kindly turn over to me all the securities?"

Mr. McKeever knowing something of the reputation of Mr. Badger first called up the bank which had certified the latter's check, and having ascertained that the certification was genuine he marked Mrs. Effingham's note as paid and then took down from the top of his roll-top desk the bundle of beautifully engraved securities given him by Mr. Tutt. Badger watched him greedily.

"Thank you," he gurgled, stuffing them into his pocket. "Much obliged for your courtesy. Perhaps you would like me to open an account here?"

"Oh, anybody can open an account who wants to," remarked Mr. McKeever dryly, turning away from him to something else

Mr. Badger fairly flew back to his office. The exquisite blonde had hardly ever before seen him exhibit so much agitation.

"What have you pulled this time?" she inquired dreamily. "Father's daguerreotype and the bracelet of mother's hair?"

"I've grabbed off the whole bag of tricks!" he cried. "Look at 'em! We've not seen so much of the real stuff in six months.

"Ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—By gad!—sixty—seventy!"

"What are they?" asked Mabel curiously. "Some bonds—what?"

"I should say so!" he retorted gayly. "Say, girlie, I'll give you the swellest meal of your young life to-night! Chicago Water Front and Terminal, Great Lakes and Canadian Southern, Mohawk and Housatonic, Bluff Creek and Iowa Central. *'Oh, Mabel!'*"

It was at just about this period of the celebration that Mr. Tutt entered the outer office and sent in his name; and as Mr. Badger was at the height of his good humor he condescended to see him.

"I have called," said Mr. Tutt, "in regard to the bonds belonging to my client, Mrs. Effingham. I see you have them on the desk there in front of you. Unfortunately she has changed her mind. She has decided not to have you dispose of her securities."

Mr. Badger's expression instantly became hostile and defiant.

"It's too late!" he replied. "I have paid off her note and I am going to carry out the rest of the arrangement."

"Oh," said Mr. Tutt, "so you are going to sell all her securities and put the proceeds into your bogus oil company—whether she wishes it or not? If you do the district attorney will get after you."

"I stand on my rights," snarled Badger. "Anyhow I can sell enough of the securities to pay myself back my ten thousand dollars."

"And then you'll steal the rest?" inquired Mr. Tutt. "Be careful, my dear sir! Remember there is such a thing as equity, and such a place as Sing Sing."

Badger gave a cynical laugh.

"You're too late, my friend! I've got a written order—*a written order*—from your client, as you call her. She can't go back on it now. I've got the bonds and I'm going to dispose of them."

"Very well," said Mr. Tutt tolerantly. "You can do as you see fit. But"—and he produced ten genuine one-thousand-dollar bills and exhibited them to Mr. Badger at a safe distance—"I now on behalf of Mrs. Effingham make you a legal tender of the ten thousand dollars you have just paid out to cancel her note, and I demand the return of the securities. Incidentally I beg to inform you that they are not worth the paper they are printed on."

"Indeed!" sneered Badger. "Well, my dear old friend, you might have saved yourself the trouble of coming round here. You and your client can go right straight to hell. *You* can keep the money; *I'll* keep the bonds. See?"

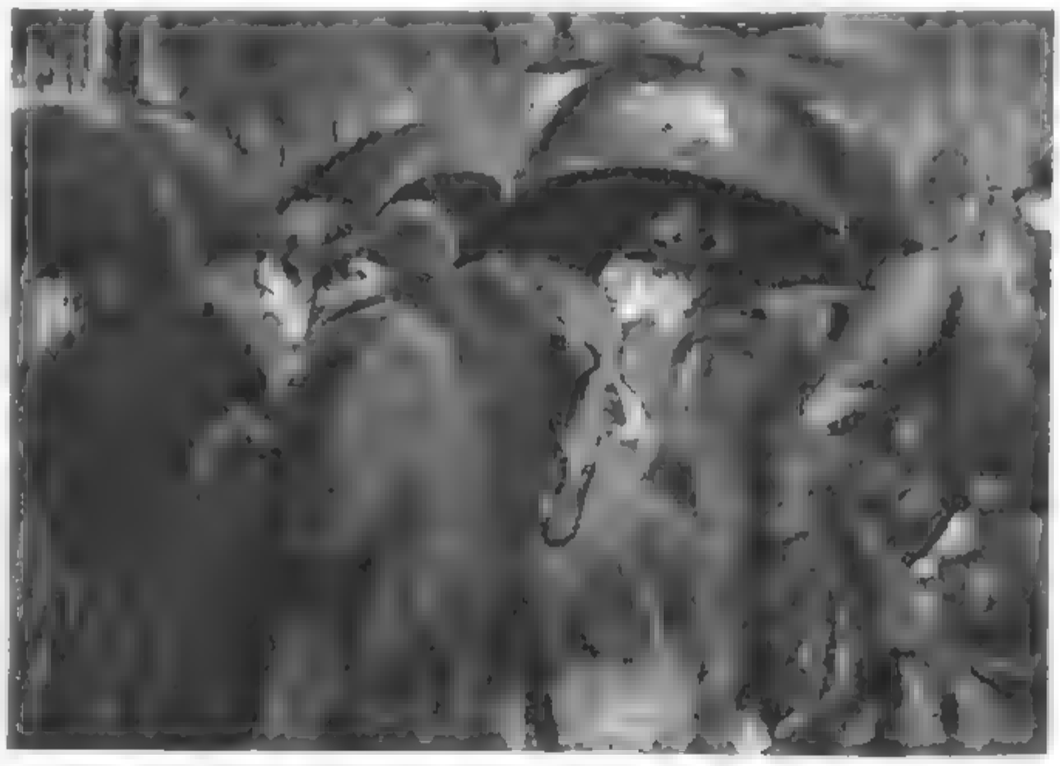
Mr. Tutt sighed and shook his head hopelessly.

Then he put the bills back into his pocket and started slowly for the door

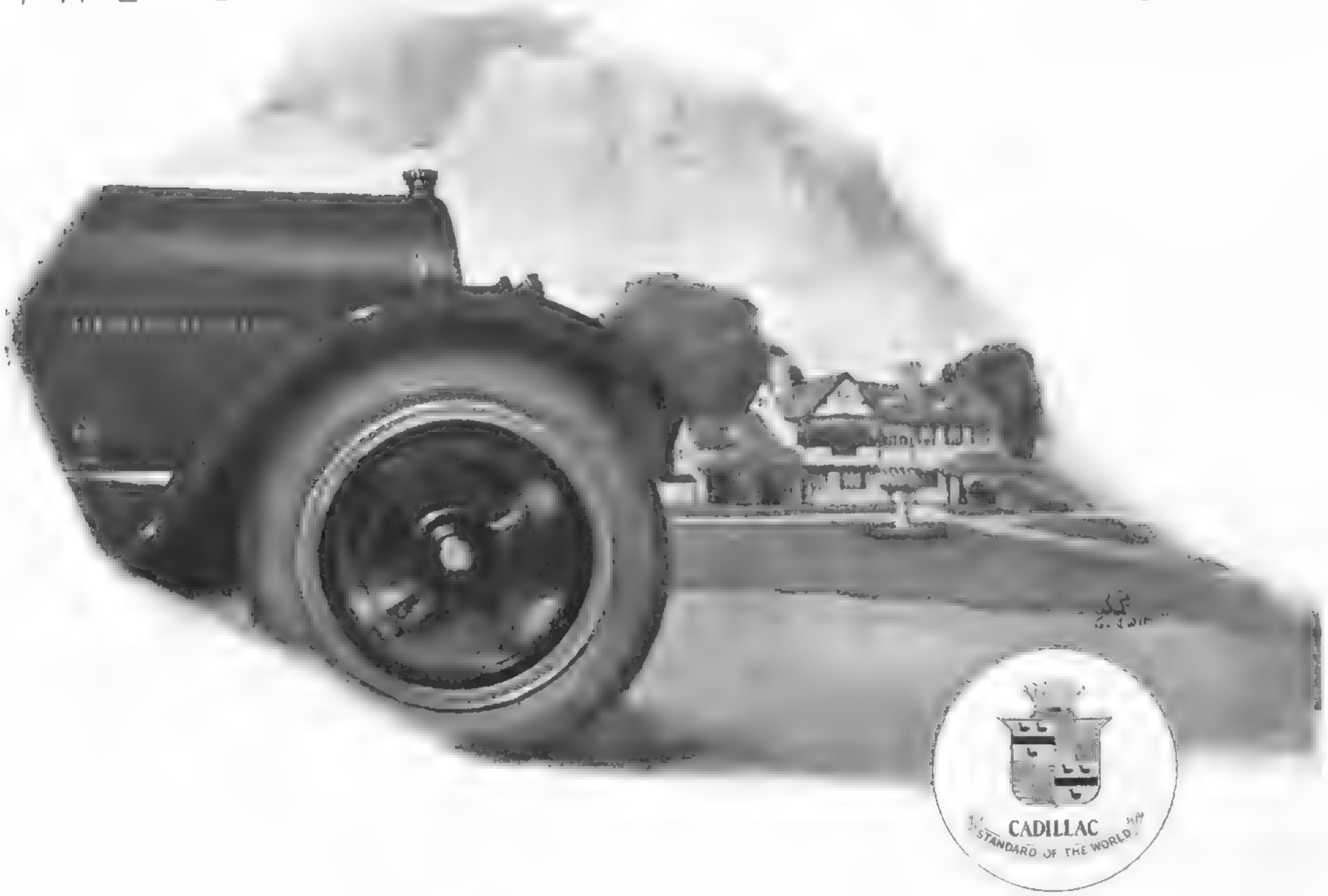
"You absolutely and finally decline to give up the securities?" he asked plaintively

"Absolutely and finally!" mocked Mr. Badger with a sweeping bow.

"Dear! Dear!" almost moaned Mr. Tutt. "I'd heard of you a great many times but I never realized before what an unscrupulous man you were! Anyhow, I'm glad to have had a look at you. Good morning."



THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



IF it were not a good investment, in the strictest sense of the word, the Cadillac could never hold so large and so fine a following.

There is a wonderful attraction, of course, in the peculiar Cadillac quality which almost produces the illusion of seeming to float through space.

But not all of its buoyant steadiness could induce thousands of the same people to prefer it, year after year, if they were compelled to pay a penalty for this unique enjoyment.

It is one thing to possess a magic carpet—it is quite another to spend your life laboring to prevent it from losing its magic.

The magic that is in the Cadillac is a constant, a stabilized, a never-changing magic—a luxury of motion that results from definite, positive qualities of construction.

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No car that was not sound, and rugged, and standardized in every essential, and fitted down to an almost infallible fineness of measurement, could ever have made a record so enviable.

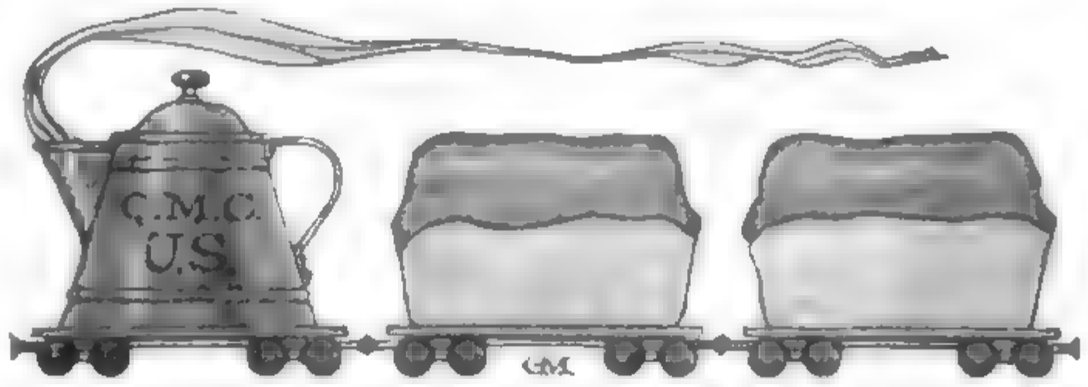
The Army proved, what thousands of others had proved before—the sameness, the soundness, and the invariability, of Cadillac construction.

Translated, that means, of course, the certainty, always, of getting there and back, with a minimum of adjustment and repair.

Cadillac owners hold fast to the Cadillac, not merely for the luxury of motion with which it provides them, but for the economy with which that luxury is provided.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT, MICH.

CHOW—By Maude Radford Warren



THIS is what it's going to be like presently: The veteran of the Argonne, now for some months in his new peacetime job, the feel of his putties forgotten, his hair an inch longer than of yore, and the old alarm clock back on the job, comes home some night and doesn't just care for the supper that's set before him.

"Well, I don't know but men can cook better than women anyhow," he says. "Say, some of that chow that we used to have at the front! Gee! Say, we had some cooks that could take a little corn-woolie, a potato or two and a few onions and mix up a stew that would beat any planked steak I ever got in this burg. Seems so, anyhow. And the private feeds some of us fellows would toss up for ourselves—I want you to know that they were some feeds."

Our army rations were better than those of any other nation, but at that they were not de luxe, nor were the soldiers always in the habit of idealizing them—not at that time.

I remember quite vividly some remarks I heard the soldiers make about the food. It was in the front-line trenches in Alsace. Here there were only two meals a day. The food kitchens lay two to three miles back, and food had to be carried by hand, it not being "healthy" for any kind of vehicles, including rolling kitchens, to drive up close, and it not being practicable to advance it by hand for so many companies oftener than twice in the twelve hours. It happened on one occasion when a Y man and I were carrying supplies into the trenches that we sampled both meals. We had set out early and we arrived just as breakfast was about over. The lines then consisted of strong points here and there, held by, say, half a platoon of men, each unit connected with the others by a few scattering sentries. The Y man and I, after having traveled across a wide field over which swooped a German plane and having gone through a more or less shell-torn wood, came at last to a muddy trench, and our first strong point.

As we descended a flight of sandbag steps we were greeted by a circle of bent-over khaki backs and inclined helmeted heads, and by a satiric voice. They were all absorbed in a printed article; so much so that if we had been Germans we could have killed them without the usual trouble American fighters gave the Germans. When they did see us they cut short their greetings to explain their absorption.

Barmecide Feasts

"LISTEN here, Y people," said the one who was reading. "It is an account for the consumption of the dear American public of what the doughty heroes have to eat at the Front.

"Listen here. Grapefruit! Can you beat that? Why, I can't tell you what a grapefruit looks like, let alone tell you what it tastes like. Oatmeal and milk! Say, I've had oatmeal just once since I left home, and the milk on it was condensed. Bacon—well, yes. And French-fried potatoes! Wouldn't that make a horse laugh!"

"Listen here. Lamb chops and green peas! Ain't some people got no limit to their imagination? Asparagus salad and crackers! We'd be sent to hoosgow for saying less than that. Pie à la mode! I'd call that criminal double lying, for there has never been either pie or ice cream near these lines. If I thought the folks at home believed any such drivel ——"

"The poor simp that wrote that got handed the bill of fare of some general of the S. O. S.," offered another infantryman. "You know they've got to feed them birds in the S. O. S. real high or they'd come bounding up here to take our jobs away from us."

"The lady hasn't eaten," said someone. "Run and rustle some grapefruit for her."

What they did rustle was what they'd just been having—bacon, none too delicate of flavor, bread, sirup and coffee without milk. Later on, after we had wallowed through the trenches for about seven miles, visiting by the way, we had a four-o'clock dinner-supper at another strong point. It consisted of baked beans, stewed tomatoes, bread, sirup and coffee without milk. Perhaps on another occasion we might have had beef and potatoes. I know I often had them back in the third line. In those days it was the home cooking that was the chow of yesteryear. Many a time when I was working on a Y. M. C. A. rolling canteen, after the boys had shown me the photographs of those dearest to them someone would mention home cooking. Then we'd begin to tell of what we'd have when we got home. Often I've kept a group of boys happy, though wistful, by planning a Thanksgiving dinner, allowing for comments about "Pershing's geese" or "A. E. F. soldier-nuts, special brand." It was an efficacious, if childlike way, that menu planning, of helping ourselves over the hard places in that last dragging year of the war. Make-believe was as much a source of strength to us as sermons, especially when the make-believe meant home. We all did it, and whoever could think of something homely yet delicious that had been forgotten received all the recognition that a scientist does when he has evolved a brand-new theory; or a playwright who writes something the public really wants. Those pictures and the talk of home cooking seemed to be the chief ties with home.

This planning of meals was not a game for only the quiet sectors. It had the same place in the drives. There was never a hike that lasted all night but toward midnight the boys began to plan three meals.

"It isn't that we're thinking of our stomachs all the time," one doughboy explained to me, "but it's a kind of link with home. It's a way of talking about home to each other without plain busting out crying, you might say. It's a nice way, I'll say, of daydreaming."

One dreadful, dripping night near Sedan a handful of soldiers, all that was left of a splendid happy-go-lucky company, took refuge in a leaky barn. Its walls were slivered; the ground about it was being shelled. It was too wet and cold to sleep; none of them expected to be alive by morning. Yet for eight hours they kept themselves going, kept themselves in trim for the next day's advance by planning what they'd have as soon as they landed.

"Aw, say, not clams, you guy; make it blue points."

"Go on! What if oysters aren't in season? You'd better just have one of those caviar do-dads."

"That's right—take the joy out of living by hinting that the war's going to last clean to May!"

"What I say is oysters and clams; and if you think it's too wide a stretch of the imagination let me tell you that my folks would get me clams and oysters, and turtle, too, if I wanted it."

"All right! Your folks wouldn't do any more than our folks. What about these here *hors d'œuvre?* Oughtn't we to have some of them?"

And so on—brave, gay talk that they made take the place of food and warmth. When the gray dawn came it was on that talk, and on nothing else, that they went over the top toward Sedan, drooping, but dogged and dauntless. When they would really get food again they didn't know. When the armistice would be signed they didn't know. But they did know that they could go on as long as they had to.

The soldiers in the quiet sectors varied the army fare whenever they could, not because they were dissatisfied with it so much as because scouting for extra food gave a fresh interest to their monotonous hours. Every time they got a pass to go out of bounds they went shopping. Sometimes the French were very fair in their prices, but usually they overcharged. It is only fair to mention that they overcharged their own soldiers as well as ours, and that American civilians too have been known to overcharge American soldiers. But in general our French allies, though they liked us, had a keen eye for the main chance.

Sometimes they went pretty far in thriftiness.

The only Frenchman I ever saw, however, who carried thriftiness so far that it amounted to a disease was an old man in occupied France. He received a most ironic punishment, the end of which I witnessed. In the St.-Mihiel drive hard on the heels of the fleeing Germans a Y. M. C. A. man and I drove a car full of materials for making hot drinks into the little village of Beney. We arrived some six hours after our boys had taken it, and thirty-six hours before the mess kitchens came up, and about a dozen hours before the Germans began to shell us. Beney had all the signs of a town hastily abandoned by the enemy—water still warm on the stove, food lying on the tables, clothes straggling out of half-shut drawers, books lying face downward on shelves, clocks ticking on the walls. There were also seven French civilians, four men and three women. One of these old men was a tall, lank, lean, long-nosed, shuffling-footed creature, dressed in faded blue. He fixed himself in my mind by his passion for expectoration. All day the civilians and a few soldiers and I sat in the dugout being shelled. The old man's powers of expectoration almost made me forget the shelling.

"Gosh," said one soldier disgustedly, "as if it wasn't damp enough in here already!"

"But do give him credit," said another. "Only a genius could draw up juice like that."

An Old Man's Tale of Invasion

AFTER the old man began to talk to me, however, he interested me for another reason. He exemplified more acutely than anyone I met overseas the persistence of the habitual, the way life goes on in wartime more or less as it always has. I can believe now that statement that birds that live on the edge of a volcano go on building while the volcano erupts. The old man had the habit of trying to make a good living, and he was still at it. We had been acquainted but a few minutes when he began to chatter about his wife and his rabbits.

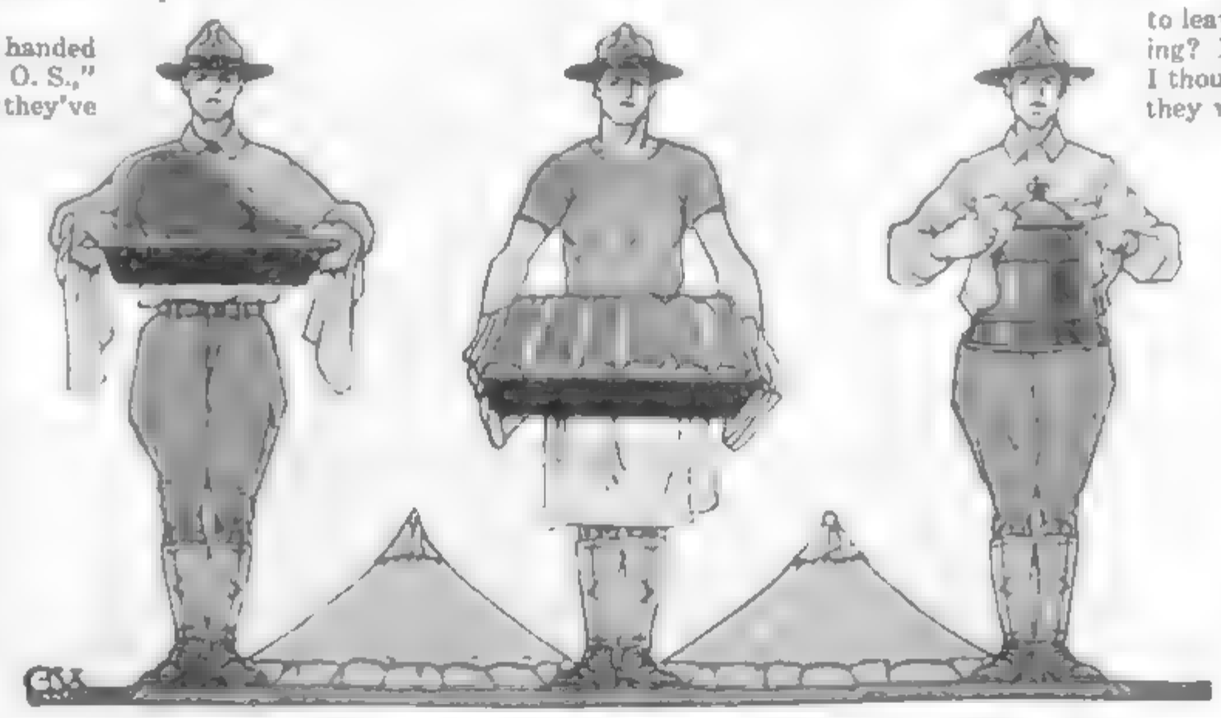
"Figure my difficulty in 1914, madam," he said. "The French soldiers retreat; they pass our town. 'Go—go quickly!' they say. 'The Germans are coming!' But, madam, I have a large collection of rabbits—beautiful, well-grown, fat rabbits. It is a new industry for me and I am doing well. I sell these rabbits even so far away as Toul and Nancy. I foresee a good competence for our old age. Then there must come this war and these Germans. 'Go and go quickly!' the soldiers say; and our villagers, over eighty of them, begin to pack and run. My wife begins to pack. She will go to her sister near Toul.

"But, madam, there were my rabbits. Am I to leave my rabbits to these Germans for nothing? No! I had liked the Germans well enough. I thought they were honest enough, except that they wanted France. But they would have to eat; and surely if I stayed they would pay me for my rabbits. But my wife feared the Germans. She did not want to stay. Alas, I was torn.

"'Do not stay,' my friends said. 'You cannot trust these Germans. Besides, if you stay the mayor will have to stay too. That is the law.'

"Madam, I have a tender heart. I felt for the mayor and his wife; but there were my rabbits! I decided to send my wife to her sister's and remain myself. Surely, we would push the Germans back in three months. But to make it easier for the mayor and so he would not blame me I urged this and that person to stay. The curé of course said he would not leave if anyone was staying, and his housekeeper also stayed.

(Continued on Page 38)



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Capacities 1 to 7½ tons. Trailers to 15 tons. Bodies for all needs and special loading and unloading appliances. Write for catalogue.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK

"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"

(Continued from Page 36)

There was an old man too rheumatic to get off quickly enough, and his wife stayed with him. There was another old man who stayed because he did not want to leave his home. There was a woman whose husband had just died; she did not want to leave her home of so many memories. Nine in all, madam. Alas, we did not remain nine! Soon after the Germans came a shell killed the wife of the mayor; also the Germans sent the curé away, and he died."

"Gosh, he started something with these rabbits, didn't he?" said one of the circle of listening soldiers, when I translated the old man's recital. "Ask him what happened next."

But indeed it was never necessary to wind up these French civilians. Never, never have I known such voluble people.

"The Germans came," pursued the old man excitably. "Ah, but such wretches! Worse, worse than we had ever dreamed of!"

We were breathless; we thought we were going to hear of fresh atrocities.

"They ill-used you?"

"Severity? Yes. We were constantly interrogated; we were not allowed to talk to the German soldiers. Our houses were searched. The officers were constantly darting on us like a hawk on chickens. But worse than that, madam, they paid me nothing, nothing! It is unbelievable! Paper was what they gave us. I had sent my beloved wife away and had stayed to guard the rabbits. I had watched her go with all the villagers down the road to Thiaucourt. She went, at the end, even slower than the little children. She lingered, because she kept turning round and turning round to look at me, where I stood waving to her. And then after all that sacrifice these brutes of Germans paid me in paper! Promises to pay! Ah, it was terrible. 'Good, we like rabbits; we will take your rabbits,' they said. I went to the Kommandatur. I said, 'Monsieur le Capitaine, this paper is no doubt very good, but there is no bank where I can redeem it. Meantime I must eat, and the rabbits—we cannot eat paper. Moreover, I am an old man and feeble; I cannot till the ground."

Farewell to the Rabbits

"THE Kommandatur thought I could, but in the end he saw I was not much good with the cabbages. I became, as it were, the guardian for the Germans of my own rabbits! They gave me enough cabbage and other vegetables for their food, and I gave them the rabbits—for paper! Sometimes from their cooks I was able to get a little sugar, a little flour; there were ways of exchange, because I had a few hens and a cow, which the Germans drove off three days ago. But the paper—in four years I collected a drawerful of it. When the Germans were running away I begged them to give me money for the paper.

"'Pig,' they said. 'You are lucky to have your life. Let the pigs of Americans redeem the paper.'

"When the Germans went my first thought was, 'Now I will go quickly to my wife.' But, madam, there are my beautiful rabbits. I thought twice. 'The Americans will be here, any hour,' I said. 'I will sell them my rabbits and I will then rejoin my dear wife.' You think that they will buy my rabbits, madam?"

"I am sure that they won't take them without buying them, and that they will pay you in francs."

For a few hours the old man did a thriving business in selling his rabbits. Infantrymen, looking momentarily for their mess kitchens to arrive, invested. Other infantrymen invested and did not wait for their mess kitchens. They built fires in stables, choked on the smoke, but managed to roast young rabbits that were as tender as chickens. But still the old man had a good many left. We told him that other companies would be along presently.

Meanwhile, however, the Germans were shelling us so frequently and heavily that the nerves of the French civilians broke under the strain, and after two days of grueling it was decided to send them back. The old man of the rabbits approached this and that soldier; wouldn't we buy the rest of his rabbits? What would become of them if he had to leave them behind? Was it not for the sake of the rabbits that he had stayed? Finally, when it was made clear to him that we had done the best we could for him and that we'd take as good care of his property as he could expect in wartime, he followed reluctantly in the wake of the six other civilians.

"At last I shall see my wife," he said, and with typical Gallic resiliency he flung himself into the mood of conjugal reunion.

But while the six other civilians were walking down the road toward Thiaucourt he ran back to take one last look at the inclosure where the rabbits were sequestered, and to make one last effort to sell them to the mess sergeant, who had a kitchen hard by. A whizz-bang crashed down a few yards away from him, flying shrapnel wounded him in the face and head and arms, and decimated his beloved rabbits. They carried him off to the aid station and sent him in an ambulance to the field hospital, lamenting wildly, poor old man, over his rabbits and his wife. For the rabbits he was pretty certain never to see again; and an American field hospital, followed by an evacuation hospital, he knew well enough was no route to his wife in Toul.

When the drives began it was impossible to send rations up to the Front regularly. Mess sergeants and cooks did their best. I once came on a man crying beside the road, a big blue-eyed boy, his nose pink with emotion. It was by a stretch of woods toward Fère-en-Tardenois, and hard by were two mess kitchens and a supply wagon.

Supposing he was suffering from shell shock I asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

At first he growled inarticulately, and I was about to edge away, when I made out the words "Damned mess officer." I knew that couldn't refer to me.

"Won't let me take the rolling kitchens up ahead," said the sergeant. "What if the damned road is shelled? Think I couldn't get round a few shell holes? Why, when I think of those poor guys without their chow I could lift the kitchens across myself. None of the cooks are yellow, and we know what these poor guys are up against. But that mess officer—he says the chances are ten to one we'd all be killed on that road. Well, the infantry have to go over that at night, don't they? I figure we could take a chance by day. He ain't close to the boys like I am. He's got his rations, all right. He don't know how those poor fellows feel with their insides all empty and a whole division of Germans to chase."

Again in the Argonne drive I saw a mess sergeant and his four cooks using mules to get kitchens and supply wagons over a road that was almost impassable. They felt every ounce that the mules pulled; their tense muscles showed that. They swore because they were late; that food must get up!

And when it did get up, two hours late, the infantrymen, spent and hungry, nerve-racked over what they had been through, heartsick at the loss of their friends—these heroes received these other heroes with curses because the food was late. They did not mean anything by it, and the cooks knew they didn't. Those exhausted doughboys had to let off steam in some way. But various bitter remarks were exchanged—until after supper, when the cooks overheard themselves being complimented as the best darned guys in the Army, who would win next day's fight just as surely as if they had bayonets in their hands instead of cleavers. Scores of cooks have gone on steadily at their work under fire, and if you are a diligent reader of casualty lists you will know that dozens of them died under fire.

Whenever it was possible in these drives each company before going over the top received what some of the boys used to call, with that brave horrible humor of theirs, a fattening-for-the-slaughter meal, usually consisting of steak, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, rice pudding with prunes, coffee with condensed milk, and all the seconds one wanted.

"I never shall forget my first fattened-for-the-slaughter meal," said my friend Mac, a cannoneer in F Battery of a famous artillery battalion. "All along we'd worked pretty hard, but we didn't like shells; we never seemed to get used to them. Every time we stopped to dig in we'd dig so fast that we'd strike water and so deep that we'd have to get a stepladder to get down. But in this drive I'm telling you of, egged on by a captain working for the honor of the battalion—and promotion—we'd gone ahead with the infantry. Our captain had encouraged us by telling us that the doughboys would help us drag our pieces, but they had their own business to attend to. Our horses were dead beat. We had got those pieces to a crest that marked the first-line trenches. I tell you, it was some progress! The tanks went first, every one of them dipping like an old lady looking for a ten-cent piece. Then we artillerymen came along with gloomy fortitude. It was the first time I had ever exchanged addresses with anyone.

"Then the captain told us we were to stay back, and we smiled. Gee! What were artillerymen doing this far front anyhow? We felt fine. Then the captain came and patted us all on the back, as it were; and that made us suspicious right off. Why all this pettjng? Then he told us that we were to have fine eats. All right. Why not reward of virtue? Then he broke it to us that we had to go forward after all.

"Gee! We never said a word when we had all that de-luxe feed—but I guess we were all wishing the goof had waited till we'd had our meal. Why, a feed like that ordinarily would have called forth enough *bons mots* to start a salon. But we never peeped, except perhaps to say, 'You won't lose that address, will you, Mike?' or 'No, I ain't going to do any praying as we go forward. Hell, no! I can't start being a hypocrite at this late date.'

"By and by it struck us that we ought to play up to the situation, so we said, 'Say, isn't it great? Aren't we lucky to be going?'

"The only real laugh we got was when one of the tanks that was sneaking along without much noise ran over a fellow's pup tent and came darn near killing him."

Captured Delicatessen

"WELL, we made ready, and the horses didn't seem to want to go very much. It would be hard pushing up the hills. They kept nodding their heads with their steel helmets on, as if they didn't like the job. We were not too much in love with ours. Shells began to break and the captain said in a dispirited tone, 'Now, you cannoneers be careful or you'll all be killed.'

"One of the fellows, with that happy forgetfulness of rank which marks the front-line advance, said, 'Aw, what the hell—we're all going to be killed anyhow.'

"Then someone said cheerfully, 'That was a fine meal we had.'

"Every little while someone else would remember that. E Battery stood round and watched us start and said they wished they could go, but they had a *morituri te salutamus* air that didn't deceive us. Besides, if they'd been the crack battery they'd been chosen, and not us. On we went, that meal setting heavier and heavier, until one guy said gloomily, 'I have a hunch we aren't going to be happy here.'

"Then we all howled, and after that we got into our stride. The Germans were running and we were chasing them, if you could call the rate at which we were going chasing. The mud was so deep that the nozzles of our guns were submerged. I tell you we needed that meal. When we were just about dead beat we came upon a lot of German prisoners. We took some joy in making them work. We were up so far by this time that an American aviator took us for Germans—a sweet interpretation for us. And at last, starving and weary, we got on the crest of the last hill before Monsard and watched the doughboys take the town. Great sight—if we hadn't been starving. We had no more rations. Somehow we'd had a hunch that we wouldn't need them in the hereafter. We got kind of dippy thinking of that last feed and wishing we had it over—and then, oh, joy! We ran into a German commissary and a German canteen. Oh, joy! The way we ate that German sausage and pickles and black bread and guzzled that German beer!

"And one of the fellows said, 'Well, fattening-up-for-the-slaughter feasts are all right, but they can't hold a candle to these here resurrection-from-the-dead feeds. And the best one of all will be the one the folks come across with the day we get home.'"

In those smashing drives of ours, when the mess wagons were blown up or otherwise incapacitated from overtaking the infantry, the soldiers had to rustle chow for themselves. Army rations were usually a faint memory, buried behind somewheres in a wheat field or in the deep mud. Soldiers who were lucky enough to find something to cook would fall into natural groups, start a fire and make the best of the situation.

Almost the only satisfactory moments the soldiers had in October and early November were when they could gather about a brazier made of an old pail or about a bonfire and thaw their frozen blood and watch a pot of coffee coming to a boil. Then it almost seemed as if maybe the war would end sometime. The happiest group I saw was in the drive from the Marne to the Vesle. It was, as I remember, up near Beauvardes. The right-hand side of the road was bounded by a high bank, in the face of which had been made many German dugouts. Gray blankets, overcoats, helmets and bayonets still surrounded them. On top of the bank was this group of boys. Not three feet behind them was a dead horse—a sort of insistent dead horse. A little to their left was a small pathetic American graveyard—twenty pinkish-yellow wooden crosses marked the graves, stark and bare in the morning sun. Two of the boys had their heads bound with bloody rags, and all of them were muddy. But they were chortling joyfully. They had found manna. It wasn't only the makings of a stew; they'd found a box of candy. It was in the pocket

(Concluded on Page 40)

Why Is The Essex Bought By

Men In Remote Sections Where An Essex Has Not Been Seen Mail Their Orders. It Is An Unusual Mark Of Confidence

Men Who Have Never Seen It?

There is a strange and strong interest in the Essex which we have not been able to fully explain.

You hear the most sincere endorsements for its qualities from men who have never even seen the car. We believe that more than half a million people now do intimately know the Essex, but that does not account for what is being said about it in remote communities where no Essex car has yet appeared.

Distributors report having received orders by mail from persons who say they have heard so much about the Essex that they know it is the car they want.

Perhaps you, too, are one who has not yet seen the Essex. Yet you cannot be a reader of these words and not have heard what people on every hand are saying about it.

Because of what you have heard others say, you approach the Essex with the most favorable impressions. With so many thousands making the Essex the standard of their automobile desires, there is some explanation for the confidence evidenced when men send their money for a car they have never seen.

Surely It Is Not Because Of What We Have Said

All that you have heard about the Essex is what others have said for it. We have made no claim for it. We have published no descriptions. We have not said it is a better car than any other. We have not even intimated that its performance excels the performance of other cars. But on all sides you hear it compared to cars you know favorably and in most cases to the advantage of the Essex. There can be but one explanation for that and that is the Essex must through sheer merit have won the admiration of those who have seen and ridden in it.

Then It Must Be What Others Are Saying

In every community some one car is recognized as leader. It is not just any car of a given make but an individual car that holds the best record for speed or acceleration or hill climbing. You must know some car in that way. And haven't you heard men attempt to explain the Essex by comparison with that car?

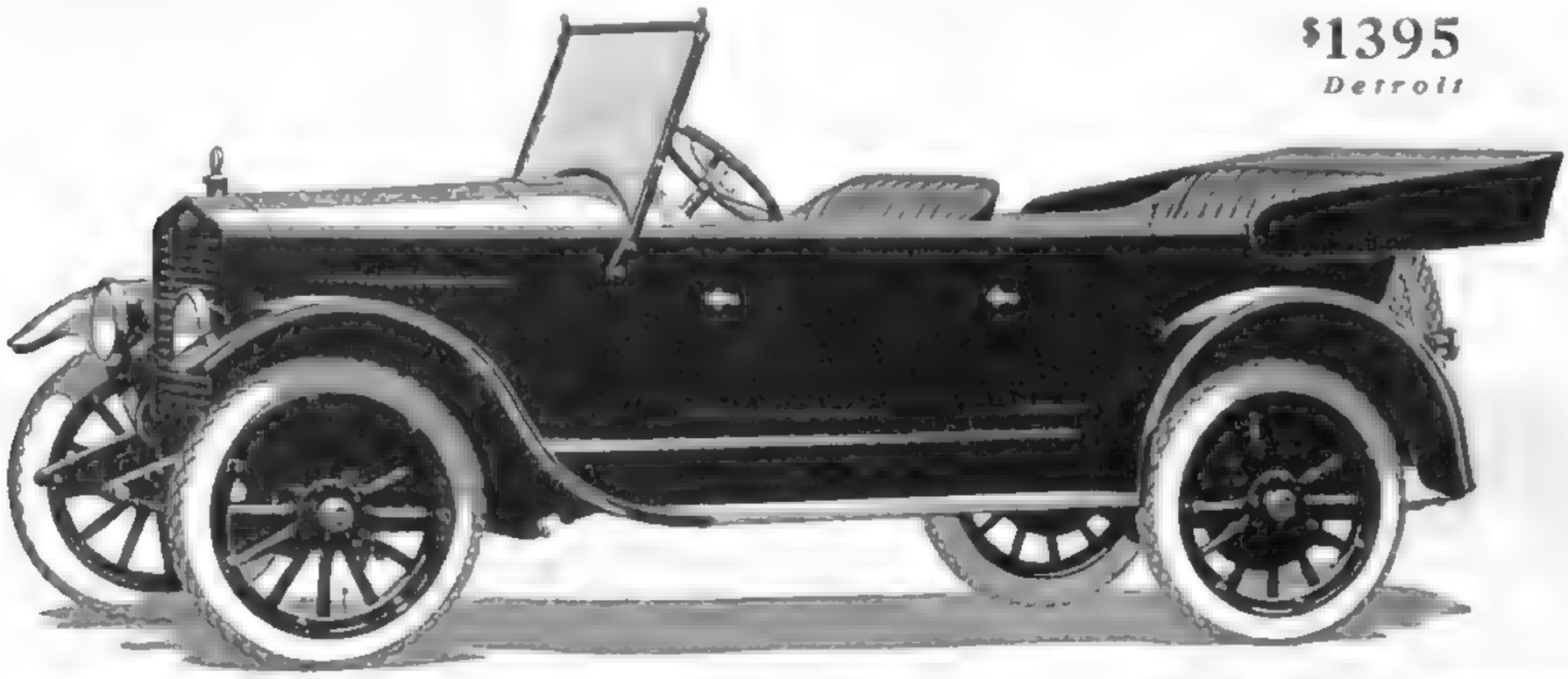
That is the way in which its riding qualities are described. Its finish and beauty are likened to similar qualities in other cars that people know favorably and well.

In attempting to explain the reason for the way in which the Essex has been accepted we return always to the car itself. It must have qualities men have wanted. It was our aim to meet that demand. We wanted it to have the advantages in economy of cost and operation of the light cars and to also have the endurance and performance as well as the appeal to pride which have been exclusive to costly cars.

Its Sales Now Prove It

Essex sales have been in excess of deliveries from the very day the car was announced. The production now approximates 100 a day but does not begin to meet the needs. Ask any Essex dealer. If what others are saying carries the same conviction to you as it does to others, then you must sooner or later want an Essex. It is best to decide early.

$1395
Detroit



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of a khaki raincoat that was hanging on the branch of a tree.

"Probably someone murdered the fellow," said the boy who was stirring the stew; "murdered him for the candy, and then had to go up front before he could enjoy the fruits of his crime."

In the St.-Mihiel and Argonne drives the Germans often left rich stores of food behind. I recall a splendid dinner I had once, in Beauclair, a few days before the armistice, when our board was garnished with German preserves—plums and currants especially do I remember as food for the gods. Sometimes the Germans had fled in such haste that they had actually left food cooking. I have often explored deserted houses where half-cooked food lay in pots and half-chopped cabbages lay on the tables. Once toward the heights of Wandlicourt the orderly of one of our best captains—then advancing grimly against the very region in which he was born—found a freshly cleaned rabbit, which he took along and which proved for that day the main bulwark of the officers' mess.

But there was more rejoicing in the St.-Mihiel drive over food finds than in the Argonne drive, by which time the men were so bone-weary that one experience seemed to them pretty much like another—whether it was death or dinner. In the St.-Mihiel, however, they were jubilant over the walk-away, and greeted with loud cheers each instance of the Germans' hasty departure. They ate what they found, whether they wanted it or not.

"But, boys," I said once when I came upon a group of them eating a warmed-up German stew, "how do you know it's safe? How do you know it isn't poisoned? You remember that water at Château-Thierry?"

"'Sall right, lady," they said. "We got tasters for these royal feasts. We make the German prisoners eat first. Give 'em time enough to croak; and then if nothing happens we go to it."

The Checkered Career of Rosy

A GOOD many towns in that drive will live in the memory of our soldiers, chiefly from the pantry associations—Parones and Thiaucourt and Beney and Xammes. For its heaps of potatoes and carrots and for its two goats, Xammes was famous to the 85th and the 42d Divisions. Boys who had forgotten what real milk tasted like, so long had they taken condensed milk or none at all, developed a passion for goat's milk, and would if feasible have kept the two producers working overtime.

The little town of Beney was not only a warren for rabbits but its back yards were whispering with the chirps of little yellow chicks which the Germans had not considered it worth while to carry away, though there wasn't a hen to be seen in the place. The soldiers acted the part of foster mothers for these young orphans and scratched up worms for them and fed them breadcrumbs. Purely a labor of love this, for they would be gone long before the chicks would be of eating size. One of the prettiest sights I saw was a chaplain with a basketful of the little creatures, which he was cherishing as if they had been canaries. His intention was to take them along wherever his battalion went—preferably to Berlin—and raise them for future Sunday dinners for his men. By the way he handled them he would never have had the heart to turn them from pets to food. But that splendid kindly warrior for the church never carried out his intentions; he was killed at Xammes.

To a certain machine-gun squad and to a certain battery the climax of the St.-Mihiel drive was Rosy. The machine-gun squad had been pushing forward doggedly. Their machine guns were heavy and their rations were light; and they were hungry. Then suddenly, wafted to them from the knees of the gods, came Rosy. They found her wounded in a dugout—a fat handsome cow.

"Oh, boy!" cried the corporal. "Milk! Think of milk!"

They proceeded to take Rosy out of her dugout, treat her wounds with iodine, and pet her and make much of her. They figured that she was a French cow, absented from felicity a while, with the Germans. When they had got Rosy to displaying a shining morning face and when the farmer of the outfit was about to milk her, up came a cannoneer.

"Hey, what are you doing with our cow?"

"Our cow!" jeered the corporal. "Where do you get that stuff?"

The artilleryman lowered his head menacingly. Those soldier boys, by the way, when serious dispute threatened, had a fashion of lowering their heads like young cross bulls and staring up fixedly under frowning brows.

"It's our cow," he said; "because we put her in that dugout yesterday. We stuck her down there because we wanted her to be safe. Some of those doughboys would have taken her for a souvenir if we hadn't."

"Yeh, you weren't here yesterday."

"All right. If you don't believe me you try milking her. We milked her just half an hour ago. She won't give down no more if the general ordered her."

"You tell that to the Marines," snapped the machine gunner who found Rosy. "If she can't be milked it'll be the wound that hinders. Say, you must think we're green. How could you guys have found her yesterday, when you're artillerymen? The guys that ride in safety from a day to ten days behind the rest of us!"

"Is—that—so?" queried the artilleryman deliberately. "Well, let me tell you—I guess you were loafing in the background somewhere, and didn't know it. Let me tell you that our outfit went over the top with the infantry at Mandres. We went dragging six-horse hitches and seventy-fives; four guns and six caissons—dragging them with our hands. That's how we were ten miles behind."

Immediately those elements that were circling about, ready to concentrate in a first-class scrap, were dissipated. An admiring smile widened the corporal's face. He forgot all about Rosy.

"Say, were you those fellows?" he said. "Well, there was nothing wrong with your speed, I'll tell the world that! They tell me you fired so much that you had two guns burst on you; once in twenty seconds wasn't enough for you!"

More compliments passed, and Rosy was forgotten until she mooed plaintively and started off in the direction of Germany.

"Long as you've fixed her wound and cleaned her up," said the artilleryman, "what say we go shares with her? It'll need two outfits to look after her, what with all the ammunition drivers and engineers and pioneers sashaying along, now the work's done."

So Rosy became a community cow, and something like a score of earnest soldiers had milk in their tea for some days. But day by day the milk allowance grew smaller, for besides her wound Rosy was suffering from shell shock. Every time a few shells burst in her vicinity she went on strike. Besides, she was used to German treatment, and kindness and flattery made, so to speak, a parasite of her. Furthermore her wound grew worse. So the soldiers decided to switch her from the dairy to the butcher shop. They blindfolded her eyes and changed their Rosy into a lot of steak.

That is, they thought she was a lot of steak when they took her to the battery mess sergeant. For by this time their kitchens had come up. But the mess sergeant looked on Rosy coldly. His supply of rations for two days had just come and he did not want any extra cooking to do, and he had no love for steak.

So he made Rosy into a stew, thus ending the fairest idyl of the St.-Mihiel drive.

Back to the Food Belt

BUT Germany! Plenty of fine food there when the army of occupation moved in; and enemies eager to serve it for pay or free. Eggs; big German pies; milk; goose—we could have them all. The officers would find plates of fruit and nuts and bottles of wine on the tables in their billets. Even private soldiers who had gone scouting and secured billets for themselves would find these votive offerings of nuts and fruit.

"I don't blame the French for being sick and tired of strange people in their country," one soldier said, "and I guess they were. Maybe that's one reason why you couldn't go to any house in a French village and order a dinner, and be set down to a real tablecloth and real crockery. Well, you can in Germany. It's a darn funny thing. But we know darn well it's all bunk and camouflage, and the cheese for the trap, and so on. We eat and pay, and remember that it was their folks that was shelling us to kingdom come not so long ago."

After orders came that we were to accept or buy no more food from the Germans we didn't—especially when there was danger of being found out. We just asked more than ever when we were going home. Now that we are mostly here, how we enjoy in retrospect that chow of yesteryear. But we wouldn't find it so glorified, except for this: We remember it as we sit before a table loaded with our favorite dishes, with beloved ones hanging on our words. We idealize that army chow, those fattening-for-the-slaughter feasts, those American-drive gorges, because it's all done with. We're on home cooking.

The DUO-ART Pianola

The Piano that You Can Play—the Piano that Will Play for You

"The value of the Duo-Art lies in its ability to reproduce the actual performance of the pianist. That it does this to perfection I am certainly in a position to know, after having recorded so many of my own compositions for it."

Percy Grainger

Percy Grainger makes record rolls exclusively for the Duo-Art Pianola.

WHEN you buy the Duo-Art Pianola Piano, you buy two almost priceless privileges: Ability to play the piano; power to command the services of the world's greatest pianists to play for you.

This is what the name "Duo-Art" means—your art, and the art of others.

The regular Pianola music-roll makes you a master of the piano's keyboard—gives you the technical ability to play any composition ever written. The roll supplies the technique. You supply the expression.

You can become a genuine artist playing the Piano. Every emotion you wish to express, every subtle shade of meaning you wish to put into the music—is possible to you through the exclusive and vital expression devices of the Pianola.

Through the Duo-Art Pianola Piano's *reproducing* feature, you possess an autocratic command of the famous musicians such as no sovereign who ever lived could exercise.

By means of the special Duo-Art rolls they have made—Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Ganz, Grainger and scores of other great pianists—will play for you. Whenever you wish you can summon them to *your* home to play *your* piano.

* * * *

The reproducing feature of the Duo-Art Pianola Piano is one of the most extraordinary and important inventions in the history of music.

It does not merely imitate the playing of different pianists, it is *their actual performance*.

By playing on a *recording* piano, the artist makes the roll. This roll placed in the Duo-Art repeats the performance. Nothing is changed, nothing is lacking. Every shade of tone, every subtlety of touch, of nuance, of phrasing and pedaling is there.

Paderewski says he is "glad indeed to have his playing reproduced with such manifest fidelity." Hofmann says about the Duo-Art rolls that "they are, indeed, my actual interpretations with all that implies." Bauer says, "I am most happy to avail myself of such a wonderful means of leaving to posterity a record, as nearly perfect as can be conceived, of my interpretative art."

* * * *

Everyone who would like to have the greatest pianists of the world play for him whenever he wished and the best performers of dance and popular music as well—everyone who would like to play the piano, himself, and experience the fascination of personally producing music, should take the first opportunity to hear the Duo-Art Pianola Piano.

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What is the real downright purpose of a dentifrice?
It's to *clean* and *whiten* the teeth.

Clean teeth are healthy teeth. Unclean teeth are the prime source of all tooth troubles.

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Klenzo is the embodiment of the professional opinions of America's foremost dentists. Try it. Compare it with the dentifrice you now use.

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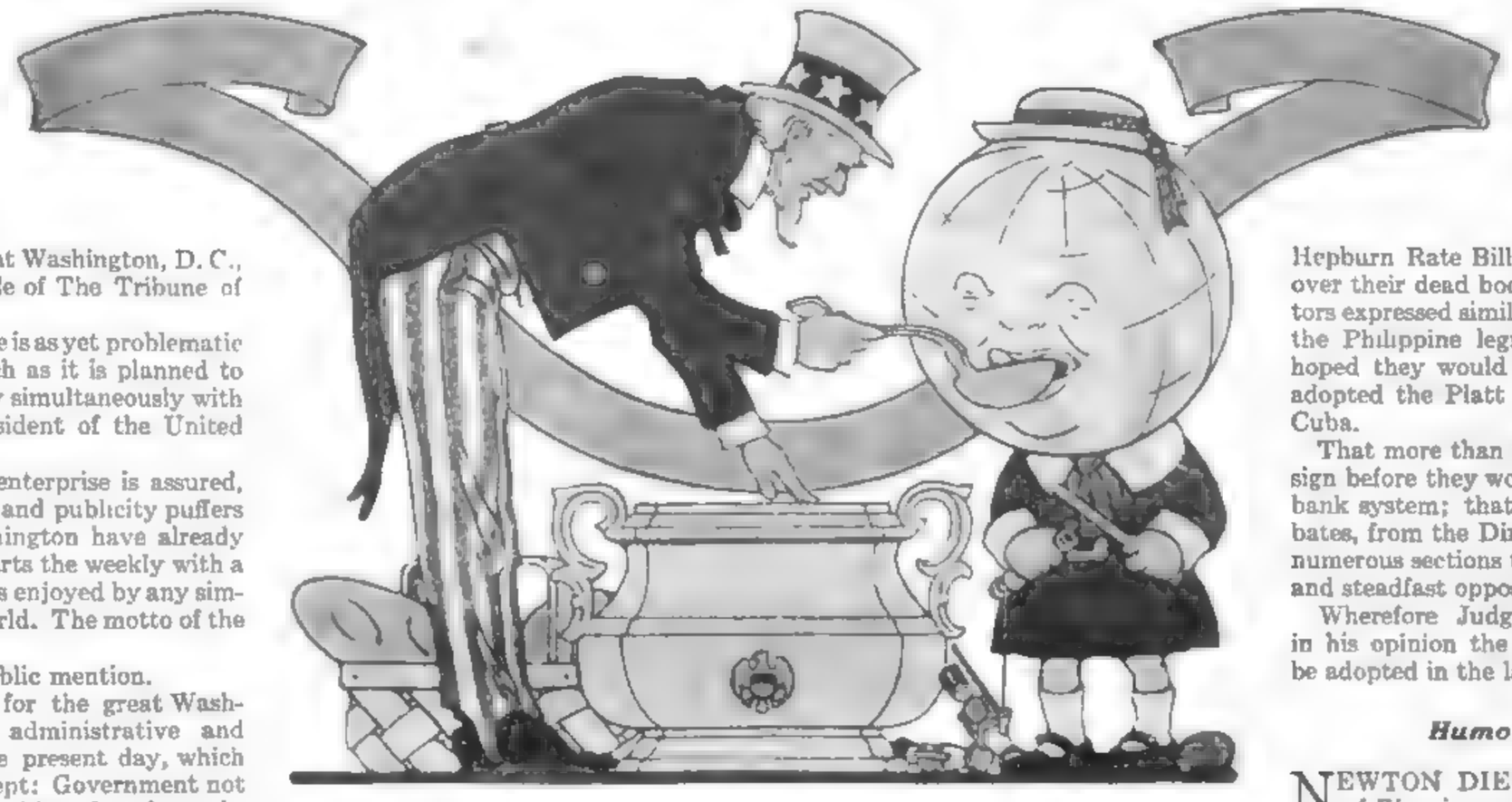
THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE



By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WE HAVE been accorded the privilege of presenting to our readers the following excerpts from the advance proofs of the first number of a new weekly to be published at Washington, D. C., under the inspiring title of The Tribune of the People.

The exact date of issue is as yet problematic and indefinite, inasmuch as it is planned to put out the initial copy simultaneously with the arrival of the President of the United States in this country.

The success of the enterprise is assured, as all the press agents and publicity puffers of public men in Washington have already subscribed, and this starts the weekly with a larger circulation than is enjoyed by any similar periodical in the world. The motto of the paper is:

Public service for public mention.

It will stand firmly for the great Washington governmental, administrative and legislative policy of the present day, which is embodied in the precept: Government not by anything or of anything, but for publicity.

The quotations, which have been selected carefully, give a comprehensive idea of the high standards that will be preserved, and indicate a field of usefulness that it will be the earnest endeavor of the editors to cultivate. They follow:

Editorial

IT IS a long buck that has no passing; longer indeed than the distance between Paris, France, and Washington, District of Columbia.

Recently, fellow citizens of this syncopated nation, we have observed a longish one slipping across from the Avenue Henri Martin to the Avenue Pierre Pennsylvania—a longish buck with bells, not to say prickers on it, propelled by no less important and importunate a hand than that of the President of the United States.

Allowing our fancy to range across the stormy seas we note him, worn with his labors of openly arriving at open covenants behind closed doors; his mind acute to the fact that he has summoned Congress to convene and must do something; his soul girded by the saddening knowledge that he cannot do what he would like to do because of the laws against wholesale homicide; his recollection poignantly recalling that while he has been putting peace on a personal basis in France he was not successful last fall in putting war on a personal basis in the United States, and for that reason Congress is in opposition—mindful of all these things we hear him calling to his faithful major-domo, Ike Hoover. "Ike," he says, "bundle up everything except the League of Nations and the twelve remaining baskets of the Peace Treaty into a buck, and we'll pass it to them."

"May I not send the League of Nations also?" asked the faithful Hoover.

"You may not," answered the President. "I'll save that for a later occasion, if you will permit me."

So saying, the buck was passed, and is now in Washington, being juggled from Republican hand to Republican hand—a buck with a prohibition prong on it, a labor prong on it, a railroad prong on it, a tariff prong on it, a taxes prong on it—with so many prongs on it it resembles a spiny cactus.

And through the halls of Congress resounds the hoarse cry of the Republicans: "They told us he is an altruist, an idealist, and not a politician. Not a politician! Where do they get that stuff?"

Round the Capital

A CANVASS of the Congress on the subject of light wines shows that a majority of the members think Château Yquem is the name of a village in France which the boys in the troops from their home states took so valiantly from the Germans.

There was great consternation among the seven pendulous progressives in the United States Senate when it was discovered they were all revolting for the same job.

Considerable vexation and wrathful comment was caused among the officers on duty in the Army in Washington when it was discovered that a private soldier in some strange manner was included among the officers of the newly formed soldiers' organization, most of whom are majors. The error has not been explained satisfactorily.

Constituents of senators who are desirous of getting on the Senate pay roll are greatly encouraged over the present situation. With a Republican majority of only two in the Senate it will be very easy for any majority senator to provide nicely for deserving patriots from back home. All that is necessary is a threat to bolt made to the chairman of the Committee on Patronage.

Among the wires that will not be returned are those that the friends of Gen. Leonard Wood are pulling.

Secretary Sanderson, of the Senate, newly appointed by the Republicans, is receiving congratulations on all sides. He can now go in on the Senate floor at any time, instead of being compelled to send in his card from the Marble Room, as formerly.

Woman's Suffrage is gaining converts. Several senators formerly opposed have announced their determinations to vote for it. Also, it is learned, a considerable number of women are in favor of it.

George Creel, late of the Bureau of Public Information, is to introduce to this country an English system that enables people to remember. George would do better to introduce something to make them forget.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to give the title of full admiral to Rear Admiral Sims. This is considered a highly patriotic and politically expedient thing to do, inasmuch as Sims was not born in this country and has no presidential aspirations.

Congress will be asked to come to the relief of those patriotic gentlemen who opened restaurants in Washington last fall upon assurances that the war would last to the end of this year. They claim they were deceived.

Historic Parallel

WE LEARN that a number of senators, varying from fifty-five when announced by Senator Lodge to not more than thirty when counted by Senator Hitchcock, will oppose the inclusion of the League of Nations covenant in the Treaty of Peace. They will never allow it.

Judge Ephriham Bolus, LL.D., in the course of his research in the Congressional Library for material for his thesis on the use of the first person singular in the halls of Congress during the past thirty years, read 1867 volumes of the Congressional Record. As an occasional respite from his monumental labors in classifying the users of the capital I—which comprises the entire membership—Judge Bolus devoted a share of his time to tabulating occasions on which various defiant bodies of United States senators have expressed similar determinations on critical and pressing matters of public import.

In the first place Judge Bolus discovered that there have been twenty-seven crises in the United States Senate during the past thirty years, and that not a gol-durn one of them cased. He has set down forty-seven occasions when the republic hung over the brink of the precipice, and shows that the republic didn't fall in once.

Judge Bolus points out that fifty-nine senators said the amendments to the Sherman Antitrust Law never should pass.

That forty-seven senators announced the Hepburn Rate Bill would get through only over their dead bodies; that sixty-one senators expressed similar sentiments concerning the Philippine legislation; that forty-four hoped they would drop dead before they adopted the Platt Amendment concerning Cuba.

That more than fifty said they would resign before they would vote for the reserve-bank system; that in each of the tariff debates, from the Dingley Bill on, there were numerous sections that caused the same firm and steadfast opposition.

Wherefore Judge Bolus concludes that in his opinion the League of Nations will be adopted in the late summer or early fall.

Humorous Notes

NEWTON DIEHL BAKER, Secretary of War, is a candidate for President.

Senator George Moses, of New Hampshire, recently nominated Gen. Leonard Wood for President for the Republicans, and former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis renominated President Wilson for the Democrats.

A newspaper dispatch in a New York newspaper recently mentioned Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, as a progressive.

It is reported that Secretary Redfield, of the Department of Commerce, intends to resign.

Mr. William G. McAdoo, of New York, made a speech in which he said that under United States Railroad Administrator McAdoo, of New York, the railroads were perfectly run.

Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, has subscribed to a newspaper-clipping service to keep track of his progress as a radical.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, has emerged from behind his whiskers as a magnetic, inspiring, cordial leader of the Republican Party.

Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, has come out for the proletariat.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, the unterrified progressive, and Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, the terrified conservative, are bosom friends and constant companions.

Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, thinks he may have a chance in 1920.

Financial

CHAIRMAN WILL HAYS, of the Republican National Committee, has announced he will accept no contribution in excess of $1000 for the Republican presidential campaign in 1920. Chairman Hays' firm stand on this important matter attracted wide attention. All contributions in excess of $1000 will be sent to the treasurer of the committee, as formerly.

As to Taxes

THE subject of taxes is one that concerns every citizen of the United States, both directly and indirectly, but not so much as it concerns the Republican majority in the present Congress. The estimable statesmen comprising the majority are in such aggregatedly agitated frame of mind over the present matter that the casual enunciation of the word "surtax" in the presence of any one of them causes a violent fit of trembling and apprehensive glances.

The root of the trouble seems to be that the Democrats incurred the liabilities, and then walked out on the Republicans, leaving them to arrange the pressing matter of available assets. It was quite simple, not to say patriotic, to run up a debt of twenty-odd billions of dollars during the stress of war, but it is distinctly and definitely a horse of another color to find a means for paying this debt during the distress of peace—a horse of another color on the Republicans, so to speak—and the color mostly blue.

Elaborate statements and forecasts have been printed showing the programs of the present Congress in the way of legislative enactment and reform, but these problems

(Continued on Page 45)

Columbia Grafonola

Miss Columbia Celebrates the Fourth

Surely, in all our history she and we have never had better reason to celebrate.

We're going to make this historic Fourth a day we'll long remember. And Columbia Grafonolas and Records are ready to play their patriotic part in the big celebration.

On Columbia Records you'll find all the music of victory —the glorious songs and marches that played our boys into action over there, the national anthems of our Allies, American patriotic airs from Revolutionary days to date. The Columbia Grafonola plays this inspiring music with the snap and dash of the greatest military bands. See your Columbia dealer. He will play you the latest selections on the newest Grafonolas. Then you can make your own selections and celebrate the greatest Fourth of July in our history with appropriate patriotic music.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

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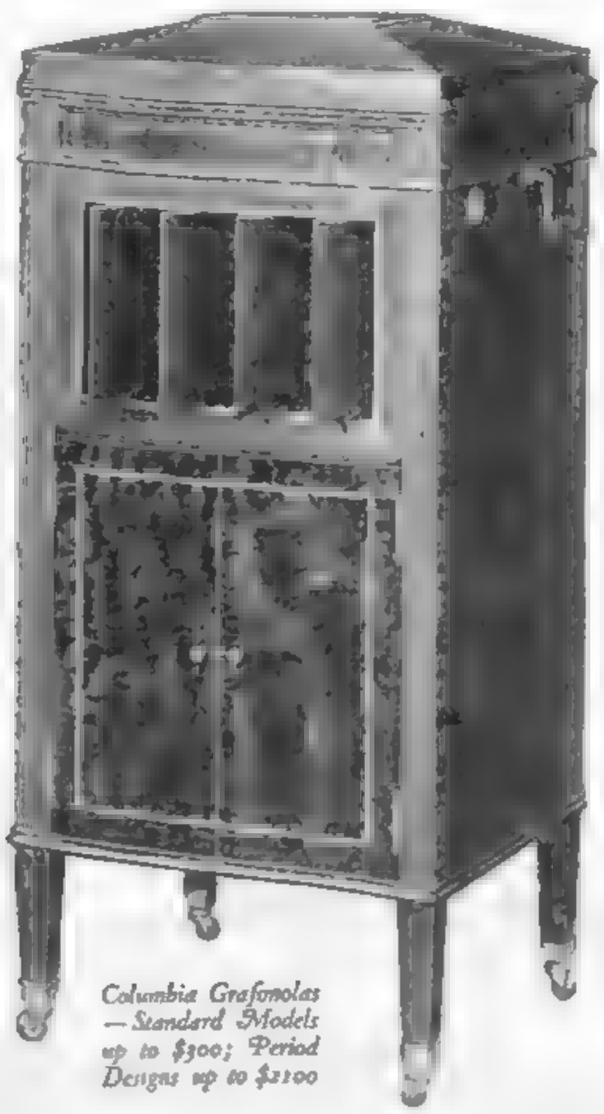

Columbia Grafonolas — Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100

(Continued from Page 43)

are minor compared to the great pressing problem that faces the Republicans, which is to relieve the tax burdens that whelm their members, and over which those members are so annoyed, and at the same time supply enough money for the four-billion-dollar budgets that must be maintained for the next twenty years. The Republicans earnestly seek to oblige their supporters and allies, and if they do oblige them they will be accused by the Democrats of repudiating the obligations of the country. The majority feels that it will be wise to refund the lately incurred national debt, and think they may provide relief by that process, but that is slow.

It is necessary to revoke some of the present taxes, else all hope of something to rattle in the cash box in the coming presidential campaign is vanished. Moreover, the boys back home are looking to this change of control in Congress for relief. That is what they changed it for. To that end the Republicans are figuring on three methods of face-saving taxation, but all the figures they have made so far give them little glee. These three methods are: An increased tariff; consumption taxes; and increases in the surtaxes and rates of the income tax. Politics is a cruel, hard taskmaster. There is a President to elect next year.

If they increase the tariff that will get them next to nothing. If they impose consumption taxes those taxes will turn out to be combustion taxes and burn them up. If they raise the income-tax rates and surtaxes they will come close to confiscation. Each way they lose, which may account for the lack of sorrow among the Democrats when the new Congress convened. In times like these it is far pleasanter to be outside than inside.

Taxes is the great issue, policy, burden, obligation, trial and travail of the majority. It transcends all other questions. It has more dynamite in it than all other questions. The Republicans must do something, and they do not know what to do. Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, speaking of this phase of the difficulties of the Republicans, said that their victory last November was Pyrrhic.

"Is that so?" asked a colleague, expressing great interest. "I thought that was something that gets to be the matter with your teeth."

Foreign News

PARIS: The belated discovery has been made by the Big Three that Machiavelli also was an Italian.

PARIS: Another open covenant which seems to be hermetically closed is the freedom of the seas.

PARIS: A scrutiny of the names of the American experts of the peace commission who resigned does not discover the name of Col. Edward M. House. It is understood that the Colonel will not desert the President in these critical hours.

PARIS: It has definitely been decided that the President's ship, the George Washington, cannot go up the River Schelde to Antwerp as proposed. However, the naval contingent at the Hotel Crillon have detailed and accurate hydrographic charts on view showing that it is entirely feasible for the George Washington to go up the North River, New York, and proceed to any convenient dock should the President desire to use the ship in that manner.

PARIS: The American secretariat has now increased in numbers so greatly that it occupies more space than the British secretariat. In commenting on this Lloyd George waggishly remarked: "It takes a democracy to become a bureaucracy."

PARIS: "I knew it would be bad over here, but I had no idea it would be so bad as it is," is a remark a Certain High Personage is said to have dropped one morning after Orlando had called.

PARIS: Much significance is attached to the change in President Wilson's Fifteenth Point, which is an interrogation point. It is noted that instead of saying "May I not?" the President now says "Will you permit me?" This is interpreted to have a direct bearing on the proposed American control of Turkey.

PARIS: Several expert propagandists have been employed to get to the French people and statesmen the knowledge that it was Germany that lost the war and that the indemnity really should be collected from Germany rather than from the Americans.

PARIS: It is understood that Japan has been persuaded to take the mandatory for China.

PARIS: Prof. Eliphalet Dingbat, a leading expert for the Americans, after an exhaustive study of the peace treaty conducted at Maxim's and the Bodega, has reached these conclusions: "There were 80,000 words in the treaty as tentatively completed. Each of these words was changed three times, making a total of 240,000 words used. Each expert wrote 3768 words on the various bearings of each word, as considered ethnologically, ethnographically, idiomatically and paleographically, and there are 11,674 experts operating in Paris. Consequently Professor Dingbat has ascertained, in the interests of science, that the total number of words written, added to the total number of words spoken, if placed end to end, would reach 197 times round the world, with enough over to provide Senator Jim Reed, of Missouri, language for a three days' speech, talking at the rate of 247 words a minute. Professor Dingbat also concludes that the German replies, when completed, will show a greater footage per mile per word, as the German language is largely polysyllabic; almost unnecessarily so, Professor Dingbat states.

PARIS: Gen. Tasker H. Bliss' personal ethnologist, Dr. Charles Francis Beegin, of Texas, attached to the American corps of experts, has not been so busily employed as his great abilities deserve. In fact the only opportunity Doctor Beegin has had to demonstrate his value as a peacemaker was when General Bliss inadvertently spoke of a certain Jugoslav as a Czechoslav. Doctor Beegin immediately advanced an exhaustive argument showing that the supracranial interstices of the person referred to by the general, when contrasted with his fallen arches, proved conclusively that the gentleman was Jugo rather than Czecho, and General Bliss, after listening to the argument, cleverly made amends for his *faux pas* by wittily observing: "All Slavs look alike to me."

PARIS: It was discovered late in April that the name of the son of a steel magnate, who is a member of the secretariat, and as daring an aviator as ever remained in the production department, who has the rank of captain, preceded the name of the son of a very wealthy brewer by two places on the official list, the son of the brewer not only having the rank of a major in the prune-pit collecting brigade but being a better dancer. This flagrant disregard of precedence, inasmuch as the brewer is twice as rich as the steel magnate, was the cause of much embarrassment to Mr. Joseph Grew, chief of the secretariat, and was also much commented upon by the international lawyers.

PARIS: The resignation of Doctor Mezes, chief of experts for the American Peace Commission in Paris, and brother-in-law of Colonel House, does not entirely deprive the Colonel of family support and counsel. The Colonel's son-in-law, Mr. Auchincloss, remains steadfast as a member of the secretariat, and his son-in-law's law partner, Mr. Miller, continues to operate interestingly as an international law expert.

Prohibition

THE action of the President in suggesting the lifting of the ban on beer and light wines was not entirely unexpected, inasmuch as New Jersey and Massachusetts have state elections this fall. Both of these states are wet.

Press Agents, Publicity and Propaganda

AN INVESTIGATION recently completed reveals the gratifying fact that every person above the grade of bureau chief who is employed or serves the public within a mile circle having the White House as its center who does not have a press agent, publicity director or propagandist on his staff is on the staff of some public servant as a press agent, publicity director or propagandist.

Any person who is singly employed in obtaining space in the newspapers calling the attention of the public to the great achievements of a public servant is a press agent. When two persons are so employed the one in charge is a publicity agent. When the number of these employees reaches three the head of the organization is a director of publicity. From four up the work becomes propaganda.

Dr. William Q. Bumpus, who has served his country faithfully in the capacity of Director of the Bureau for Useless Information, has figured out that if the output of all publicity organizations and propaganda factories in Washington during the period of the war had been dumped into the Atlantic Ocean instead of into editorial wastebaskets the flight of the naval N C planes would have been unnecessary and a large amount of money saved to the people. The aggregate product thus dumped would have provided a causeway reaching from New York to the Azores, and the aviators could have walked.

The most successful directors of publicity are those who can induce professional writers to write for nothing press and propaganda matter which the directors of publicity are paid large salaries for getting for nothing from the professional writers.

Several of the larger newspaper-clipping bureaus have moved to Washington, where the greatest demand for their product continues.

A novelty recently introduced by one director of publicity was the sending by telegraph to the newspapers in Mr. Piez's home city of a 5000-word dispatch setting forth his chief's services to his country in the emergency of the Emergency. This was to be printed on the morning the resignation was announced, and as it had been known only for three months that his chief was to quit on a certain date the telegraphing was of course quite necessary. The dispatch had added value from the fact that it appeared to have been written by Elinor Glyn, or some equally talented woman novelist. Other publicity directors, who were accustomed to send out such articles by mail, were sharply reprimanded by their superiors for not thinking of this plan themselves.

Several of the leading publicity directors in Washington have publicity directors for themselves. That is, the press agents have press agents. This innovation is hailed as a distinct advance in the art.

Until recently the newspaper clippings detailing the public services' attention to the needs of the people and advanced thoughts of the great public servants in Washington have been sent in first thing each morning to the great public servants, pasted on sheets of yellow paper. An astute Democratic politician, who must be nameless, called attention to the grave political consequences if this universal practice was called to the attention of the United Irish Societies. Hereafter green paper will be used.

There is a movement among the capable men who are responsible for the newspaper reputations of our statesmen and administrators, and who prepare statements, interviews and speeches for these advanced thinkers on the problems of the day, and write magazine articles for them to sign, to demand a higher wage scale. There is considerable justice in their demand. The publicity men are at present grossly underpaid. Hereafter the sale will be as follows:

Ordinary newspaper statement giving the views of the great man	$ 25.00
Long statement expanding same	50.00
Signed article for magazine	100.00
Short speech	25.00
Half-hour speech	50.00
Principal and featured address before national body	150.00
Book	300.00

An ingenious machine has been invented by an attaché of the White House clerical force. This machine tabulates and registers the number of times each cabinet member gets himself on the first page of the newspapers during the week, with the amount of space obtained. Not only is a pleasant rivalry thus maintained between the cabinet ministers, but the work of their various publicity departments is accurately checked.

Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois, a former editor, is the subject of much good-natured chaffing by his colleagues because Senator George Moses, of New Hampshire, grabbed a column of space in many newspapers with his nomination of Gen. Leonard Wood for President—beat Senator McCormick to it, in other words. Senator McCormick is considering a plan to get a column for himself. He may nominate somebody else.

Senator Robert M. LaFollette is not putting out much stuff about himself these days.

Opposition to the League of Nations as a medium for publicity is very popular with the statesmen. It usually makes the first page.

Former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, pulled a good one this spring. He went to the Pacific Coast, where visiting statesmen are still considered worth interviewing by the local papers, and was featured in many publications, with portrait, for several days. This was effective, kept the senator in the papers, and cost nothing but his railroad fare.

"Bring the boys home from Europe" has been overworked, and "Investigate the war" is not so effective as it was. Carrying a union card still has its appeal. Hammering a few rivets into a ship is entirely done as a publicity obtainer, but some results have been obtained by walking in parades of shipbuilders. Society ladies who were successful with war-work pictures are now turning their attention to welcoming home the boys from over there.

Messages of condolence and congratulations to influential persons continue good for a few lines.

Mayor Ole Hanson was compelled to leave for the East immediately after the strike in Seattle, but as the mayor is subject to car sickness the trip was necessarily one of many stops. This affliction of the mayor's, though distressing to him, and delaying his arrival in New York, was of great benefit to the people of San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and many other cities, inasmuch as the mayor was induced to speak in public at each place he stopped. He did not care to speak, of course, but the pressure was too strong to be resisted. Oddly enough, coincident with the mayor's tour there appeared paragraphs in many of the Western papers to the effect that he would make an excellent President of the United States. His intimate friends are telling of a remark made to Mayor Hanson by Charles M. Schwab, who said: "If I had had you working for me when I was at the head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation I might have done twice as well as I did in the newspapers."

Though it requires the trained services of a large number of men and women to write and place the magazine articles signed by the public men of Washington and elsewhere, Mr. John Barrett, of the Pan-American Union, has no such difficulty. Mr. Barrett runs a magazine of his own and thus appears in print regularly each month.

A distressing case is reported from the department of propaganda maintained by one of our leading cabinet ministers. An enthusiastic young propagandist was found

to be acting strangely, and on investigation it was discovered he believed his own propaganda. He was placed under restraint.

Propaganda is press-agenting with a college education. Any press agent who convinces his employer he is a propagandist can get forty dollars more a week. That accounts for a great share of the propaganda now being presented to the people.

Mystery Solved

MR. WALKER D. HINES, United States Railroad Administrator, has reported deficits of half a billion dollars in the operations of the railroads since the first of the year, and has informed Congress that it will take a billion two hundred thousand dollars in excess of receipts to keep the roads going until the end of 1919. This satisfactorily solves the mystery surrounding the resignation of Mr. William G. McAdoo as Secretary of the Treasury and Railroad Administrator.

Successful Revolt

THE most successful revolution in American politics has now passed into history. Everybody won. Senator Penrose is chairman of the Finance Committee, Senator Warren is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and each of the revolting progressives is well, adequately and satisfactorily placed on the Senate committees, which placing was the object of the revolution. A majority of only two in a Senate certainly does work wonders in providing jobs for revolutionists who know their strength and, knowing, dare maintain. Rarely has a more affecting scene been observed in the Senate than Senator Borah scanning the committee lists to make sure that each revolting progressive had grabbed the exact job he revolted for, protesting with tremendous sincerity that the only reason he, and the others, opposed Senator Penrose was because of the Penrose views on taxation.

The Movies

IT IS estimated that 356,923 feet of moving-picture film has been prepared showing various important Americans pinning medals and crosses on heroes. In no single instance did a camera man fail to get the pinners into the foreground of the picture.

What undoubtedly would have been a calamity was averted by the prompt action of the commanding general on the occasion of a recent visit of Secretary Daniels to the American troops along the Rhine. The Secretary, wearing his plug hat, was prepared to review several regiments of troops when it was discovered that the movie men had no films.

There was great consternation over this untoward situation, and it was at first thought that the films had been stolen by some German spy.

The commanding general, knowing full well that a review of his troops without the proper movies showing the Secretary reviewing them had no tactical or promotion value, hurriedly sent a courier to a supply depot for a new supply of films.

The films finally arrived, and the Secretary is shown in many engaging poses as he passed down the lines.

There is a movement among the assistant secretaries in the various departments to demand movie privileges once each week, instead of twice a month, as now arranged. These men argue that inasmuch as the cabinet ministers appear in the films every day they should get a crack at it once a week. The American Federation of Propagandists has taken the matter for consideration.

A school has been opened in Washington where public men will be trained to look more intelligent, if possible, when the movie operator tells them to show some action while he is filming them.

Former Secretary McAdoo stole a march on his rivals for the Democratic nomination for President. While on the Pacific Coast Mr. McAdoo was filmed in sombrero, chaps, flannel shirt and neck handkerchief. This assures him the cowboy vote.

Anecdote

IT WAS suggested by the pendulous progressives in the United States Senate while engaged in devising ways and means to defeat Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, for chairman of the Finance Committee, that it would be good politics to offer the place to Senator Townsend, of Michigan, thus, it might be, getting Senator Townsend over to their support.

This caused great consternation among the Old Guard Republicans, because they cannot afford to lose a vote, and they needed Townsend to support Penrose. They telegraphed to Senator Townsend, then in Detroit, apprising him of the plot and urging him to send them by telegraph a firm and swift and unequivocal refusal to accept the place, together with an announcement that he intended to support Penrose.

"I am greatly surprised that my name has been suggested as chairman of the Finance Committee," Senator Townsend telegraphed to the Old Guard.

"That," said Senator Lodge as he read the wire, "certainly is a firm and unequivocal refusal."

The Spoken Word

ORATORY continues to hold the public men of Washington in its enchanting sway. The music of the spoken word still charms every public servant's ear—that is, of his own spoken word. There are 26,783 eager and accomplished orators in Washington, and millions throughout the country. It required 1972 pages of the Congressional Record, set in fine type, to convey to the waiting world the oratory spilled in the final fifteen days of the session of Congress that ended on March fourth. It is conservatively estimated that the debate on the League of Nations will comprise 23,965,782 words, of which Senators Johnson, Borah, Reed and La Follette will contribute 9,564,300.

A novelty in entertainment at social functions has been introduced in Washington. Public men who are invited gather in groups in the parlors of the host and read their speeches one to the other with great declamatory effect. Much rivalry exists as to which orator shall have first chance, and ingenious expedients are adopted to gain this initial advantage.

At a pleasant gathering the other night a noted orator secured a butler's uniform and stood just inside the door as the guests entered. He craftily detained several of his rival silver-tongues in an anteroom, under pretense of caring for their coats, and before they could produce their own speeches he produced his and read it to them with great pleasure to himself. This caused much comment.

Another distinguished orator evolved even a more ingenious scheme. He substituted himself for the carriage man in the porte-cochère and read his speech to the guests as they left their automobiles.

The Four Minute Men, a body of fluent talkers trained by George Creel, have struck for more minutes. They say they must hereafter be known as Eight Minute Men, as they cannot do justice to any topic or to themselves in four minutes.

Since August 4, 1914, every orator has had a message instead of a speech to deliver It has been ascertained that there are 297,832 messages delivered in the United States every twenty-four hours.

Political Note

SENATOR KEY PITTMAN, of Nevada, is nothing if not original. Just at present he occupies a unique position among his colleagues. He says he likes President Wilson.

Great Truth

IN THE course of the discussion of last fall's election, which gave the Republicans the control of Congress, President Wilson is reported to have said: "I may have had a majority on the floor of the Congress, but I never have had one in the cloakrooms."

This remark caused considerable discussion among the senators and representatives, and the situation was summed up by a Western member, who said: "He may not have had a majority in the cloakrooms, but he certainly had a few tattletales there."

Exchanges were considered even, and the exercises concluded with the singing of a ballad by the Honorable Claude Kitchin, in a rich but somewhat throaty barytone voice, entitled: You Must Lay No Taxes on the Sunny South.

Inquiry

JUST where do the boys get off who enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at the call of the President to help make the world safe for democracy, were sent to Haiti at the beginning of the war and have been there ever since?

He saved the last COFFEE plant-

This is the story of 200 years ago, as befell the gallant French marine—De Clieux. Charged by his King to carry a cargo of coffee plants to the Isle of Martinique, his good ship was be-calmed, be-stormed and be-devilled without end. Finally he was forced to share his last precious portion of drinking water with his one last drooping and dying plant. In such manner De Clieux preserved coffee for his King.

FROM this single plant, we are told, were produced the many varieties of coffee now grown in South America. So it happens —millions of Americans are privileged to enjoy "the most *popular* of the nation's *healthful* beverages."

Coffee is the most *democratic* of drinks. It appeals alike to rich and poor—to men and women. No home so humble it cannot afford coffee. No mansion so grand it can dispense with it. Everybody drinks *coffee!*

Who can describe the irresistible fragrance of a cup of hot steaming coffee? Its aroma, its "bouquet"—its deliciously delicate, rare, smooth, tempting *piquancy?* There is no other "taste" like that of good coffee.

And who shall say that coffee will not become the social and convivial drink of the future? ***Men like it***—they drink it at breakfast—at the business luncheon—at the conference dinner—and at the club banquet.

Soon we shall have "coffee houses"—where men and women, too, may congregate and toast their friends in a cup of rare good coffee. And—it is well!

Coffee—*the Universal drink*

(Copyright 1919 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States.)

THE moment you recognize the difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives—you know, also, why it is making such wonderful records in standing up, and in economical mileage. Superiority so marked as that which shows itself unmistakably in the first ten minutes can only come from quality deeply embedded in design, in material, and in construction.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

Sales Force Plus Trade Union

By James H. Collins

ON ONE of the heaviest traffic streets in Brooklyn three different types of pavement had been tried during ten years, at a cost of ten dollars a square yard, only to be ground to pieces by the heavy traffic. In the belief of certain manufacturers a special type of pavement was needed to stand up under the traffic. That type was the granite block, of which these manufacturers were producers.

But there was a distinct handicap against their product. As cut in the quarries at that time granite blocks were not sufficiently uniform to lay a smooth pavement. Only by careful workmanship, cutting to within three-eighths of an inch, could a smooth pavement be laid.

These manufacturers had a field secretary who tackled the problem from a new human angle. Granite blocks were cut at the quarries by organized workmen. The field secretary first called upon the president and secretary of the union, and made clear the difficulty confronting their employers in selling granite blocks. He showed how greater accuracy in cutting would not only assist in landing contracts but ultimately increase the use of that particular paving product. At the same time it would give more economical pavement on heavy-traffic streets, because costs would be decreased per square yard per year.

The union officials saw the point at once. They called a meeting, let the field secretary tell his story to the membership and approved his views. Then a delegation of union members was taken to view the Brooklyn street, and made a report, and that union went solidly to work to make granite blocks of such accuracy that they could be used for the paving job.

Cases of Constructive Teamwork

IN A LITTLE while blocks were coming out of the quarries cut to unheard-of accuracy. The contract was let, granite blocks were specified and the laying began.

Whereupon another difficulty arose:

Paving contractors took those beautifully accurate granite blocks and laid them so hurriedly that on the first short stretch of pavement completed there were gaps between the blocks wide enough for the insertion of one's finger. This gave a rough street, and nullified all the block cutters' pains to get uniformity of height.

The paving workers had their union—two of them in fact, one made up of pavement layers and the other of paving rammers. Mister Field Secretary got in touch with officers of both unions, and their practical common sense was enlisted behind the problem. The granite-block cutters' union sent its delegation to the paving unions and explained the proposition. This was something more than an ordinary job—manufacturers and workmen with a direct bread-and-butter interest in the improvement of their product had set out to demonstrate that it was better than anything else for its particular purpose.

That granite pavement is still giving splendid service in Brooklyn, and the field secretary can take you over there and show you—first some rough granite blocks of the kind turned out by the quarrymen before they became interested in helping sell their product; and then a short stretch of accurately cut granite, unevenly laid by the unsuspecting pavement workers in the beginning; and then the smooth granite surface with blocks all of a height, and smoothly laid shoulder to shoulder, stretching for miles.

This field secretary has since put through several interesting undertakings of the same sort, working with union men, not merely to impart the selling point of view but also to get for the guidance of manufacturers the point of view of the wage earner who is handling those matters every day. Starting as a stenographer and working in various industries where unions are strong and differences between employer and employees sometimes intense, he learned early in the game that much labor trouble turns on differences of viewpoint, that both employers and workers have information helpful to each other, and that if they can both look at the proposition through the same spectacles it is often easy to find points of plain business agreement. An interesting thing was his discovery in working with engineers that the latter, intent chiefly on technical problems, have a tendency to lump labor with materials and processes, and blindly route the human workers in channels—and then wonder why men differ from materials and machines when it comes to getting results.

Along came the war, and this field secretary found himself studying the selling problems of the metal-lath manufacturers. Uncle Sam had jumped into the big job of building the army cantonments. From one end of the country to the other carpenters were mobilized, and the hammer and saw were heard constructing emergency barracks of wood—and wood alone. It was admitted that these barracks might burn—in fact, some of them did burn—but the pressure for speed was so great and the advantages of wooden barracks seemed so manifest that the job went ahead regardless.

Manufacturers of metal lath maintained, however, that their product, applied to timber framework, and coated with stucco, could be thrown into barracks with just as much speed, at hardly any greater cost, and that the result would be fire-resisting cantonments of much longer life, with marked advantages in cleanliness. But in the hurry at Washington it seemed difficult to obtain a satisfactory official hearing.

The journeymen lathers' union was about to hold its annual convention. Mister Field Secretary went to the meeting, got permission to talk to the delegates, outlined the situation, and an open forum was started to discuss the question: What can the metal-lath manufacturers do to help journeymen lathers deliver better results on the job? Delegate after delegate rose and spoke of his own experience with metal lath. Every man was earnestly opposed to the lighter weights of metal lath, because they always gave him trouble. First, they were hard to erect, owing to the tendency to buckle, and took more time than the heavier-weight metal lath and other forms of lathing material; second, when the lather's job with this light-weight material was finished the plasterer found difficulty in doing his work, reproached the lather, and called him back to make repairs. As an upshot that convention declared that the biggest improvement manufacturers could make would be in abolishing their light-weight products and confining themselves to the sturdier medium and heavy-weight types.

When manufacturers were told about this they frankly admitted that light-weight metal lath had been made to sell at a price to meet competition. The journeymen lathers' criticism had revealed a shortcoming in their own trade standards and organization. They took steps to eliminate foolish competition and improve their products all along the line.

Then the lathers' union began to work on Washington. They did not endeavor to put over anything through political influence or voting power. With a country at war that seemed unfair. Besides, the technical facts in the case were so strong they told their own story.

A census taken through local unions over the country showed that there were hundreds of lathers and plasterers unemployed, whereas carpenters were all busy at war wages. These figures, together with straight engineering data about the advantages of metal-lath and stucco construction for emergency buildings like the cantonments, were then taken by the union officials to the War Department. The union spent its own good money to gather information, and was successful in obtaining a hearing. Shortly afterward metal lath and stucco were specified for partial building of a new cantonment, a wooden barrack and a stucco building alternating side by side throughout the job, with figures showing costs and construction speed. The stucco buildings were finished just as quickly as the wooden ones, because lathers and plasterers had a selling interest in demonstrating their skill, and the cost amounted to only about five per cent more than that of wooden buildings.

Wood Carvers Who Advertise

SOME time after the unions demonstrated their skill with the Brooklyn granite pavement the city of Yonkers contemplated tearing up a stretch of old rough-granite blocks, substituting a smoother pavement of an admittedly less durable type. This came to the attention of the president of the pavers' international union, who went to the city fathers of Yonkers with a business proposition.

"Our local union," said he, "offers the time of its members to the city without charge to take up a stretch of those old granite blocks, cut them in two, form new heads to give an even surface, and relay them, as a sample of what can be done. We will also buy the cement. It isn't going to cost the city anything."

That Yonkers street is to-day a smooth section of granite blocks, a practical illustration of what a labor union can do when it sets out to help the sales force. The sample stretch was laid, approved, and the contract carried out as per sample—and the city saved from $1.25 to $1.50 a square yard over the estimated cost of the less durable pavement it had planned to lay.

The selling viewpoint is not a monopoly of the employer.

One of the smallest and most enterprising workers' organizations in this country is the International Wood Carvers' Association, with about a thousand members. Wood carving is an old artistic craft, with valuable contributions of skill and quality to make to the manufacture of household and office furniture, moldings, mantels, interior decorations and many other articles of wood. This craft has suffered from the competition of composition wood and machine reproduction as well as the factory tendency toward poor taste in design. The idea of a trade organization's assessing its one thousand members twenty cents a week for an advertising fund to lay before well-to-do people who are building and furnishing homes the merits of honest old-fashioned wood carving seems rather far-fetched. If anyone had the acumen to see that selling angle of good design, and apply the stimulus of present-day advertising to its development of wood carving, surely it would be the manufacturers in some of these lines. Not so, however; the idea originated with the wood carvers themselves, and has been discussed recently in their official bulletin. The leader in the movement is Montague Webber, business manager of the wood carvers' Detroit

branch, and shortly, with the coöperation of some New York advertising men, a modest beginning will be made to test the idea.

Among other characteristic American inventions that helped win the war was the little storage-battery electric truck for hauling stuff round factories, docks and freight houses. The first European purchasing commissions discovered this device as soon as they came to America, and promptly sent it abroad to save man power in the munition works.

To-day New York is struggling with an overwhelming congestion of ocean freight, due to ship shortage and enormous foreign demand for our goods. Among other labor-saving devices that have been tried to relieve congestion is the electric truck.

But in more than one instance recently these electric trucks have been pointed toward the end of a dock, started without a driver, and run off into the harbor, behind the back of the boss.

"If we let these damn things get a foothold here," seems to be the philosophy of the dock workers, "they will do us out of our jobs."

Among the many live business associations that were formed during the war is one made up of manufacturers of just such devices for handling materials—electric trucks, cranes, handling systems, belt and gravity conveyors, lifts, bunkering machinery, and the like. This association handed over a brand-new job to the field secretary who had enlisted the labor unions on the selling side of granite-block pavement and metal-lath cantonments. He has been given what might be called the prejudice division of the industry. His name is Zenas W. Carter. He has an office in New York City. There is absolutely nothing slick about either himself or his methods. After getting the broadest human view of such a situation, and backing it up with plain business facts, absolutely eliminating all the theory and the argument, he proceeds to lay the facts before everybody interested.

Cheapness Through Efficiency

Not all the prejudice against labor-saving dock devices is found among the dock workers, by any means. We are building a large ocean merchant marine and asking American business men to operate it in the carrying of at least fifty per cent of our world trade. Many of these business men complain pessimistically about handicaps in higher American wages. On the Great Lakes American freighters manned by high-wage crews carry ore, grain and coal one thousand miles for fifty cents a ton, and make a profit. Where an ocean vessel may operate all the year round the lake freighter has a season of only eight months. No ocean rate in the world is so low as that for carrying a ton of ore from Duluth to Conneaut, Ohio—Secretary Redfield says that it would make a Norwegian tramp steamer go out of business in despair. This feat in transportation is achieved through labor-saving devices for loading and unloading lake freighters. Through the installation of similar devices in our ocean ports it is certain that we can effect the same economies and overcome all the handicaps. But the conservative ocean-shipping man insists that his conditions are different. He balks at even beginning to think about the application of automatic devices to his peculiar requirements. He sticks to some methods of handling cargoes originated by the Phœnicians, and growls about costs. Brought to a state of mind where he will admit that automatic machinery may be a solution of American merchant-marine problems he objects: "Oh, well, even so, the machinery would soon be installed by all the foreigners; and there you are!"

There is nothing particularly new in the distrust of labor-saving machinery by working people. Their fears have driven them to fight and destroy devices ever since the first power looms and grain harvesters. It is a problem not of the New York docks or of to-day, but of working people all over the world the past century or more. There is apparently reason to fear—automatic machinery actually displaces workers in many cases. But it displaces them only for a time, and ultimately the benefits are so many and direct that to get the facts before workers is really doing them a favor and furthering their interests.

In the great ocean-freight congestion at New York to-day dock workers handling goods by sheer muscle often labor ten and twelve hours a day. They are well paid for overtime, and the extra money in the pay envelope looks like a benefit. But if there is one thing plain to the laborer handling barrels of flour and bags of sugar by sheer muscle it is that muscle and strength must sometime play out, and that overtime at hard physical tasks shortens life and impairs health and strength. The narrowing effect upon family and social life is too obvious to require any argument; manual laborers have their own measures for such limitations no less than the trained student of sociology and fatigue strains.

After the first adjustments have been made to labor-saving machinery the traffic always rises enormously, bringing easier and pleasanter work, with shorter hours and better pay. The world has to-day infinitely more cloth, and cheaper, with more and better paid weavers, as a consequence of the power loom, and more food through agricultural machinery.

Typesetting machinery and the perfecting press have made work for more printers and given us more publications. Accounting machinery has increased office forces everywhere, and made possible bigger business through more and better business facts. The automobile threatened to make the horse extinct, but like the railroad it has really made work for more horses, and made horse breeding a more profitable industry than ever before

The installation of automatic cargo machinery at our ports calls for skillful gathering and presentation of such basic facts. Mr. Carter is now rounding up the facts, and when he has them they will be laid before dock workers and union officials

"There is nothing that men and women engaged in hard manual work see quicker than a clean statement of facts," he says. "Nor is there anything that they sense quicker than an attempt to put something over. They are keener in detecting a joker than the so-called intellectual classes."

One of the first big facts about automatic handling machinery is that it frees the human body from drudgery. Practical demonstrations of this have been made on the New York docks. First, a simple gravity carrier is laid flat along some stretch over which men have been carrying boxes on their shoulders or trundling them with trucks. The gravity carrier is just a ladder-like device with rollers instead of rungs, and boxes laid on the rollers can be pushed along quickly and easily. Dock workers do not require much more than a morning to see the benefit of that in terms of relieved muscles. Then the gravity carrier is tilted, and boxes rolled down an incline, and this leads to the installation of other body-freeing devices.

The element of fatigue in muscular work has lately been measured pretty definitely, not only in the amount of work that a strong human being can do in a given number of hours but in terms of increased percentages of accidents and injuries hour by hour as people grow tired. These are facts that can be demonstrated as surely as the weight of a case of goods, or its length, or breadth, or height—for they are arrived at by measurements, just like weights and dimensions.

"I agree with you that machinery will displace some manual workers," says Mr. Carter to the dock laborers. "But it will be only for a time. Ultimately the more economical handling of freight will increase the volume, and there will be work for more people at higher wages. It will be pleasanter work because less tiring. It will be work concentrated in shorter hours, and the people who do it will live longer and have more time for their families and for self-improvement."

A much broader aspect of this situation is found in the development of world trade looming up just ahead. With a merchant marine building, and demand all over the globe for American goods, American markets for other nations' raw materials, and American investments and engineering to open up their resources, we suddenly find that it is necessary to train people in a hundred technicalities connected with world trade. The simplest ocean shipment calls for papers relating to the goods, freight rates, classification, insurance, tariffs. We find that such details have been handled chiefly by men trained in other countries, and that we must send thousands of our railroad and dock employees to school for short practical technical courses. The same situation exists in the operation of docks and terminals at home, the stowing and navigation of ships, the unloading and handling of American cargo in foreign boats.

"Back to school!" is the basic slogan of American world trade, and the facts of this situation require clear presentation to dock workers.

Chances to Get Better Jobs

To-day Bill Jones, lifting 280-pound bales of Manila hemp by sheer strength, may be getting good wages for eight hours' work, plus three hours' overtime. To-morrow when that hemp is handled automatically there will be a good deal more of it, and Bill Jones, sitting in the cab of an electric crane or conveyor, will work eight hours operating electric switches, and find himself physically fresh and mentally keen at quitting time. If he is disposed to study he can fit himself to be a foreman or superintendent, because automatic cargo machinery will make more places for men with technical and supervising knowledge. Instead of a blind-alley job on the docks, to be narrowly watched and nursed, he may become a terminal manager at one of our seaports or be sent abroad to supervise cargo handling on American lines. If he himself does not rise to new opportunities his sons certainly will, for they will be living in a new world of opportunity.

An electric truck stands on a New York dock. There are two ways of looking at it, from a dock worker's standpoint. If he views it narrowly as something likely to do him out of a job, throwing over the switch and heading it for the dock end is a very human thing to do. But if he sees embodied in that electric truck a world trade which may increase our industrial activities as magically as the automobile business—if he sees that his teamwork is needed on the selling side of world trade—if he sees as a plain business proposition that modern cargo machinery can lift him out of the ranks of the muscle workers and make him a skilled worker—if it offers him a supervising job and a salary instead of a wage envelope—then he will have grasped the selling aspects of world trade, and, like the granite-block cutters, the pavers and rammers, the journeymen lathers and other organized workmen, he will probably be for it, and throw his weight on the selling side.

Is sediment shortening the life of your engine?

19 places where sediment damages important parts

HOW long will your engine stand up? Will it be in good condition after 50,000 miles of hard driving or badly worn out after only 10,000 miles?

Cars that must be laid up frequently for engine repairs are sure to be short lived. The continual need of valve grinding, the need for new bearings, for new piston rings and small parts is a danger signal of more serious trouble to come.

Yet many cars run for 15,000 miles without need of overhauling. These are the cars which will be on the road after 50,000 miles of running. Invariably such cars are properly lubricated, for good lubrication is the best insurance against engine troubles.

Why ordinary oil fails to protect you

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. Large quantities of black sediment, which has *no lubricating value*, are formed. This foreign matter crowds out the good oil from the pistons and other fast moving parts, permitting rapid wear. The parts it damages are listed in the center of the page.

Where sediment damages engines

1. Cylinder walls
2. Pistons
3. Piston rings
4. Wristpins
5. Wristpin bearings
6. Crankshaft main bearings
7. Crankshaft
8. Connecting-rod bearings
9. Connecting-rods
10. Valves
11. Valve seats
12. Valve cams
13. Cam shaft bearings
14. Cam shaft
15. Timing gears
16. Ignition drive shaft bearings
17. Generator shaft bearings
18. Oil circulating pump
19. Spark plugs

Damage to these parts is responsible for 90% of engine troubles. This is the hidden toll taken by sediment.

Solving the sediment problem

After years of experiment, Veedol engineers evolved a new method of refining by which a lubricant is produced which resists heat. This—the famous Faulkner process—is used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the scientific lubricant.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running

The striking superiority of Veedol over ordinary oil is clearly illustrated by the two bottles below. The left-hand bottle of ordinary oil contains seven times as much sediment as Veedol. Veedol, shown in the right-hand bottle, reduces sediment 86%.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces loss by evaporation in your engine to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Make this test

Drain out the old oil in your crankcase and wash thoroughly as directed in the pictures below. A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both gasoline and oil.

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock.

The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY

910 Bowling Green Building, New York

1. *Drain used oil from crankcase*
2. *Fill the crankcase with kerosene*
3. *Run engine very slowly, 30 seconds on its own power*
4. *Drain all kerosene. Refill with one quart Veedol, turn engine over ten times and drain again*
5. *Refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol*

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Write for Miss Yackey's Calorie Cook Book—it's free. Gives 52 recipes for preparing macaroni, spaghetti and noodles in delightful ways. Special calorie charts and guide providing proper diet for children, growing youths, invalids, convalescents and athletes.

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No coaxing needed. Old and young are always ready with a welcome for Golden Age Americanized Macaroni. Light, sustaining, easily digested—the ideal hot weather food.

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Modern Macaroni Makers

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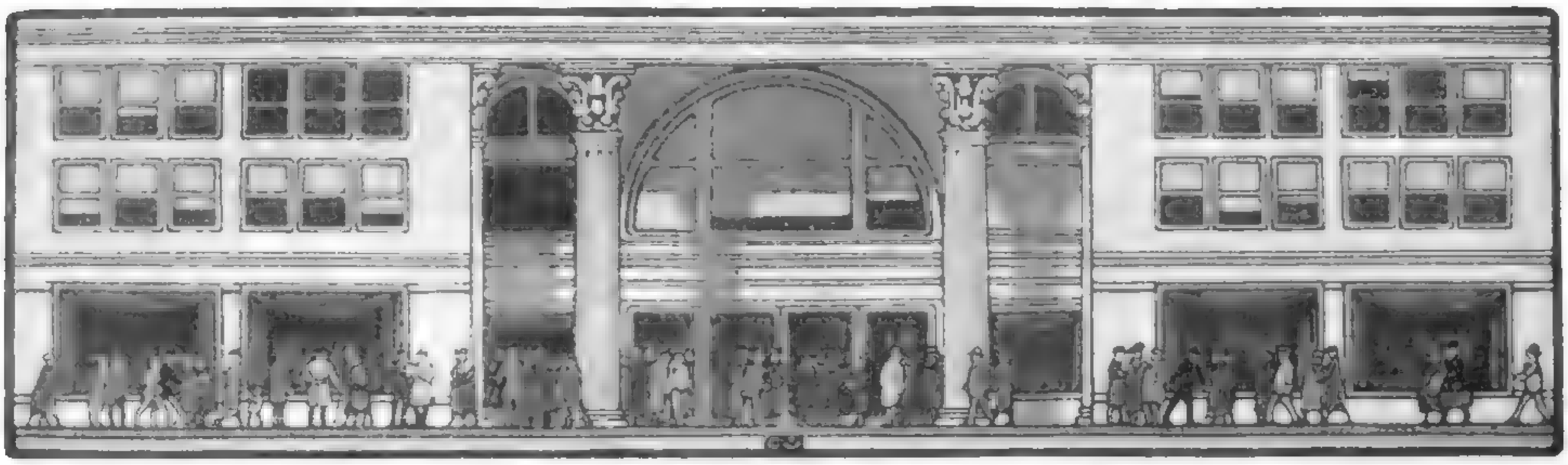

By J. R. SPRAGUE

THE head of a wholesale jewelry concern in New York was concerned over the account of a customer in a Southern city. This retailer had been doing business with the house for a number of years and had always been a liberal buyer of the finer grades of merchandise. But for some time he had been slow in his payments, and was getting slower all the while.

The wholesaler made inquiries among other firms in the trade and learned that the Southern merchant was not paying anyone promptly. He usually settled his bills with notes instead of cash and frequently had to renew the notes as they fell due. And when a merchant loses all his cash discounts and pays interest charges besides, he is in a bad fix. It was no wonder the New York wholesaler was disturbed, for the Southern jeweler owed his house more than twelve thousand dollars. He decided that it was a case for personal investigation, and accordingly got on the train to go and see for himself what was the matter.

The New Yorker had never been in the Southern town before and as he rode from the station to his hotel on the morning of his arrival he looked round interestedly. The census credited the town with fifty thousand population; it was therefore on the border line between town and city. There were two office buildings each ten stories high in the center of the business section, and from them the sky line fell off in either direction to two and three story buildings, some of them wooden. There was one department store occupying a hundred-foot front with modern show windows trimmed by a professional window dresser, and next door was a racket store whose old-fashioned windows had not been washed in three months. On opposite corners stood two drug stores.

One was so up to date that it was hardly a drug store at all; it had a tile floor, cigar counter on one side of the entrance, a thirty-foot soda counter on the other side, and the drugs and medicines in a little space in the rear, past the clustered ice-cream tables. The rival establishment on the other corner still clung to its old-fashioned square soda fountain, its round-topped show cases, and its three-story bottle in the window. It was a drug store of the old school, even to the smell.

The Wholesaler's Diagnosis

THE New Yorker did not go to his customer's store at once, but knocked round town a while sizing up the business opportunities of the community in which he had a twelve-thousand-dollar interest.

The retailer who owed him money had a good location in the principal business block, and the New York man stopped a few minutes before going in, to look over the window display. Certainly the window trimming showed that the retailer was not neglecting his business, whatever other reason might be the cause of his financial trouble. In one window was a handsome solid silver tea service, polished and shiny as the day it left the factory, and in the other window were some platinum bar pins and wrist watches, arranged attractively on a background of black velvet.

The wholesaler went in and asked for the proprietor. While waiting he looked with experienced eye over the store. The place was kept in immaculate fashion, the merchandise well arranged, and the three salespeople looked wide-awake and cordial. It was perhaps five minutes before the proprietor came down from his private office. The two men had never met before, as the retailer had always bought from a traveling salesman, and he started nervously when the wholesaler introduced himself. When a storekeeper owes twelve thousand dollars, all past due, and the creditor suddenly appears it usually means something more than a neighborly call. But the wholesaler put the younger man at ease with his first words.

"Don't get scared," he said. "I haven't come all this distance to tell you that you have got to pay me this minute; I have come to see if we can't plan together some way to get you on a better foundation. Put on your hat and come over to the hotel, where we can talk without being interrupted.

"According to the statement you sent us recently," the wholesaler said when they had settled themselves in his hotel room, "your stock invoices about forty thousand dollars, and your total indebtedness is about twenty thousand. It is a pretty heavy load for a merchant to carry debts equal to half of what he has got, but it is not a hopeless situation by any means. Of course when a man owes as large a percentage as that he is at the mercy of his creditors, because if anyone gets ugly and demands his money right away the retailer must put on a forced sale to raise the cash; and no stock of merchandise will bring more than fifty cents on the dollar when it has to be turned into money right now. But in your case I have no intention of demanding my twelve thousand dollars at once, and I assume your other creditors will be equally reasonable.

"Now I have been walking round town this morning and sort of sizing up its business possibilities, because we wholesalers have to consider a man's community as well as his capital and personal ability when determining how far it is safe to go in the matter of credit. If, for instance, your town depended on one big industrial plant for its principal income the merchants would not be so good a credit risk as those in a town that gets its living from a number of dissimilar sources. There is always the possibility that the one big plant may close down, in which case the local merchants would entirely fill the classification of blown-up suckers.

"But your town is all right in that respect; your manufacturing is well diversified, and nearly half of your income is derived from the surrounding farming territory. Yet you are not a rich man's community. I dropped in on a banker this morning for a talk and he told me that there are only four individuals in the community who are rated at more than a million dollars and less than thirty who are worth a hundred thousand or more. The vast majority of people who come into your store are wage earners or people in very moderate circumstances.

"Now I believe your troubles have come from the fact that you haven't studied your town and got a correct idea of what can and cannot be sold here. Take the goods you are displaying in your show windows to-day: In one window the sole decoration is a solid silver tea set worth three hundred dollars; in the other there are some wrist watches and bar pins, the cheapest article shown being priced at fifty dollars. There is nothing in your window display to interest the machinist out at the railroad shops or the girl from the country who has saved up some change from her egg and chicken money.

"While I was waiting inside your store I looked round and it seemed to me that your whole stock ran too much to high-priced merchandise. You evidently have made up your mind to get the high-class trade of your community, which is a good thing; but don't forget that there are a thousand people here who are possible customers for five-dollar articles where there is one person able to spend a hundred dollars any time he feels like it.

"In a town of this size the rich people are the merchant's greatest source of danger. That may seem a queer statement, but I think I can show you how it works out. Take your own line of business. Twenty years ago the family worth two or three hundred thousand dollars lived about like anyone else in the community; they owned a nicer house and kept a man to take care of the horses and do the work round the place, but those were the only visible signs of wealth. But then the sons and daughters began to grow up and go away to fashionable schools; the rest of the family got in the habit of taking trips to the big cities and bringing home expensive things they had bought in the metropolitan stores."

A Constructive Criticism

"YOU began to worry about the high-priced articles the people who ought to be your customers were buying away from home; you figured that you ought to carry some of those extravagant things and get some of the rich folks' easy money. At the bottom there was a lot of vanity in it too. You could not bear to think of someone saying, 'Oh yes, he is a very reliable little man and we often buy simple things there, but, of course, he doesn't carry the really fine articles one wants.'

"You blame your townspeople for going to New York or Philadelphia to spend their big money; but it is pretty hard to sell extreme and expensive merchandise anywhere unless you can offer your customer a great number of pieces to select from.

"The secret of the big city stores' success lies largely in the atmosphere they are able to create. Customers are carried off their feet by the lavish displays. A person surrounded by half a million dollars' worth of expensive merchandise is sort of hypnotized and at the mercy of the salesman.

"And so I say the small-town storekeeper's great source of danger lies in yielding to the temptation of buying merchandise that he cannot sell. I can see exactly how it worked out in your own case. You kept adding to your stock of expensive goods, hoping in time to be able to control the rich people's trade. After a while you got so stocked up with high-priced merchandise and owed so much money for it that you weren't in position to buy the popular everyday selling stuff that you actually needed. In looking over your stock I should estimate that you have about thirty thousand dollars' worth of expensive articles which sell once in a while, and ten thousand dollars' worth of everyday bread-and-butter goods. The proportions ought to be reversed.

"You can't go along under present conditions. There simply isn't enough wealthy trade in your town to warrant your carrying so many expensive goods, and you haven't a complete enough selection of popular-priced articles to attract the average buyers. Here is what I am willing to do to help put you on a better footing: We will go through your stock and pick out ten thousand dollars' worth of the high-priced goods which you have bought from my house; these goods I will take back at their cost price less ten per cent. I am entitled to that discount because of the expense I shall be put to, and because some of the articles are a little shopworn; this will give you a credit of nine thousand dollars. I will send our traveling man here during the next few days and you can order that amount of medium-priced popular-selling merchandise.

"This will put your stock more in line with the buying power of your community. You will probably miss having people come in and tell you that your store reminds them of Fifth Avenue, but after all it will be more fun to sit

down every first of the month to write out checks in payment of all your accounts and earn your cash discounts."

The merchant did as he was advised and in a year's time was on a solid footing. He had got his business into conformity with his possible customers. He still carries a reasonable selection of high-priced merchandise, but more than three-fourths of his stock is aimed at the buying power of the people who can afford to spend five or ten dollars after they have paid their necessary living expenses.

This Southern merchant represents a surprisingly large proportion of storekeepers who are going against the current simply because they have not made a real effort to know just what their communities can absorb. Large retail concerns do not ordinarily make this mistake because the buyers are hired men who have to temper their enthusiasm by a necessity for making their departments profitable in order to hold their jobs. But the small merchant who does his own buying is accountable to no one but his creditors, and they are usually a long way off. And some men are so constituted that a bill of goods bought on three months' time seems almost like getting it as a free gift.

Last January the writer talked with the head of a department in a large retail concern who was worried because he had carried into the new year two hundred dollars' worth of Christmas novelties, which would have to be packed away until the following December. His purchase of these goods had amounted to about two thousand dollars, but the management had let him know emphatically that it was not business to have ten per cent of any line left over.

Round the corner was a small merchant who also had bought some of the line—about eight hundred dollars' worth. "Oh, yes, I did pretty well with those goods," he told the writer. "Of course I carried about a third of them over, but there were enough of them sold to pay the bill, and what is left is clear profit. I can get rid of them next Christmas all right."

The concern which had blamed its buyer for getting stuck with ten per cent of his purchase is capitalized at a million dollars; the man round the corner who was satisfied to carry one-third packed away for nearly a year would possibly be worth twenty thousand if all his debts were paid.

A Successful Gift Shop

MERE population statistics do not give an adequate idea of the business opportunities that may exist in any town or city. A small city near a large one is usually a poor one from the retailer's standpoint. Western towns usually do much more business than those of the same population in the East, because there is less big-city competition. But certain sections have specialties for which they will spend money surprisingly. Virginia buys far more solid silver tableware according to its population and wealth than any other state; California uses more than its proportion of diamonds; clothing merchants from other sections would be amazed to know how many men's wide-brimmed felt hats at twenty-five dollars apiece can be sold in the smallest Texas towns.

One of the most striking examples of the value of a merchant's studying the buying qualities of his community lies in the success of a certain retail store in a Middle Western town.

This successful store is peculiar in that practically the whole stock is composed of articles suitable for gifts. The arrangement of stock also is peculiar; instead of having separate departments for each kind of merchandise the store is divided into sections according to price. There is a dollar section, a two-dollar section, a five-dollar section, and so on.

"I opened up here about five years ago," the proprietor told the writer, "mainly because I did not have enough money to tackle the big city. My ten-thousand-dollar capital was not enough to stock up a store in the high-rent district where I should be in direct competition with the big concerns, and so I thought of my present location.

"Business men told me I was making a mistake in locating in a suburban town; that the merchant in such a place is handicapped by his nearness to the city and about all he can hope to get is a little pick-up business which people don't think worth going to the big stores for.

"I studied the town thoroughly. It is a manufacturing community of about forty thousand inhabitants, with the majority of the workers earning fairly good salaries.

"There were not many wealthy people in the town, though some of the factory executives drew large salaries. There was no retired class with money because the town itself was young, practically all the manufacturing enterprises having located there within the past twenty years. In walking round the streets I was impressed with the great number of young people.

"And just because it was a young people's town and because there was a small proportion of wealthy families I decided that it was the place for me with my limited capital. To begin with, I would not be tempted to tie up my money in high-priced merchandise hoping to capture the rich man's business. And I realized the advantages which a storekeeper has in a town where there are thousands of young people earning money.

"I had always noticed in the stores where I had been employed as salesman that people under thirty give and receive gifts in far greater proportion than after that age. Below thirty it touches no sensitive spot to remember a person's birthday. There are graduations; young men and women do their courting, which process calls for more money to be spent in gifts than all other events of life put together; they get married, and all friends who are worthy of the name must send gifts. And in a young people's town more babies are born in proportion to the population than elsewhere, which also makes for intensive gift buying. If my diagnosis was correct here was a town to open up in and capitalize on the tendency of young people to give and receive gifts.

"It takes less money for a merchant to make a showing when he specializes on gift articles, because he does not have to keep so many articles of one kind. But gift selling requires a different kind of salesmanship, and about my hardest job was to impress this fact on my clerks. When a man comes in and says he wants to look at a vacuum bottle, two-quart size, it does not mean particularly that he wants to buy that especial article. He merely mentioned that so as not to appear awkward. And if the clerk says, 'I am very sorry, but we are out of the two-quart size,' the customer will probably turn round and go out because he can't think of anything else to ask for."

How Lathrop Won Out

"IT TOOK me months to teach my clerks that what such a customer really wants is something about the same price as a vacuum bottle, two-quart size; and that the proper thing to do is to lead him up to a show case where there is a collection of such priced merchandise, and let nature take its course. Nine times out of ten when a person sets out to buy a gift for someone the only thing he has decided on is the amount of money he wants to spend. He can be sold almost anything, just so it is marked at his figure."

Recently the writer asked the head of a large Western wholesale concern, which handles clothing and men's goods and has customers in half a dozen states, what he considered the cause of most retail failures. After a few moments of thought he answered about as follows: "According to the commercial agencies and according to our own records more business men fail through lack of capital than from any other reason. But lack of capital is such a broad term that it covers a multitude of reasons. When a man's creditors close down on him because he doesn't pay his bills it is, of course, lack of capital that causes his downfall, because if he did have the capital he would pay what he owes and not fail at all. A man who has ability and conducts his business on sensible lines can usually get capital.

"Most failures start way back somewhere through a man's trying to do business on some wrong principle; and I should say that one of the most common mistakes lies in trying to sell his customers merchandise that they don't want. We have on our books right now a pretty good example of what I am trying to explain.

"About five years ago we began to get small mail orders from a merchant whom I will call Lathrop. I had never heard of him before but he was located in our trade territory, in a town of about twenty thousand population, and I told our salesman to call on him when next making the town. The mail orders had always been shipped C. O. D., but presuming the merchant would want to buy on our regular terms if we sold him any considerable amount I looked him up in the credit agencies to see how far I could safely go. From the reports it appeared that I could not safely sell him anything except for cash in advance. His record showed that he had formerly been in business in a Southern city and failed; his creditors had got fifty cents on the dollar. It had been apparently an honest failure, because he had turned everything over to his creditors, but he had come West to try it over again with practically no capital and, worse still, no credit.

"I told my traveling man to call on him when in the town but not to try to sell him anything; I wanted him to size the merchant up and then report back to me. Some wholesalers let their traveling men accept orders from anyone, and afterward the house decides whether it will ship the goods or not. I have always been careful not to make this mistake, because nothing makes an enemy quicker than to solicit business from a man and then write him that his credit is no good. When a man starts in business in our territory whose credit is doubtful I merely watch his progress from a safe distance; if after a while he looks like a winner we go after his business on regular terms. When our traveler once takes an order there is never any question about the goods' being shipped.

"After watching Lathrop a few months I decided that he was at least a good sporting chance and told our traveler to sell him about five hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit.

"I gave Lathrop sixty days' time on his first order. When the bill fell due he sent a check for half, together with a straightforward letter stating that he had been disappointed in his cash receipts but would try to send the balance within a couple of weeks. And sure enough, he sent in the money at the end of that time. So far he was acting like a regular business man, and I concluded to go down to his town to decide definitely how far I wanted to go with him.

"Lathrop's store occupied a corner location, a block away from the high-rent district, and I found him writing letters with the top of a show case as a writing desk, from which point it was handy to dash to the assistance of any clerk who might be having trouble in landing a sale. And in the conversation that followed he was interrupted a dozen times by such business trips.

"The first thing I wanted to know about was that former failure of his back in Tennessee. Before risking any more money on him I wanted to find out whether it had taught him what not to do or if he might make the same mistakes over again.

"'I guess the reason I failed,' he said, 'was partly vanity, and partly because I didn't understand my town. I wanted to do business in the grand manner. I had a vision of myself as the proprietor of a high-class establishment such as I had seen on my trips to the big cities, where the proprietor sits in a handsome private office and directs things. And so I had a balcony built at the rear of the store where I had my desk, and I paid a lot of money to have a scientific accounting system installed. By this system I could tell any time at ten minutes' notice just how much merchandise I had in stock, what each department invoiced, how much money I owed, how much money my customers owed me, and all sorts of other information.

"'I never went down on the floor to sell goods or to mix round with customers because I felt that my time was too valuable; my office system demanded all my attention.

"'After I had failed the expert accountant who was employed by the creditors to straighten out the books said he could not understand how anyone could fail whose system and records were so correct as mine. But I knew what was the matter: I had never studied my town. I just went ahead and did my business the way I wanted to, regardless of whether or not my community was suitable for that kind of operation.'

"Lathrop seemed to have changed his ways, all right. The only private office he had was a small desk, and that was right up by the front door. His stock consisted almost entirely of medium-priced goods, because, as he told me, nine-tenths of the local trade came from fairly well-to-do farmers and well-paid workers in the town's industrial plants. 'And besides,' he observed, 'even the rich buy medium-priced articles oftener than expensive ones, so I get some of their money anyhow.'"

A Permanent Customer

"LATHROP had got the money to start his present enterprise from a little legacy left to his wife. He was doing fairly well in spite of the fact that his buying power was very limited because he had not been able to get goods on credit, and he told me that he was keeping up the interest on his old debts, hoping to be able some time to pay them in full. He looked like a safe bet, and I wanted a good account in the town.

"'Lathrop,' I said, 'how would you like to buy ten thousand dollars' worth of merchandise from my house on our regular terms of credit?'

"'Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money,' he said. 'I hope you won't ask me to murder anyone for such a line of credit.'

"'I won't ask you to do anything except to do your best to pay the bills as they fall due,' I replied; 'and I think you can do that. There will be just two conditions: The first is that you take out an insurance policy payable to my firm for the amount we are going to credit you for. We must be protected in case you should happen to die; merchandise in your store is worth a hundred cents on the dollar when you are here, but when you are gone it at once shrinks to half.

"'The second condition is that you do not buy goods on credit from any other wholesaler. My house can take care of your needs, and if we are going to be your partners to the extent of ten thousand dollars we don't want the situation complicated by your owing money to other concerns.'

"Lathrop has now been doing business with us for four years and we don't limit him to his original line of credit any more, because during the past twelve months his purchases from us amounted to more than eighty thousand dollars, every dollar of it being paid when it fell due.

"And he does not stick to us because he cannot get credit elsewhere. The first of this year, as is my custom, I had our credit agency give special reports on all firms that owe us money. Here is one item:

"'Lathrop, J. P., General Merchandise. Net worth, about $40,000. Sales last year, $165,000. Prompt pay. Note: This party failed in Tennessee in 1912, but has since paid all claims.'"

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The Kincaider and the Kettle of Tar

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

As Soon as She Dared She Slipped Over Behind the Barn and Made a Dash for the Kitchen

THE air became more closely humid, like the air in a teapot. Flies sought the shelter of the dashboard; bumblebees deserted the heavy heads of wild snowball and goldenrod; colonies of red and black ants scurried about getting their stores under cover; and overhead the sky became vaguely thick so that the sun shone down out of focus, surrounded by a suggestion of halo.

Young Abbott stopped his collecting now and then to watch the homely signs; for he remembered that the grass that morning had been dusty, with no dew scattering before his thrusting feet. He watched the sky thicken and the sun grow watery, felt in his face the hot, damp, intermittent south breeze that was not a breeze; but it was not until the wind began snatching up the sand in swirling spirals that he placed his box in the little car and started for camp.

"Birchard weather," he said to the steering wheel.

Here he busied himself upon preparations for storm. His tent ropes were loose. He tightened them, driving in their stakes to the heads. He drove home the stakes holding down the side walls, banked sand over them against the canvas, cleared his drainage ditch. Inside he swung his cot round, placing on it his notebooks and linen and adding a tarpaulin cover to keep out leakage. Then, throwing the front tent flaps over the corner poles, he climbed into his car and backed it under cover.

"Birchard weather. Storm signs aplenty."

The air grew hotter and heavier. He found himself dripping with sweat from his light exertions. Wisps of nascent cirrus cloud began forming here and there on the dirty sky. The storm signs persisted. But the wisps of cloud dissolved again into thick air even as they formed. The wind veered round into the west, but in little gusts that were hot like the breath from a chimney. These died down after a while. Later still the sun, now low in the west, turned red—a further sign of storm—but it set without being cut off by thunderheads.

"Birchard weather," he remarked again, addressing no one. "Storm signs aplenty and no rain."

Meanwhile, seeing that the storm clouds refused to gather, Abbott decided that they would hold off for a few hours, the muggy heat notwithstanding. Though he was not supper-hungry he ate a little boiled rice and cold ham. The food did not add to his comfort; he was hot, oppressed; his clothes hung upon him damply like wet toweling; he felt a slight headache. But he managed to drive himself into bathing in the alkaline but cool water drawn from his shallow well; after which he felt so refreshed that he was able to dress, as for company, in dry clothing. He shaved, scrubbed his hands mildly, laid a leisurely brush on his shoes and donned his best tie. For Abbott had friends in the neighborhood. The Birchards, it was true, might be feeling too hot and listless to see callers, but he thought they would still see him.

"Storm signs aplenty, but no rain—yet."

By the time he was dressed the sun had set. The sand, however, continued to radiate heat. The air stood in dead pools upon the valleys like so much stagnant water, its surface touched in the west with red, but elsewhere lying across the stars like slate-colored scum. The coolness of his bath had already passed. He shrank from the exertion of walking. Had there been a road he would have used his car. But the ground lay in sod-protected hummocks, too rough for driving over; either that or the sand was too soft, the grass in the valleys too tall. Even though he had no blow-outs to climb and no marshes to wade, walking was easier than to try to drive cross-country.

He therefore started out on foot, walking slowly so as not to become unendurably warm. And as he walked the bushy bluestem and redtop of the valleys pressed backward against his feet, the shoe string and redroot of the side hills rose in his path, and the hot air, charged with moisture, remained constrictingly, gaspingly sultry. For all his care he reached the Birchard fence hot and perspiring. The lines of the Sand Hills rime came to him:

East wind for sadness,
South wind for madness,
Storm in the west.

But there was no wind. The still air had oppressed him; now it began to irritate him as well. The air tasted, he thought, like warm brass—like a brass key one has warmed in his pocket—tasted persistently of warmed-over acrid brass. He thought it smelled tainted, fusty, basementlike; saturated with a faint vegetable fetor, the exhalations of dead plants, of the swampy graveyards of molds and mosses. And it felt—he thought—hot, hard and dull, like bloated rubber; like the hot hard tires of his Scord. Had it been in motion he could have given it a sound—he thought—the sound of warm oil rocked gently in a can. He could even have described its appearance, had there been light, he thought. It would have looked like unclean tepid water. The appearance, sound, feel, smell and taste of it were distressing.

As he paused at the fence he began wondering why he had associated the storm signs especially with Birchard. He remembered after a moment; it was Birchard weather because it included storm signs, not because it multiplied them. Birchard weather indeed! The hot, dead air irritated him as much as it did Birchard.

Suppose that Birchard were to blow hot again, threatening storm. Was he ready to smooth down the old man's feathers, as he had done before? He was not. If Birchard wanted a fight he should have it. That, however, was nonsense. Irritated as he was he knew that he must not get into a clash with the Kincaider. He had better cool his heels on the hillside before approaching the house. This he did during the next ten minutes.

But the irritation of the heat persisted; his heels remained as hot as ever. Then it was the tightly stretched barbed-wire fence that irritated him, and in his impatience with it he scratched his thumb. After that the noisy Birchard hound irritated him by his footless barking. Dogs perspire through their mouths; barking cools them. But their masters—born to another inheritance—can only regard barking as a sign of madness.

"Get out!" he cried, kicking at the beast.

The next moment his repentance was complete. The dog was his friend and meant no harm. What could he have been thinking of? The heat must be pretty bad to cause him to do a thing like that.

"Here, Duke!" he called. "Good dog! Didn't know each other in the dark, did we? All right, old boy; come along and we'll see if anyone is at home."

His outburst at the dog had been all that was needed. He again became himself; and though the heat was even less endurable than before, or at best not by the fraction of a degree more endurable, he did not thereafter lose his self-control. He approached the Kincaider's little house and a moment later was knocking upon the jamb.

Old Birchard had been threatening storm since before supper; but the trouble did not begin until the old man's elephantine humor, perhaps affected by the muggy air, suggested that somebody might ride over that evening, and Bess had better not get herself too hot.

By somebody Bess understood that he meant the narrow-eyed, gap-toothed owner of Digby's Ranch, five miles southwest.

"I'm afraid you're too late, dad."

Birchard, instantly suspicious, looked at her sharply.

"What's this?"

"I'm hot already. How could anybody help being with the air like steam and supper cooking?"

"Hot is right! I thought for a minute you meant that bug chaser over east."

Bess turned away without replying. The lean-to shed that she used in summer for a kitchen might as well have had walls of sheet tin—like its roof—for all the protection they had been against the sun's rays. She had been obliged to flee, panting, in the midst of her work. For nearly half an hour she had stood with her arms immersed in well water except when she removed them to dash water into her face; and even then her head throbbed until she thought any additional exertion must cause her to collapse.

"You better send him about his business. He's no good."

"Abbott's all right, dad," said Bess placatingly.

"Nothing solid to him. Now Jeff—he's different."

"I know."

"Jeff's a good man. Jeff's solid."

"Solid, stolid Mr. Digby!"

Birchard faced his daughter angrily:

"Why did you say that?"

"It's true, isn't it, dad?"

"Jeff's a fine-looking man and hard as iron."

"Let's not quarrel about it, daddy dear."

But the muggy air had shortened his hygroscopic temper and Birchard was in an irritable mood. The rheumatism in his joints portended rain; his gums were sore; his corns hurt him; he was tired; his supper, eaten from force of habit, was so much surplus fuel under his boilers; the mesh of the window netting was admitting mosquitoes beyond reason. He could not have kept from quarreling if he had tried.

"I'd rather have a man stolid than lazy, like your museum friend."

"Abbott works very hard—he does really. He's making a study of the Sand Hills."

"Study of the new moon! Let him study cows and hay and earn himself some money! Let him study how to work on a ranch! I have to. Jeff Digby has to."

"He's looking ahead, dad."

"Looking ahead to what?"

"He doesn't know himself, yet. He's trying to find out."

"But a money box like Jeff Digby, who knows what he wants and gets it, is stolid, you think?"

"Jeff Digby!"

"No comparison, you think?"

"Jeff Digby is fifty-four years old, and Abbott is only twenty-three. Abbott has thirty-one years in which to catch up. Besides, I don't like Jeff Digby. When a girl

like me and an old-timer like him try to talk it's either cows or the weather—and I hate them both."

"I suppose you'd rather talk about humming birds and cherry blossoms and butterflies and sunsets." Birchard rose to his feet, his face flushed with heat and anger. "But I don't know as I'd rather have you."

Then he took a turn round the house to cool off.

The time was somewhat later. Birchard, seated in his coolest chair, was languidly fanning himself with a folded newspaper, his grievances filing across the face of his mind like slow sheep across a meadow. Portions of his rage had grown dull, like coals that have fallen out upon the hearth; but in behind his anger still burned hotly. He was still highly incensed at Bess, still sluggishly irritated by his rheumatism, the heat and the angry stifling dampness.

But if he was still angry at Bess his views as to young Abbott had become empurpled. At supper Abbott had been merely a lazy fool, objectionable because worthless. But by now he was not a mere loafer; he was a parasite, a bloodsucker; his widowed mother deserved better of fate than to be bled white by such a son. Abbott ought to be run out of the country; on a rail if they could find one; with tar and feathers for sauce, or in place of the tar—which was scarce—the mixture of resin, raw linseed oil and honey used in coating fly paper; other sauce too—all that could be devised. Not merely spanked and sent back to his mother—run out, eliminated.

Disputes die hard; quarrels make quarreling easier. In Birchard's case the clash over Abbott had led him from dislike into hatred; but into this new hatred of Abbott entered less casual factors. Birchard had behind him a life of small failures, each of which had hardened upon his mind like a wart. He recognized that he had been a business failure, and he did not wish Bess to live the life of her mother. His love for Bess thus entered. He wished her to be happy in spite of herself. Yet as to his fitness to judge what would best make her happy not a doubt entered his mind. No man is so sure of his judgment as he whose judgment has always been bad.

He would not have arrived at precisely his present hostile feeling toward Abbott, however, had it not been for the sultry, stifling, motionless air with its threat of storm. He was even dully conscious that the stagnant heat had affected his temper and that under a more comfortable thermometer he might not have held his torch so high.

As he sat thus, hot and dully angry, he heard Duke—as he thought—barking at Jeff Digby, and a little later, Jeff—as he thought—knocking at the door.

"Come in, Jeff," he called with an attempt at liveliness.

"Can't; door's hooked."

The old man rose, shuffled across the creaking boards to the door and stood peering out into the night.

"Who's out there?"

"Evening," said Abbott. "Hot night, what?"

Birchard made no reply, but stood in the doorway looking out, his face in shadow.

"I say it's a hot night," repeated Abbott.

"I heard you say it."

"Looks like storm, what?" And then: "This damp heat is cooking up a rain with wind. I thought she'd be here before this."

Again Birchard made no reply, but continued looking down smokily upon his unwelcome caller. "You may be right, at that," said Abbott, shifting his weight.

"I didn't say anything."

"My mistake. Bess at home, what?"

"She's at home—what."

"I called to see her," said Abbott.

"She's in her room."

"Would you mind telling her I'm here?"

"Yes."

"I say," repeated Abbott when Birchard remained motionless in the door, "I say, would you mind telling her?"

"I told you yes. I mind telling her."

"Oh, I say!"

"She's in her room and she'll stay in her room. She won't see you."

"What do you mean—won't see me?"

"She's done with you—quits—won't see you! Not now and not ever!"

"Oh, I say!"

"You're not wanted here. Not in my house and not on my steps and not on my land."

"I came here to see Bess. When she tells me she's done with me I'll believe it."

"I'm telling you."

"If it's true let her say it. Let her say it, and I'll never bother her again. But until she does say it ——"

"You won't bother her again anyhow."

"If I can't see her on your land I'll see her off it, Mr. Birchard."

"Not on it and not offn it."

"You can't stop me!" cried Abbott.

"I can stop you."

"You're her father; if you weren't ——"

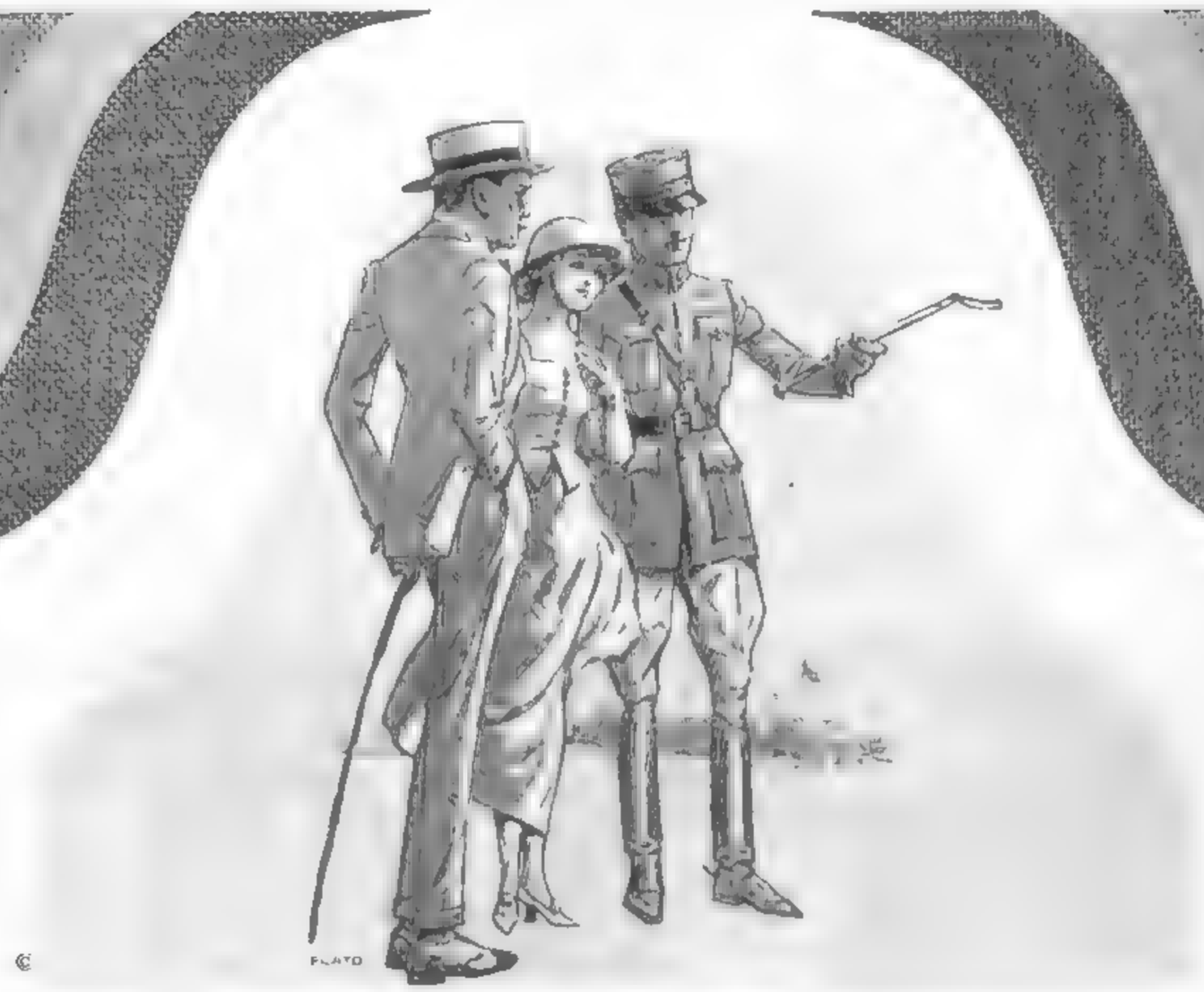
"That's about all from you, young feller. You get offn my land before I sick the dog on you. And stay off! Stay off!"

"I warn you I'll see her! I will, Mr. Birchard! I'll see her somehow! I don't know how, but I'll see her!"

But the old man's temper was not equal to further parley. He had already turned his back upon the door and Abbott had no choice but to withdraw as he had come. He no longer noticed the heat. Rushing tempestuously to the fence he crowded his slender figure between the tense wires without regard to the barbs. The hot stagnant air still tasted faintly of warm brass, still smelled of far-off dead molds and decayed mosses; the path again led windingly among hummocks of bunch grass and shoe string; the night was lighted neither by stars nor by moon. But Abbott no longer noticed the taste and smell of the dead air, no longer cared whether the footing was rough or smooth. Stumblingly, blindly he dashed on; now running, now walking, now leaving his earlier path to splash across elbows of marsh, now thrusting waist deep through sword grass with edges like serrated knives.

(Continued on Page 60)

"How About It?" Asked a Voice From Behind Him. "Ketchin' Anything Much?"



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(Continued from Page 58)

After a while he came to his tent. He was wet with perspiration and his head was throbbing. But he managed somehow to kick off his saturated shoes, hang his wet hot clothing over the tent ropes to dry and slip into pyjamas. Then he threw himself across his cot, where he lay awake the rest of the night thinking lurid thoughts connected with the short-tempered father of Bess.

Old Birchard thought he could see money as far as any man, and he had very definite ideas about its value. Digby might be as old as himself, as Bess had said, or older; he might wear his hat into her parlor like a deputy sheriff; he might eat beans with his knife; his mind might have grown up like sod corn, without hoeing; but he had money in the bank. Abbott was young, but he was an idle parasite. Digby knew the cattle business from bones to Omaha; he worked hard, gained results. Abbott knew how to catch butterflies and pick milkweed flowers, and he knew his mother's gasoline from lake water; beyond that his trained intellect was left dragging. Digby owned a thousand head of cattle, horses, buildings, fenced land. Abbott's wealth consisted of the clothes on his back—the gift of his mother. Digby was a man with a conscience; he bought cheap, sold dear and did not openly cheat. Abbott let his widowed mother run her mortgaged farm alone while he loafed in a borrowed tent, pretended to collect samples of free sand or what not, ate borrowed beans and free fish and burned gift gasoline in a borrowed Scord.

Young Abbott, rushing forth into the torrid night, had scarce crawled through Birchard's tight wire fence when Jeff Digby—of cattle and land—knocked upon the hot door jamb. His narrow eyes, thin grayish hair and missing teeth were at their best in the half darkness.

"'Lo, Birch!" he called.

"Come in, Jeff," invited Birchard for the second time.

"Looks like rain. Wind too—way it looks."

Digby preferred to sit on the steps. Birchard excused himself after a little; Bess was inside somewhere, he said. A little later still he found himself explaining smoothly that his daughter was in her room with a terrific headache. She had been working too hard and the great heat had been too much for her. He hoped she would be feeling better to-morrow. They might walk out to the pump for a drink.

At the pump he unbosomed himself further. Digby, of course, knew young Abbott by sight; everyone did; the borrowed Scord had left its tracks for thirty miles in every direction. Did he know anything about Abbott? Did he know why he had pitched his tent in Section Nine? Did he know that Abbott had been trying to force his attentions upon Bess—that he had tried to see her not ten minutes before his own arrival? That he had insisted on seeing her, when denied? That he had left with the threat that he would see her anyhow? Was it any wonder the girl had a headache?

"I wouldn't say nothing if he had any guts in him. Give him his chance, I'd say. But never a gut, no more than yellow dodder."

"Ought to be bumped."

"He ought and he will be," said Birchard.

"Ought to be shed naked and smoked in mustard."

"Threatened to talk to her, God willing or not!"

"Then you busted him one, huh?"

"Didn't dare, Jeff. Had to think of Bess."

"Couldn't you do nothin' at-tall to the offspring of negligible virtue?"

"Too close to the house. But I will."

"Why don't you heat a kettle of tar and ketch him?"

The question acted soberingly upon Birchard. Confronted with the suggestion that it was his duty to do something as well as say something, he became suddenly cautious. He was a preacher of action, an arraigner, an arranger, but when brought face to face with action itself he became as timid as a girl in a foundry.

"Wouldn't quite do for me to paint him up alone. Not yet. But I will—if he goes much further."

"You and me together could."

"Wouldn't do. Anybody else could, but not us."

"Why not?"

"Bess. We got to think of the girl. I won't mix her up in any tar-and-feather parties."

"He's a rat, and I'll tell him so!"

"If it was anybody but us ——"

"All right; I'll find somebody else to run out the misdescended pup! He druv through my ranch yestiddy and didn't fasten the gates good. Bud Riker's the man will handle that longhorn. Where does this widdered mother of hisn hang out?"

"Thirty-seven mile north."

"North would be bad fer him. South fer hisn. And I'll see he's painted up and sandpapered off smooth so he'll stay south. When Budd gets done with a man he don't have no comeback. This time three days from now he'll be south till freezin' weather." As before, the specific suggestion caused Birchard to hesitate. Perhaps he ought not to let Digby do it. Digby was too much the man of action; he didn't think enough; he liked to do things first and see how they looked afterward. Bess had called him stolid; he was anything but stolid; he would have been better for being a little stolid. Birchard liked to play with an idea for a while before doing anything about it.

"Bud's your foreman," said Birchard doubtfully. "People would know."

"Not on this. Bud will bump him becuz of the gates he fergets to fasten good and becuz of the nuisance he's made of hisself. I'll have Bud get right to work. It won't be the first time neither."

"Maybe I can think of some better way," said Birchard, still looking for an excuse to defer action.

"Don't trouble about Bud. He's a nervy little bouncer."

"I'll think of some better plan. Bess might hear about it and take a prejudice against you."

"She'll never know what happened. Nobody won't. He'll just drop out. She won't be bothered again. Glad to do it fer her."

Birchard had not meant to be unfair to Abbott. Almost everything he had said was true; with allowance for the thick smothering heat, all of it was true, so far as he knew. And anyhow, he had not meant to be taken up so instantly. Words had never quite meant deeds to him. Had it not been for the accident of Digby, a man to whom words always meant deeds, nothing would have come of his charges. Nor did Digby mean to be unfair; though—to speak the truth—Digby was no man to fret out his heart over an unfairness that resulted in advantage to himself. Digby, accepting Birchard's statement, believed that Bess had been annoyed by Abbott.

As Digby was a man of weight and his foreman exceedingly positive Abbott's stay in the Sand Hills seemed likely to be short. Storm signs are usually followed by storm—not always, but usually.

But even yet Birchard was looking for a way out.

"Drop in for supper to-morrow," he said. "Maybe I'll have a better idea. I'll tell Bess you're coming."

By the Time Supper Was Ready to Serve She Was More Than Outwardly Calm—She Was High-Spirited

II

ABBOTT laid down his spade, box and string of bottles upon the sidehill. The box he set in the midst of a clump of turkeyfoot grass; the bottles he allowed to lie on the sand where they had fallen. The spade, however, he took with him down into the flat valley bottom.

The spot he selected for his digging was perhaps twenty paces from the foot of the hill and perhaps thirty from the edge of the lake. To the west, a few rods, ran Birchard's fence. It extended almost to the lake and might have kept on across it, but instead it turned west along the edge a quarter of a mile and then north again in an offset, thus enabling Birchard to avoid counting forty acres of lake water and marsh in his six-hundred-and-forty-acre homestead allotment.

Brushing aside the heavy bluestem Abbott struck his spade sharply through the root-bound soil, pulled it out, again struck it through the sod, and after some additional cutting lifted a square of black but sandy turf from the valley floor. He continued his digging through the moist loam underneath and then deeper, through a layer of reddish grayish sand that he recognized as probably a flood deposit, into a bed of compacted mud. The mud, he thought, represented the older bottom of the lake before the encroachment of the sand from the hills. The black silt sucked stickily upon the blade of his spade. But it extended to no great depth, and after a little he was lifting a water-saturated quicksand to the surface.

When he saw the quicksand he stopped digging. Cleaning his spade on the grass he carried it back to the string of bottles. Then he sat down to wait for the hole to fill with water. After a while he rose, slipped one of his bottles out of its loop and returned with it to the hole, where he sank its mouth carefully beneath the water that had gathered, controlling the inflow by means of his thumb. This bottle he corked and placed in his pocket.

He now detached two more bottles from the string; then taking his spade he climbed the hill to its summit, where he stood for a moment looking out over the surrounding blow-outs. He had reasons for not wishing to be observed. Seeing no one he walked rapidly to the barbed-wire fence and climbed through.

Here he paused cautiously for a further inspection of the hills, for he was now a trespasser upon Birchard's land. Then walking rapidly along the slope, but pausing now and then to look round him, he cut through to the point where the fence again turned north and on to the meadow at the head of the lake. Here not far inside the fence he made another deep narrow hole through the sod. As before, after the little well had filled and settled he thrust down his bottle for a sample, corked it, labeled it and stowed it away in his pocket.

He did not return directly to his hillside, but instead climbed through the fence to the lake. The bank was soft, the water shallow. He managed, however, by standing upon a tussock of sedge to fill still another bottle with water, corking it carefully and labeling it as before. He was obliged to return to Birchard's land in order to regain his hillside, but his presence was unobserved, so far as he knew, and he made his journey without further adventure.

He now opened his box, taking from it a rack of thin glass tubes closed at one end, of the thickness of a woman's

(Continued on Page 63)

The Epicurean Sandwich

—It's made with Raisin Bread

BUY a loaf of delicious California Raisin Bread from your grocer or bake shop. Cut thin slices in triangular form as shown in the picture above. Spread with jam, peanut butter, or a mixture of creamy cheese and nuts. Or use lettuce and mayonnaise.

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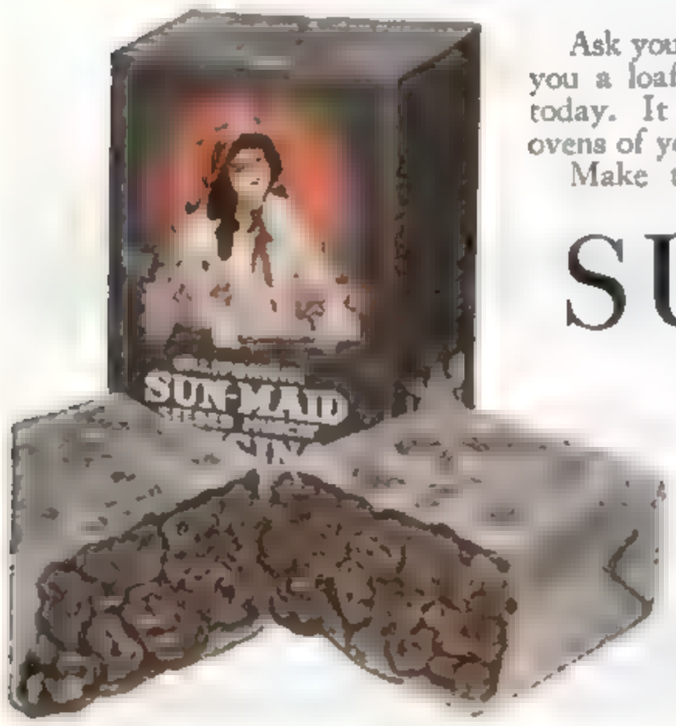

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(Continued from Page 60)

middle finger, which he propped against a shaft of goldenrod. After adding still another sample, labeled as having been taken from the eastern end of the lake on a previous visit, he arranged the bottles containing samples of water in their geographical order, east and west. From each of these he drew an equal amount of water into a corresponding test tube.

It was not until he was satisfied with his pipette measurements that he took from his box a further bottle labeled as containing sodium cobaltic nitrite, a reagent occasionally used in making delicate tests upon water, and added to each sample from its contents. The addition caused a yellow precipitate to be formed, which settled slowly to the bottom of the test tubes in a shallow deposit. He waited until the brilliant particles had completely settled; then he roughly compared the results. The water taken from the well on Birchard's land showed the smallest amount of precipitate; that taken from the end of the lake nearest Birchard's fence showed the next smallest amount; that from the well first dug the next; and the older sample, that of water taken from the end of the lake farthest from Birchard's fence, the heaviest precipitate of all.

"It's there," he told himself. "In the lake and under it, but heavier at the eastern end."

"How about it?" asked a voice from behind him.

Abbott, startled, sprang to his feet. He had become so deeply absorbed in his experiments that he had failed to notice the approach of a horseman across the soft valley turf.

"Ketchin' anything much?"

"Not much," said Abbott, recovering his self-possession; and as he spoke he stepped backward, crushing the rack and its fragile test tubes into the sand in ruins.

"Scare you?" asked the horseman, the trace of a sneer in his tones.

"Not especially."

"Don't feel too bad about them glasses; you won't need them much after to-day anyhow."

"Is that so?"

"The grasshoppers round here are too wild," said the stranger. "I always hate to see anybody running round after wild grasshoppers. And I hate to see anybody wastin' a widder's money. Some of the boys feels like I do."

"Did old Birchard send you to tell me that?"

"Not him. I'm ridin' on my own."

"And who are you? I don't believe I know you."

"Not needful you should. The boys and me decided we want you to leave this country—and the best time to start is right now."

"Come down off that horse and talk it over," said Abbott.

"It's been talked over a'ready by some of us. Some of us here in the Sand Hills is sick of you."

"Come down off that horse!"

"Come down offn your own horse! You don't seem to get me."

"I'd get you better if you'd come down and explain."

"We'll all come down and explain. I'm just a-tellin' you. If you're here to-morrow we'll explain—a kettleful."

"I'll be right here to listen," said Abbott. "Right here."

"And so will the rail and the tar brush."

The horseman wheeled with the words, jammed his spurs into the sides of his mount and after a plunge or two galloped off toward the north. Abbott had no remembrance of having seen him before. He had not been too angry, however, to note that the gray horse was crop-eared and that it bore the Digby brand of the cross-over-circle.

"Digby!" he mused. "Old Birchard's work. Storm signs aplenty, and I shouldn't wonder if this time we had some rain."

After that the rain signs multiplied by squares and cubes. The damp heat persisted, as did the other storm portents. When he reached his tent at noon he found that the guy ropes had been partly cut through close to their anchorage. When he came to eat his luncheon he found sand in the salt, and a colony of red ants in possession of his sugar. His tea tasted of gasoline. His matches were wet. His hairbrush had been filled with sand burs. Small annoyances, all of them, intended to make him angry.

But when, a little later, he found that his car had been tampered with he became not only angry but anxious.

He had been trying to crank his engine, so as to run the car from under the tent for a drive to still another lake. But though he succeeded in getting it started, the moment the batteries were thrown out it refused to fire and stopped. Magneto trouble, he thought.

Removing the three screws of the magneto high-tension plug he made an inspection. Something seemed wrong with the lubricating oil. It seemed to have clogged the contact and looked thick, granular and lumpy. Upon feeling it between his fingers he thought he detected the presence of the pumicelike dune sand of the hills—either it or iron and babbitt silt worn from the bearings and never removed. It hardly felt like carbon; still, it might be.

In view of the horseman's threats and the sabotage about the tent he decided that he had to know. Crawling underneath the car with a teacup he drew off a little of the oil through the lowest of the drainage plugs. It was treacly and viscid—of the consistency of sugaring honey. This he washed out with gasoline until only the sediment was left. Placing the sediment in an iron spoon he dried it over a stove burner; after which he tested it magnetically for iron, and with heat up to redness for babbitt metal and carbon. It was not iron; it did not melt; it did not consume.

Sand! Dune sand, introduced into his engine by the man on horseback, who probably at that moment was watching the tent from some blow-out! He might not have discovered its presence until the engine was ruined.

He spent the remainder of the afternoon in going over his car, but inside the tent so as not to betray the fact of discovery. Then, though the heat persisted, he again bathed, shaved and changed his linen. He thought he might have to run over to Blaisdel, forty-five miles southwest, that evening—if the storm that threatened still held off.

III

TOWARD the end of the afternoon a wafer of cottony cirro-stratus cloud floated up from over the western hills, its forward edge combed into fibrous antennæ that reached out into the haze and merged with it. The sun for some hours had been encircled by a halo. As it dipped toward the horizon its glare became more and more suffused, until finally it ceased to shine. The movement of the sun westward had been slow; that of the cloud sheet eastward had been even slower, more like growth than movement—a groping, a spreading, an infiltration; so that though the tips of its shadowy fingers had lain upon the horizon as early as three o'clock the sun did not pass from sight until after five.

The wafer of cottony cloud, at first membranous and filmy, became sheetlike, close-woven, heavy-grained; but its lace-tipped antennæ did not cease to blend into the hazy sky along its advancing front edge. Though the body of it traveled at express speed, apparent even at its great height above the earth, this combed-out front edge advanced slowly, like the edge of water running into snow.

Soon after half past five festoons began to appear, attached to the under surface of the cloud sheet. These would hang down lightly, gain substance, increase in size at an unaccountable rate without seeming to expand, and then as unaccountably melt away again into the supporting air, their substance gone; whereupon another festoon would suddenly become visible, grow, expand into insubstantiality and wither in its place. Later these festoons became more persistent, less perishable; and they descended lower and in firmer outline, until those at the horizon seemed to touch the earth.

The wind had been blowing lightly from the east, then intermittently from the south, as on the preceding afternoon, directly off the hot sands. Then it died away altogether, so that the nodding wild rye hung motionless and not a ripple broke the surface of the neighboring lake. The failing of the wind seemed to increase the heat, but did not, any more than the passing of the sun had decreased it. The abnormal quietness added also to the force of the storm signs. But as yet no rain clouds were visible, and no wind clouds.

Bess, hot and irritable, was trying to avoid a further clash with her father and in doing so was spilling the beans. Shortly before six she saw Jeff Digby riding down the road to keep his supper engagement. She felt that she could not talk to him just then. She therefore slipped off to the implement shed so as to be absent when he reached the house. There she was obliged to listen to a conversation not intended for her ears.

Digby and her father were standing outside, talking very earnestly. The subject of the conversation was herself.

"Bess will be shut of that tumblebug like I said," asserted Digby. "Give Bud a couple days and you can't find his stake holes. He'll prob'ly paint him up to-night."

"I've been thinking of a better plan," said Birchard. "It isn't only getting rid of the man himself that bothers; it's getting rid of people's ideas of him. Ideas stick in the mind like burs in wool."

"Ideas of who?" asked Digby.

"How do I know? Bess, maybe. Women like the glitter of romance. Bess is like the rest of them. She wants a man who will save her life or do something all gilded and showy. The bravery thing."

"You mean she's tuk with him?"

"Not at all, not at all! But she may get to be if we don't handle this thing right."

"What else kin we do?"

"Why not do something to take her eye?"

"Fat chance I got to do that!"

"A good chance. Women like the bravery thing. Why not play your cards that way? I was thinking about it last night."

"Anybody kin show me anything."

"Suppose you have good men take care of young Abbott; not paint him, but get him out of the way. Then let your other men divide up, and four of them pretend they're Abbott's friends. Let these men pretend to abduct Bess—just in play, but she won't know that. She goes out to the windmill last thing for a pail of water for breakfast. Let them take her north along the Burnham road—toward his mother's ranch. Then you and two or three of your men give chase and pretend to rescue her. See? She'll be angry first at young Abbott, and then scared, and she'll be so glad to see you she won't know what to say. After that you'll be the high card."

"A story-book play."

"You're too stolid, too prosy. Women like story-book plays."

"She'd laugh at me."

"For rescuing her?"

"It's all complicated so I couldn't keep it straight."

"No, it isn't."

"What would I do with Bess after I rescued her?"

"Talk to her."

"What would I say?"

"Ask her to marry you."

"But she won't."

"Make her! Make her!"

"But how can I, when she won't?"

"How does any man make a woman marry him? Love her so much she'll have to. You can lose your way, and I don't know what all. Abduct her yourself!"

"We better let Bud run him out of the country, like we said. I know that game. I don't know nothin' about this other."

"Try it, Jeff! Be a he-man!"

"Do you think I could make her marry me that-a-way?"

"I know you could."

"If it don't work good I don't have to show myself."

"You can back down any time. But it will work."

"Then I will," said Digby. "Bud'll run him out to-night, and the abduction and rescue play can come to-morrer night."

But now that a definite action confronted him Birchard was disposed to hedge—a fact that Digby misinterpreted and Bess quite failed to notice.

"Of course if we think of some other way ——"

"We'll do it this way."

"If you change your mind ——"

"I'll see it through," said Digby. "Believe me, if I start it I'll see it through!"

Bess did not hear more of the conversation, for the men moved on toward the house.

As soon as she dared she slipped over behind the barn and—while her father and Digby walked round the house to the front door—made a dash for the kitchen. A little later she heard them inside. Though Digby was talking about his cows and guessing that a storm was coming sure, she almost liked him.

She had known her father all her life, yet in what she thought and did she showed how little she knew him. She did not see that as long as his bizarre plot remained pure concept—unaccepted, unconnected with action—Birchard would press it; did not perceive that its acceptance by Digby had already raised a doubt in his mind. She did not understand that as the time for action approached this doubt would grow, that his whole instinct was against any irrevocable committing of himself to action. He wished Bess to marry Digby, but he never would and never could have permitted her to do so. Abbott had seen further into the old man's mind than she had. Storm signs aplenty and no rain was Birchard weather to Abbott.

She did not see any of this. The action which impended, or seemed to impend, terrified her. She was astounded, stunned, humiliated, horrified. Her father had become suddenly inhuman, a trafficker in his own flesh and blood. She did not see that he was merely a builder of air castles for her to live in instead of for himself; flimsy structures, astonishing ones, but not different in kind from those he had been building all his life.

By the time supper was ready to serve she was more than outwardly calm—she was high-spirited. What she had heard had acted upon her blood like wine. She greeted the gap-toothed landowner with more cordiality than she had ever before shown him. Her father she talked to interestedly. The friction of the night might never have existed for all her manner told. Digby's thin gray hair was wet with sweat. But he forgot the damp muggy heat of the day and the unrelieved sultriness of the evening in the cool laughter of her shining eyes. Bess was a most delightful young woman. He would be proud to compel her admiration and would leave nothing undone to satisfy her womanly hunger for romance.

But Birchard, poor arranger, was already beginning to grow doubtful about Digby as a husband for his daughter.

Bess went to her room after supper. Making up a small bundle of linen she wrapped it in a gingham skirt, fastened it with safety pins and dropped it from her window. Her hat followed. Then she climbed through the window herself. She intended to ask Abbott to drive her to town in his car; she knew him well enough. She could find work, she was sure. When they reached town she would warn him against Bud Riker.

Shortly after six a great festoon hiding the western horizon either lifted or dissolved away, disclosing behind it a heavy bank of cumulo-nimbus thunderheads of the color of dusty black paint. The cloud momentarily grew blacker as Abbott watched it; but its approach was so slow that at seven it still stood across the southwest, reaching from the earth to the sheet of hurrying cirro-stratus cloud overhead. The rumble of distant thunder began to be heard, though as yet the lightning flashes were not visible.

Soon after this the higher thunderheads suddenly shot forward with increasing speed, as if their summit portions had become entangled with the faster-moving cloud sheet overhead. A little later still their lower portions also seemed to be pressing forward. Flashes of lightning now began to cut like whips across their dished-in front, with the accompanying peals of thunder growing momentarily louder.

As the storm bank approached, its lower edge became visible; it had only seemingly rested upon the earth; underneath and rearwardly of it was now seen a light-gray wind cloud behind which hung a curtain of rain.

The lightning play became more frequent, the thunder crashes louder. Such daylight as still lasted quickly merged into smoky darkness. But still no breath of wind fluttered the canvas of the tent. The dead air remained humid and stifling.

The bank of thunderheads had seemed to be approaching with express speed, but its actual progress was exceedingly slow. The lightning display increased in the west and southwest, but the thunderclaps still reverberated from a distance. Night fell with the storm still holding off. The cloud bank, illuminated by electric incandescence and reflected flashes, seemed to be leaning forward; its overhanging front had passed beyond the tent like a billow of slowly drifting dense smoke; but its broad base, though nearer, still loomed in the southwest. The air smelled old, motionless still, its inert stagnancy in itself a menace.

(Continued on Page 65)

WHO'S next to fill up his glass with this golden, bubbling liquid? One bottle slakes thirst as thirst was never slaked before. The heartier you drink, the better you appreciate how delightful a perfect ginger beverage can be. Made from purest juices of lemons and limes, purest Jamaica ginger and cane sugar, and crystal-clear spring water—Clicquot Club Ginger Ale never has and never will vary from highest standards of purity.

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(Continued from Page 63

The air did not move; no lightest breeze had sprung up; and yet suddenly Abbott became alive to the smell of rain. Arriving from no direction, driving nothing before it, this fresher smell displaced instantly the faint smell of dead molds and decaying swamp plants. The air was old and dead; suddenly it became new air, young and sweet.

Almost in the same moment a sound became audible in the southwest—indubitably audible, yet indescribably subtle, like the sound heard in the receiver of a telephone when a circuit has been opened. The sound was like that of a rushing wind. It was heard in the sharp intervals between the increasingly violent thunder crashes, and seemed to grow louder, like the rush of an approaching train.

It was indeed the sound of wind—as Abbott knew—the sound of the outrushing wind squall that in daylight would have been seen bearing with it leaves, sticks and a cloud of powdered sand from the hillsides, and before which at this moment the grasses of the valleys were bending with foreheads against the sod. In perhaps four minutes it would be upon him. The wind would strike the tent as if with a cushioned sledge hammer; the temperature would fall with a rush; the lightning flashes would become more blindingly bright if that was possible; they would be accompanied by instant detonations of still more vivid thunder; and a flooding downpour of rain would follow.

The little tent was in for a severe test, he thought.

He had been standing outside his tent, watching the approach of the storm. He had done all that he could to make ready for it. The time had now come to take shelter if he wished to tie down the flaps.

The girl spoke from out of the darkness as he was bending his head to enter.

"Abbott!" she called. "Abbott!"

He heard her speaking his name to the accompaniment of the sound of the wind, in the interval between thunder crashes. He straightened and whirled, listening. As he turned a flaming sheet of lightning revealed her beyond the corner of the tent.

"Bess!" he cried.

The next moment he was standing beside her, the storm forgotten.

"What's wrong? Your father? Has something ——"

"I think it's the heat," she panted.

"We'll go to him at once. Let me fasten my tent. We'll get a drenching, but that won't matter."

"It isn't what you think. My father's not sick. It's something else. I'm leaving home. I want you to drive me to town."

"Not for good, Bess?"

"To work in town. I had a quarrel with my father, and so I'm leaving."

"Was it—old Digby again?"

"They were planning to—to abduct me. He's there now."

"You wait until I see that ancient cowman!"

"No, Abbott! You mustn't fight with him."

"Why mustn't I?"

"Because—because I've already run away and he's too late. Besides, I don't want you to. If I had thought you'd fight with him I wouldn't have come. I wouldn't!"

"Then I won't. What's that? Your trunk?"

"All I'm taking with me."

"You did right to come to me. Sure I'll drive you to town! I've been thinking of you, Bess. I've been thinking of you most of the time."

"They're planning to abduct you too," said Bess, ignoring his words.

"Don't worry about that!"

"It's serious."

"Let them try it!"

"To-night—Bud Riker and his men."

"Bud Riker? Who's he?"

"Digby's foreman. He's coming over to run you out. They've done it before when someone stood in their way. They're dangerous men."

"Bud Riker! Does he ride a crop-eared gray? Has he a sandy mustache and protruding bat's ears? Do you know him?"

"Sandy mustache, bat's ears and sloping shoulders. Has he been here? He couldn't have been, of course."

"He told me he was coming," said Abbott. "But he hasn't yet arrived. Storm signs aplenty, but no storm yet."

"You must not be here when that man comes!"

"Why not?"

"He'd hurt you terribly. Digby's men haven't any mercy on people they want to get rid of."

"Would you care very much if they hurt me?"

"I'd care a great deal!"

"Then I won't let them. I'll do the hurting myself."

"You mustn't be here! You can't if you drive me to town, don't you see?"

"So I can't. I forgot about that."

He was brought back to realities by a particularly sharp crash of thunder that followed so instantly upon its sun-bright lightning shaft that it seemed to precede it.

"Into the tent!" he cried. "I'm loco! The wind's coming!"

"Water too," said Bess as she allowed him to hurry her to the narrowed entrance.

"Squeeze in against the car while I fasten the flaps. I think she'll hold; but if she goes, she goes."

"Can you see?"

"I know where everything is. Nothing much to do, now we're inside, but if we weren't—hear that, will you? Just in time!"

The squall struck the tent from the side and rear, where the guy ropes were strongest and the slope of the canvas was best able to deflect its force. Abbott had lived too long in the Sand Hills not to know the direction of windstorms. Even so its impact nearly tore the ropes from their anchorage; the canvas strained as if it had been struck by crashing hogsheads of water instead of by a puff or two of wind. But the first blow was the hardest; and though the wind continued to crack the canvas viciously, the stakes held.

"Feel that cold air!"

"I believe I should have died if the heat had kept up another five minutes."

"Listen! Raindrops!"

"Hailstones—from the sound."

"Hailstones like golf balls and water in sheets! This will be the test for the ropes. I went over them not two hours ago. She's coming! Hear that? She's here! Jolly, what a fall!"

The wind was driving the rain before it with the force of water from the nozzle of a fire hose. Hailstones of immense size crashed against the canvas. The tent was unlighted, but the almost continuous flashes of lightning shone through the wet cloth dimly.

Peal followed upon peal; the noise of the wind, of the thunderclaps, of the hail and of the drenching rainfall was deafening.

"More like a cloudburst than a rain. Lucky thing I made good drainage or she'd swim us away. She's driving clean through the canvas. Jolly! We may go yet!"

The crush of water bowed in the canvas until it seemed as if no mere cloth could withstand the pressure. But the weight of wind and water on the slopes of the roof did not split the weave; neither did it break the ropes or uproot the stakes. The walls held; the ditches carried off the flood water; and after a little the violence of the storm abated. A little later the rain ceased entirely. Even before it had stopped, however, Abbott had opened up the front of the tent ready to run out the car.

"I think we'd better get off to a running start," he said. "I don't like what you told me about Digby's crowd."

IV

THE sky was bright, the grass green, the flowers fragrant, the air sweet and cool. Meadow larks could be heard calling musically, now here, now there. Noisy grebes, coots and herons rendered the distance audible, with the incessant cries of killdeer threading the interwoven sounds like the notes of a piccolo. A hawk floated lazily overhead. To the right a coyote was climbing a blow-out in a long spiral. Rabbits hopped, frogs leaped, muskrats splashed, ducks swam. The Sand Hills were happy in the possession of a fine afternoon.

As the long line of lumber trucks, grocery trucks, machinery trucks, oil trucks and kitchen wagons filed up the road, Birchard walked over to the fence to see what it all meant. The line extended for nearly a mile. It comprised fifty or sixty trucks, some of them of greater capacity than had ever before been operated in the Sand Hills. The dust that it raised must have been visible a long distance.

"Government troops," he decided. "An army train."

Leaning against a post he watched its approach. The trucks were not army trucks; their drivers were not in uniform; the men they carried were not soldiers. The leading

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truck trudged by without stopping to inquire its way—the driver knew his road. As the others passed he recognized some of their passengers as Blaisdel men.

"Hey, you, Jim Casey!" he called to one of these. "What's your outfit?"

"Company outfit," replied the man addressed.

"What company?"

"A mining company."

"Where's your mine?"

"In the hills north here a mile or two."

"Knew that without asking," he said.

To a man in a grocery truck farther down the line he put the same question:

"Hey, you, Dan! What's your outfit?"

"Ask the boss. He'll tell you all he feels like."

"Where is this boss?"

"In the last truck."

"Hey, there!" he called when the last truck appeared. "What outfit is this?"

To his surprise the truck stopped, and to his still greater surprise the young man seated beside the driver leaped to the ground and approached him with extended hand.

"Hello, father-in-law!" cried Abbott. "We're raising some dust, what?"

Birchard regarded him with cold insolence. He had been nursing his bitterness during the lonely weeks that had passed until it seemed to him that no man had ever been treated so shamefully. He had been unselfish, a loving father, diligent, wise; Bess had been ungrateful, foolish, insulting; Abbott a parasitical adventurer. Not even the cool sweet air and the glory of the flower-strewn hills could soften his holy wrath.

"I don't know you," he said.

"You know that Bess and I are married, don't you? You received our letter, didn't you?"

"What Bess?"

"Your daughter Bess. Who else?"

"I have no daughter. I've disowned my daughter."

"I'm sorry you're still angry with Bess," said Abbott.

"She won't get anything out of me by wheedling. Nor you neither!" he added savagely.

"What could Bess and I hope to get out of you by wheedling?"

"Food! Clothes! Shelter! Money!"

"Don't you think you'd better wait until Bess asks you for food, clothes, shelter and money before refusing her? To say nothing of myself?"

"I've disowned her and disinherited her. She's made her bed; let her lie in it."

"You've—disinherited Bess?"

"What I say! She don't get a cent from me—not a single In-God-We-Trust flat cent. If she's hungry let her work. And you too! Go live with your mother if you're hungry! Don't come to me!"

"Again I ask you, aren't you leaping to conclusions, Father Birchard?"

"Don't call me Father Birchard! And I'll advise you further—you'd better catch up with your outfit now or you never will. We've kept the tar hot for you."

"You're talking wildly."

"Not as wildly as you'll be talking when we get through with you!"

"We? Yourself and Digby?"

"Others too! Others! A rail party!"

Abbott looked at the old man uncertainly, almost timidly. He remembered a time when he would have become angry. A damp, hot, breathless afternoon before a storm might have affected his temper even now. He glanced thoughtfully down at his hands; then turning he addressed the driver, a note of firmness in his voice that was new to Birchard.

"Jack," he began, "what outfit is this?"

"The Abbott Chemical Company's outfit."

"How many men have we in this outfit?"

"One hundred and ten, I believe."

"All good sound men?"

"Hard as nails."

"Who is in charge of these hundred and ten good sound men?"

"Why, you are in charge."

"Who hired them?"

"I did; but they're under you."

"Do they know they're under me?"

"Certainly! They know you're their boss. You're president of the company."

"They'll do anything I say?"

"Absolutely."

He turned to Birchard.

"You spoke of you and Father Digby keeping some tar hot for me," he said softly. "You'll need considerable tar. You've been so good as to warn me. Now let me warn you: If you or Digby or Digby's man Riker or anybody else lays a feather against me or my men or the property in our care we'll heat a kettle of tar for each of your fingers. And we'll heat it hot. We'll wipe up this end of the county with you. We haven't any time for any muddle-headed foolishness."

Birchard had hardly heard Abbott's first words because of his anger; but they very soon engaged his attention, and by this time he was standing with flushed cheeks and burning ears, more uncomfortably warm, for all the cool air, than he had been on the hot night when Bess left his house.

"Digby's foreman put sand in the bearings of my car," continued Abbott softly, "and he cut the ropes of my tent—and a storm coming. The heat had destroyed his judgment. I will overlook the sand—once. I won't overlook it twice.

"All right. Now let me make myself clear about Bess, which is more important. You wanted her to marry gap-toothed old Digby for his money, and when she refused you disinherited her. You spoke of denying her food, clothes, shelter, money—not a single In-God-We-Trust flat cent need she expect from you ever again. Presumably you mean from this mortgaged little cow ranch of yours. It may interest you to learn that Bess has just assigned to my company well above twenty thousand tons of potash that I know of and a good deal more that I can only guess at, worth three hundred to five hundred dollars a ton, now that German potash cannot be had. In exchange she received stock in this plant we're putting up. You've seen only one truckload of it. Her stock as it stands is worth Jeff Digby's ranch twice over. Besides that she has an interest as my wife in my stock, which is worth much more. My mother's stock is worth as much as mine—it's behind her too. Bess is not likely to want."

"Bess didn't own any twenty thousand tons of potash; she owned about half a pound—and that was some I bought."

"Wrong! Bess filed a mineral claim upon that alkali lake that juts into your land from the northeast—the lake you fenced out."

"Was that alkali lake—potash?" asked Birchard in awed tones.

"Potash!"

"Bess filed on that lake?"

"Yes!"

"She's a woman!"

"She's of age. A woman is a citizen."

"A married woman can't file!"

"She wasn't married when she filed on it."

"Is that where this outfit's going?"

"I'm taking this first outfit to the larger alkali lake near my tent. Lake Bess it's called now. The smaller lake will be developed as soon as we can haul in machinery."

"That lake near your tent was—potash?"

"Potash!"

"But the money—that string of trucks cost money."

"I knew some men with money. All I had to do was show them."

"Then you weren't hunting grasshoppers at all! The grasshoppers and butterflies were just a blind!"

Birchard pressed his hand to his forehead. He had suddenly become both old and tired.

"I've been a good deal of a fool," he said slowly. "A bigger fool than I ever knew I was. No use saying so now; but when you write to Bess you can tell her I see it."

"Why don't you write her yourself?"

"Fencing out a potash lake worth half a million dollars! Then picking a husband for her older than I am, with two teeth gone and eating with his knife!"

"Anybody would have fenced out that alkali. As for old Digby, you wouldn't have let her marry him. That was just a pipe dream. The hot weather did that. Write to her."

"The hot weather didn't make me say what I said to you to-day."

"Write to her to-night, father-in-law. Bess would rather have a letter from you than her potash stock."

"She at Blaisdel?"

"She is now. Stopping at the hotel. See here! Why don't you run down on one of my trucks and see Bess? Be ready in about an hour. Just flag the first one you fancy. Ride back in the morning."

"I'd like to do that," said Birchard.

"Bess will be tickled to death! Why, she'll go right up in the air! She'll be so glad to see you she won't let you eat!"

"But I can't. I've stock to take care of."

"I'll send a man over."

"I'd like to see Bess," said Birchard. "I'd like to see her."

"Why, that little girl —— She'll sure go crazy! You've no idea how much she cares for people! Just flag a car and pile on, and get out at the hotel. She'll be tickled to death! Maybe you could bring her back with you for a little visit."

"A visit—with me?"

"You ask her—see what she says!"

"I'd like to have her visit me. I'd like to have her."

"Why, she won't want to wait for morning! You'll have to watch her.

"And listen! Your land runs down pretty close to that lake that Bess filed on, and there's quite some flow of brine under the flat. It's light brine, but I'd like to get that brine land into my company. Twenty thousand in stock. What do you say?"

"Under my land?"

"It's there. I sampled it."

"Why, if you mean it—I say snap, done, sold!"

"I think," Abbott said thoughtfully—"I think we're going to have corking weather from now on."

"I'll be ready for the first truck," replied Birchard.

SONNETS OF SIX CITIES

By Berton Braley

NEW ORLEANS

DARK, languorous, with heavy-lidded eyes
That glow and smolder with a constant fire,
She stirs men's hearts with glorious desire
By glances turned upon them wayward-wise;
She is incarnate carnival; she plies
Her cavaliers with wine of mystery;
Under her mask they know not what there lies,
But linger, rapt, enchanted, till they see.

No disillusion greets them when she lifts
That dainty mask, for she is fair and kind.
But take her not for one who idly drifts
Through lazy days with purpose undesigned,
For though her eyes are warm, and warm her lips,
Her brain is building towers, ports and ships!

BOSTON

A LADY somewhat dowdy as to dress,
A gentle Brahman of old family
Sighing in shocked bewilderment to see
How progress threatens her exclusiveness;
She shows a helpless, fluttering distress
Because her children somehow seem to be
Raucously modern, wholly out of key
With what she feels true culture should express.

And yet for all her well-bred scorn of change
And chill defense of custom and of caste,
Her stern resistance to the new and strange,
This fine old gentlewoman of the past
Has eyes whose glance, with courteous manner met,
Glows sweetly through her often raised lorgnette.

PITTSBURGH

A FACTORY girl with smudges on her cheek
And strong hands hardened with her daily toil
Where furnaces flare forth and caldrons boil
With white-hot metal, and the steel shears shriek;
This is no sheltered maiden, soft and meek,
But one who dares the labor and the moil
To change the ore and coal ripped from the soil
Into the tools of progress that men seek.

Yet she has softer hours when, silken clad,
She seeks the lights and laughs the night away,
Wasting her wages like a spendthrift glad,
Avid of pleasure and of love and play;
But though her beauty glows at such a time
She cannot wholly free her hands of grime.

SAN FRANCISCO

HIGH-COLORED, sparkling, very much alive,
Her feet atingle ever for a dance,
Her eyes agleam with laughter and romance,
Her brain alert to vision and contrive,
Gayly she greets what fortune may arrive
Fearless of any turn of circumstance;
Gives Destiny a bright flirtatious glance
And Fate a wink—nor cares how they connive.

She jazzes to the music of the spheres
And then—'twixt dance and dance—with sudden thought,
She stops to fashion miracles; the years
Will look with wonder on the dreams she wrought.
And she smiles blithely on her work, and then
Her syncopating feet dance on again!

CHICAGO

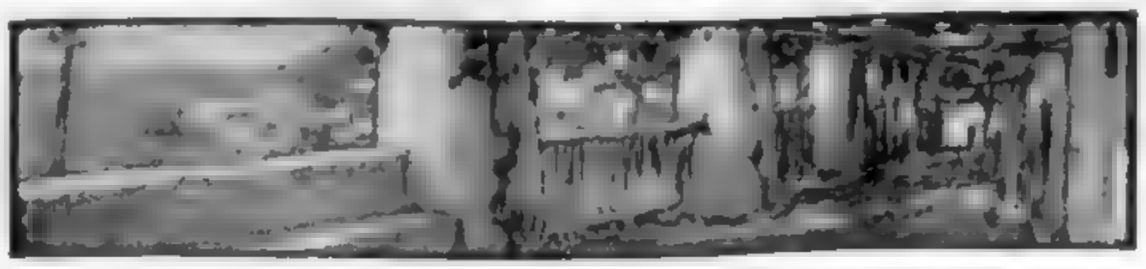
DEEP-BOSOMED, buxom, at first glance mature,
Yet but a girl who wears a woman's form,
A willful girl whose brain is all aswarm
With dreams and doubts, thoughts vivid and obscure.
Sometimes the siren with a subtle lure
Her beauty ripe, seductive, richly warm;
Sometimes the slattern with her house a storm
Of dirt and clutter painful to endure.

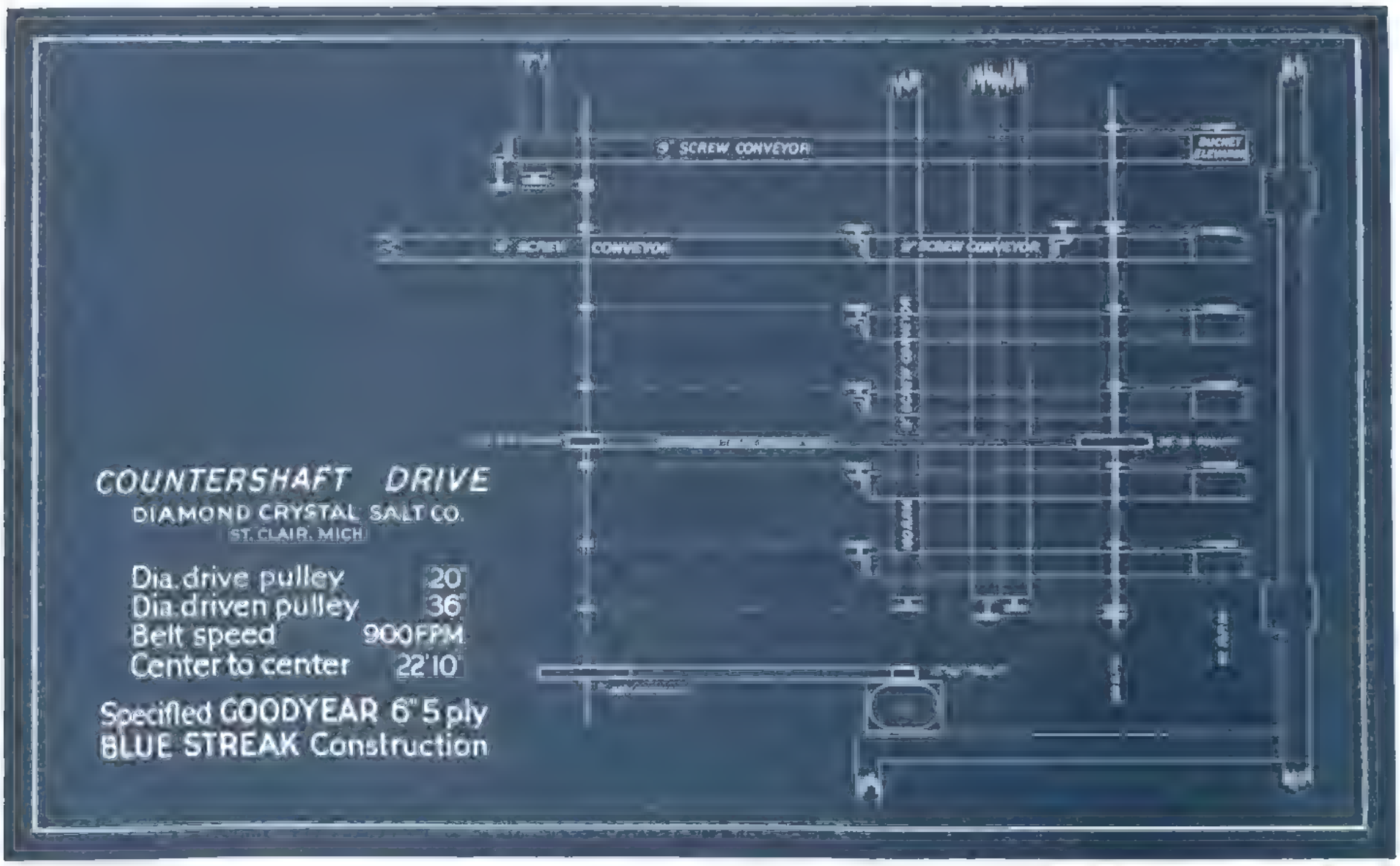
She sees herself as grown to womanhood,
The world views her as adolescent still,
Whereat she stamps her feet—as children would—
And sounds her protest, angry, sharp and shrill.
But when the need is great her soul can rise
To heights of labor, love and sacrifice.

NEW YORK

HER mouth is carmine and her cheeks too red,
Her eyes too bright and hard; her garb is smart,
The product of sophisticated art
From shoes to that confection on her head.
Worship is daily food that she is fed,
It thrills her not, nor seems to warm her heart,
She takes her royal way through street and mart
Brilliant, and proud, as to the purple bred.

And so men say that she is hard as steel,
Not sensing that her paint, her calm disdain,
Are but the trappings of the rôle she plays,
And that to lovers true she will reveal
Love, comradeship, and sympathy for pain,
Faith that endures and loyalty that stays!





Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

Saving $444.38 on a Countershaft Drive—and the G.T.M.

The Diamond Crystal Salt Company of St. Clair, Mich., had been having a lot of trouble and paying many high belting bills—because of a motor drive to a countershaft operating five elevators. The expensive double belt they had been using cost in 1917 $1.60 a foot—$84.80 for the 53 feet required. It generally lasted about three months, and required many take-ups at that.

One day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called and explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts to meet conditions instead of as a hardware man sells nails. The Purchasing Agent, Mr. Engelgau, was interested, told him about the countershaft drive that cost $28.26 a month, and asked him to look it over.

The G. T. M.—our Mr. J. G. Taylor—studied that drive, studied all the conditions carefully and in detail. After making his measurements he told the P. A. he recommended for that drive a certain type of Goodyear Belt costing then 68c per foot—$36.04 for the belt. The P. A. thought he couldn't lose anything at that price—even if the belt ran only five weeks—and told him to send it along.

On Dec. 1, 1917, that belt was installed. At the time this advertisement goes to press—May 1, 1919—the belt is still running and in good condition. It has already given 17 months' service for the $36.04 spent for it. That seventeen months' service for the double $1.60 belt would have cost at the prices of the time at least $480.42. The G. T. M.'s service in specifying the right belt for the service represents a saving of $480.42 minus $36.04, or $444.38.

The belt has also reduced slippage and take-ups to a minimum never before attained on that countershaft drive. Not only does it save money, but it saves trouble and prevents interruptions formerly customary.

If you have a belt-devouring drive that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings they effect for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants served is certain to come to us within a few years.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

For All Outdoors

The happiest day of all is picnic day. Why not be comfortable as well as happy by keeping cool and fit? *Drink luscious*

Phez

Pure Juice of the Loganberry

To Drink, always add two parts water

IT is a real hot day drink, just tart enough to quench the thirst —a glorious picnic drink for the kiddies as well as the grown-ups.

It has twice the strength of other fruit juices, therefore easy to pack and economical as a drink.

Fill the Thermos with ice cold, plain or charged, water and put a bottle of Phez in the basket. When thirsty or fatigued, serve one part Phez to two parts water.

Your dealer can supply you with Phez by the bottle or case. It is served in hotels, clubs, fountains and on dining cars.

Write for "Ways to Serve Phez," by Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.

The Phez Company, Salem, Oregon

Branches: 6 Harrison Street, New York
19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago; 24 California Street, San Francisco

Special offer: 1 doz. 8 oz. Bottles Phez, Pure Juice of the Loganberry, to any point in U. S.—$3.60

Phez Products

Phez pure juice of the loganberry.

Applin, sparkling apple juice

Phez jams, jellies and preserves

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Everett Rhodes Castle

HE WAS born in Cleveland, Ohio, some twenty-six years ago, where he is totally unknown and unappreciated by the Fortnightly Better Literature Club, if y'understand what I mean.

In a brief business career I understand that the young fella has been a shipping clerk in a brass foundry, a municipal tree expert, an advertising illustrator, an advertising writer, an author, a tea hound and more lately a writer of financial advertising. They also tell me that he is one of these free an' independent voters, y'understand, an' that the fact he has always voted the Democratic ticket was only a coincidence.

Also, between you an' me I get it that he ain't married because his idea of solid comfort, y'understand, is to hang his coat over the best chair in the parlor an' sprinkle pipe ashes over the whatnot.

Also, I get it, on gilt-edged information, believe me, that he lives by three principles. One is like this: The Lord hates a piker. Another: The Lord hates a four-flusher. An' the last: Keep away from the Codfish Aristocracy. Y'know what I mean? Swell flat to live in, but with the meat cut thin every night for supper, an' white pants, an' mortgages like extra tires on the automobile. A shrewd business man, too, the boy is. Only two years ago he bought a fine new automobile, an' now by clever

(Concluded on Page 70)

James H. Collins

An Autobiography

"I WISH I had your readable style—then I'd be able to explain my own business so people'd understand it!"

At least once a day somebody says that, and it is certainly flattering.

Years ago I had a style, and believed with Stevenson that one piece of bad writing would ruin it forever. It wasn't my style, however, but a wonderful composite imitation of Stevenson himself, Carlyle, Emerson, and others. I lost it when I began to write about half a million words a year for a trade journal. Doubtless there was more than one piece of bad work. I wrote so much that there wasn't time to imitate anybody, and thus whatever quality was Collins came out. Perhaps I am readable—if I were not you'd never have met me in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To make business interesting to people, just pay more attention to people than to business. I have written much about salesmanship, farming, mining, and what not. Except farming, I have never done any of these things myself—and even my farming didn't pay!

"Well, if you never did any of these things, how can I depend upon what you write?" the astounded reader may exclaim.

But I am ready for him—thousands of times that question has been put to me directly, aggressively.

It takes one man to do a thing and an entirely different kind of a man to tell about it. You have seen the Doer awkwardly try to be a Teller in business journals, professional papers, interviews, speeches, and usually he is technical and dry. Telling is a business. I do not particularly care who does the thing if I can tell about it. And if you think Telling isn't a business, just try to make your living at it! A Teller need not necessarily know much about the thing he explains—not the deep technicalities. The Doer usually fails as a Teller because he knows too much about his specialty, and perhaps knows little else—especially does not know people. I am an impressionist, with a healthy, human curiosity about work

(Concluded on Page 70)

PHOTO. BY LLOYD ALLEN

PHOTO BY BRADLEY'S STUDIO

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

An Autobiography

MY WRITING life must have begun before I had mastered penmanship, for I can remember standing at that somewhat hackneyed spot, my mother's knee, dictating to her willing pencil a long poem about spring and the garden and family life. Fragments of it still adhere to my memory, and it is difficult to see how even a mother could have found promise in it or in the steady flow of small verse that rose from the emotions and home events of growing up. This was in California, at first in a big garden, afterward on a fruit ranch in the foothills. I had four years at Vassar, and then, from being what is known as "comfortable," our family fortunes turned vividly uncomfortable, and the pleasant pastime of writing became a serious though still pleasant business. Since then it has been a story of work and more work, with the usual mixture of reward and discouragement—thrilling enough to live, but dull reading. The most spectacular event was the arrival of a letter from that courageous publisher, Frank A. Munsey, asking me to come to New York and take a position on his staff. I spent four or five valuable years writing for the Munsey publications and editing one of them, The Puritan, until it, so to speak, died on me. Since striking out as a free lance, I have published eleven books and numberless short stories.

I have now reached the country-cottage stage of life, and expect to bore people with my vegetable garden and my view and my car as relentlessly as they have bored my more intense years with theirs; but the small apartment in the big city will still be dearer to a cockney heart than five acres of woodland, and for a steady thing I really prefer the roll of the Madison Avenue cars under my window to the roar of surf or the song of the pines.

Which perhaps explains what is the matter with my work.

James H. Collins

(Concluded from Page 69)

and workers. If I meet a man who is turning breweries into ice-cream factories, that interests me. I like to know how he does it, and when I find out, and write the story, it seems to be humanly interesting to other people.

If I can explain it so clearly that the man's own wife reads the article to see what he does down at the office, the objective has been reached. If he wrote about his own business he would take it very seriously. Being an outsider, I do not. Probably he would see only his own business. Being an outsider, I see it in relation to other industries, and to people. He would be very much afraid of making some misstatement of fact. I find that small technical slips do little harm, so long as the main picture is in good proportion and focus. Some of the best things I make are mistakes. Fear of mistakes is a form of self-consciousness, and self-consciousness is something one must eliminate by every means if he wants to write.

Then the Doer is under the handicap of writing only one article occasionally, while the Teller, writing for a living, is at it all the while. So quantity production enters in even here, you see. It is difficult for the small producer to compete, even in writing, with the quantity-production plant all tooled up.

I know only one fact in grammar—that a noun is a name. And it has never been the slightest use to me. I am sorry I learned it! I enjoy good writing, masterly writing, the writing that lives from one generation to another, as much as anybody else, along with good music, and art and beauty generally. But the world requires a vast amount of everyday writing for everyday purposes—stuff that informs and helps and is then forgotten. This is the sort of stuff that I write, and to be readable, to be clear, to be helpful, comes first of all. Attain these qualities if you have to split infinitives.

Fifty years ago one bright man or woman might grasp pretty much all human knowledge—be acquainted with literature and art, proficient in science and technical knowledge, know history, philosophy, theology, economics. To-day it is all one person can do to keep abreast of knowledge in the one field in which he or she makes a living. So there is a human need for articles about the other fellow's way of making a living. Not the technically accurate and comprehensive information that the other fellow must have if his brewery turns out uniformly good ice cream, but the sort of article that enables the public to pause and glance in at the door for a moment, or walk about among the machinery ten minutes, and understand generally what it is all about. To write that sort of article one must be part of the general public—one of the audience.

In the way of specific Who's Who facts, I was born in 1873, in Detroit, Michigan, knew how to read when I went to school at the age of six, still knew how to read when I left school and went to work at thirteen—but do not remember that I learned anything else to speak of. After the usual boy's experiments with different sorts of "jobs," the printing trade attracted me, and proved an excellent practical school, along with reading. I have always been a great reader. When a printer's boy became a journeyman in those days he got a union card and took to the road. I followed the custom of my craft and began a new kind of schooling—that of travel. At first I hoboed. Perhaps this experience spoiled for me imaginative books of the Beloved Vagabond kind that so many others enjoy. I was the unbeloved kind of vagabond in those days, and would steal your milk bottle off the front steps before you got up if I happened to come along hungry. The desire to travel more comfortably led me to join Ringling's circus as a billposter, and after two seasons I began writing in Chicago. It was hard to make printer's wages at first, but with experience I found my market widening. As it widened most in New York, the great variegated mart for every sort of brain product, I moved there in 1901 and have been there ever since. At least New York has been the starting place and terminal for countless reporting trips through forty-four states in the Union, England, France, Germany, Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico—and Washington, where I spent sixteen months in war work, still writing.

On the whole I guess I am just a Teller, and perhaps it is lucky for me that I am a fairly readable one, for I have never enjoyed doing anything else so much, and might find it hard to make a living as a Doer.

Everett Rhodes Castle

(Concluded from Page 69)

trading every six months he's got a four seater, y'understand, that takes more care than a baby of maybe a guy like this Astor.

An' what a golf player he is! One hundred an' eighty-five pounds of drive, y'understand, an' misses the little hole in the grass by inches only! Also a painter the boy is—on Sundays. A hobby, y'understand, that's going to come in handy in case he gets married or something.

An' ambitious! Honest, to hear that fella talk about the way he really hopes to write something long, y'understand! Always he talks about writin' the real mystery novel of the year, y'understand, an' always he never does it.

Three years ago he sold THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the first attempt he made at stuff that wasn't in the red-apple league, y'understand, and never has he got over it. A good boy in a department store or in an advertising office, but no a writer he must be.

Ain't it a funny world?

THE MONSTER KABULI

(Continued from Page 19)

"Our protection is upon you," Deenah concluded to Carlin. "We commit ourselves to your hands; we render our lives and honor into your care. The Gul Moti alone can present the story of these doings to the chief commissioner, whose name we hold in honor above men. The Gul Moti will see to it, if we are to be punished, that no pin or thread has been taken or changed from the pack of the Kabuli; also, she will see that the chief commissioner, out of his equity, which has never failed, shall judge us knowing that we did all this for the sake of the Bari Sahibah."

The chief commissioner of Hurda at this time was a good and just man. He listened seriously, and spoke to Carlin of the value of the best sort of Indian servants in the houses of the English; of the dangers of the tiger in the grass and the serpent upon the rock and the Kabuli in the khud—to whom he would attend at once.

It was many weeks after that when the case was called, and Deenah's eyes grew red-rimmed, like a pit terrier's, as he told the story again; but his voice fondled the ears of those present in the courtroom. . . . One by one the four other Kabuli left the market place of Hurda. And when the Monster himself had been made to pay and his healing had been uninterrupted for many weeks, there came a day when the unwalled city of Hurda knew him no more.

He was not forgotten, even though months sped by; for in Miss Annesley's heart was a pang over the hillman, who had been horribly hurt. . . . Meantime Skag and Cadman Sahib had come to Hurda; Skag had followed the priests of Hanuman into the Jungle and there met Carlin, who changed all life for him—like the magic of a swift afterglow changes every twig and leaf and stem.

Then came Carlin's hard days of watching for Skag's return—the weeks passing while he waited in Poona. Every morning from a distance she observed the train come in from the south. When Skag did not appear, sometimes she would go alone for a while to the edge of the Jungle; but never deep, because he had asked her not to. Sometimes it was an hour or two before she was ready to look out at the world or the light again.

One early morning, as she crossed the market place, Carlin saw a strange elephant there with his mahout; and a messenger salaamed deferentially, asking if she were the Gul Moti Hakima, and if she could lead the way to the Annesley Sahibah.

Four hours' journey away—this was the messenger's story—a native prince—whose dignity included the keeping of one elephant, an honorable dispensation from the British Government—had called, with great reverence and longing, for the ministration of the Gul Moti Hakima and that of her friend, the Annesley Sahibah—for, lo! unto him a child was to be born and the need was urgent. . . . Carlin asked if the afternoon would do. She was thinking of the many days and the train at noontime. The messenger said that within the four hours to noon he had hoped that she and the Annesley Sahibah would be in the palace of his prince.

Margaret was ready as they spoke, almost. She was as much beloved as Carlin by many native women. Manifestly she could not go alone. . . . If Skag were to come this day he would know at once that there was some great reason. . . . Deenah was away; but she left word with Deenah's wife, saying she would be back that night or very early the next day; in fact, Carlin was ready and in the howdah with Margaret Annesley before there was really a chance to think.

Skag did arrive from Poona that day. When Carlin did not come to the Jungle's edge, and the vivid open area between him and the city showed no movement, he did not linger many minutes. Power had come to him from the waiting days and this hour was the acid test. All his life he had refused to look back or look ahead, making the Now—the present moving point—his world; wasting no energy otherwise.

In the long waiting days he had learned, what many a man afield has been forced to learn in loneliness, that when he was very still and feeling high, not too tired—in fact, when he could forget himself—something of Carlin came to him over the miles.

But, in spite of all he knew, much force of his life had strained forward to this moment of meeting. The shock of disappointment dazed him. His first thought was that there was a good reason; but after that the misery of faint-heartedness stole in, and he wondered the old sad wonder—whether love had changed!

Skag hurried back to the station, where he had left the Great Dane Nels with Bhanah, who was directed to find quarters for himself. Nels stood between the two waiting for his orders, and wheeled with a dip of the head almost puppylike when the man decided. So Skag walked on toward where Carlin lived; and at his heels, with dignity, strode one of the four great hunting dogs of India. Presently he saw Miss Annesley's head servant, Deenah, running toward him, face gray with calamity.

And now Skag heard of the coming of the messenger with the strange elephant; and the black edging began to run about Deenah's tale as he revealed in his own mind the ugly possibility that the Monster Kabuli had his part in this sending:

"For the Hantee Sahib must know now that not within four hours' journey from Hurda—nay, not within a six-hour journey from Hurda—is there a native prince with the dignity of one elephant. And any but women servants and mere hirelings should have known this."

The force of the last saying was directed upon the other menservants in Annesley Sahibah's establishment who had failed to protest against the departure of the two women. . . . They were walking rapidly now to the house of the chief commissioner, who Deenah said was away in the villages, their great hope of life and death falling with the deputy commissioner sahib. And always as he spoke Deenah's face steadily grew more gray, the rims of his eyes more red, for his memories of the Monster were flooding in like the rains over old river beds, and there was no mercy for Skag in the forming pictures of Deenah's mind.

The deputy commissioner, a perfectly frocked young man, leisurely appeared. He did not wear spectacles or glasses; still, there was a glisten about his eye as if he wore them. He came forth to the veranda opening a heavy cigarette case of soft Indian gold. His head tilted back, as if sipping from a cup, when he lit and inbreathed the cigarette.

To Skag he seemed so utterly aloof, so irreparably out of heart with a man's needs at a moment like this, that he could not have asked a favor or adequately stated his case. Deenah took his part, however. If there were drama or any interest in the tale there was no sign from the deputy, whose eyes now cooled upon Nels and widened. Presently he interrupted Deenah to inquire who owned this dog.

The servant signified the American, and Skag took the straight glisten of the Englishman's glance for the first time.

"Oh, may I inquire? From whom?"

Skag coldly told him the dog had been owned by Police Commissioner Hichens, of Bombay. . . . The deputy regretfully ordered Deenah to continue his narrative, and in the silence afterward he presently spoke the name: "Neela Deo."

(Continued on Page 73)

Try a KLIM SHAKE *at the Soda Fountain*

THE smoothest, best milk shake you ever tasted. There's a surprise in store for you when you try a Klim Shake at the Soda Fountain.

"Why is it so much smoother and better than the usual milk shake?"—you ask when you taste it.

It is because Klim is as fresh and sweet as it was on milking day.

If the Soda Fountain could be moved out to the farm, and your milk shake could be made a few hours after milking, it would be just as good as a Klim Shake.

What is Klim?

Klim is fresh milk with the water removed. Milk is ⅞ water and ⅛ solids. When the water is removed, the solids remain in the form of powder.

Klim differs from ordinary powdered milk because the water is removed without cooking the milk, thus retaining the original milk flavor.

The milk is forced by great pressure through a tiny pin-hole. It comes out like a cloud or mist into currents of warm air which dry the spray instantly, and the milk falls like snow in the form of powder. This powder is called

Spell it Backwards

KLIM
BRAND
POWDERED MILK

Nothing has touched it but air.
Nothing has been removed but water.
Nothing is changed.
When you replace the water you have milk again, just as it was in the first place
M-I-L-K with the water removed is Klim.
K-L-I-M with the water replaced is milk.

Now watch the man make a Klim Shake.

He puts the syrup and clear water into the glass.

He raises the cover from a glass jar containing Klim, and adds the right amount of this fine white powder. Then he places the glass under the beater and in a minute you have the smooth, sweet, fresh Klim Shake.

Isn't this more sanitary and healthful than a milk shake made by the old method?

And as to goodness—let your own taste decide.

At all Soda Fountains. Ask for it by name, "Klim Shake."

Klim Powdered Milk is in two forms—Whole Milk and Skimmed Milk. Both of these products make splendid Klim Shakes.

Soda Fountain operators, write for our Special Fountain Offer

MERRELL-SOULE CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1918—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts

Klim Brand Separated Milk Powder is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products Ltd., Toronto.

How to get Klim for use at home

So many people have asked how they can use Klim in their homes that we have arranged to send a trial can of Skimmed Milk and Full Cream Milk direct by mail, and when they want more we will supply them in any quantity.

Send for booklet describing Klim—its manufacture and its uses.

Fill out and mail coupon for trial order.

Merrell-Soule Company

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. 6

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00) (checks, money orders or currency accepted) for which please send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream), and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Glass of Water that You Drink

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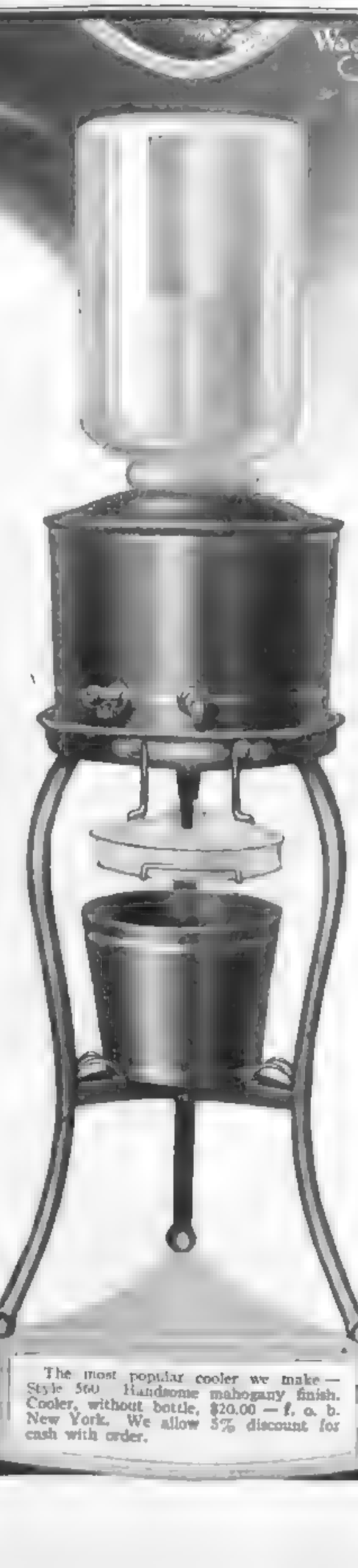

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Established 1880

(Continued from Page 70)

This meant the Blue God and signified the lordliest of the king's servants in all India—an elephant honoring the Hurda stockade as his place and the chief commissioner as his formal patron. . . . The deputy, after a slight pause, answered himself:

"But Neela Deo is away with the commissioner. . . .

"Mitha Baba——"

There was another lilting pause. This referred to a female elephant, the name of which was Sweet Baby. The deputy capitulated:

"Mitha Baba might do, especially since she knows the Gul Moti—and oh, I say, that's a strange tale, you know."

He glanced from Deenah to Nels and Skag, but received no encouragement to narrate the tale. Not in the least unbalanced, he tipped back his head and took another drink from between his smoky fingers; then his glassless eyes glittered out through the white burning of the noon as he added:

"But Mitha Baba would not chase a strange elephant unless she knew the beast were running off with her own Deal Sahibah. . . . Also, she might have notions of her own out yonder toward the hills. She's discriminating—is Mitha Baba; but, I say, Gunpath-Rao came from those hills."

It dawned upon Skag that this wasn't monologue, but conversation; also that it had some vague bearing upon his own affairs.

The pause was very slight, when the deputy resumed his speech:

"Yes; Gunpath-Rao is from the Vindhya Hills within the lifetime of one man. . . . Mitha Baba is just as fast, but she won't do it; so there's an end. Gunpath-Rao? . . . Gunpath-Rao! The mahouts say young male elephants can be made to follow a strange male for the chance of a fight. It's consistent enough. Yes; we'll call in Chakkra. . . . Are you ready to travel, sir?" This was to Skag.

No array of terms could express how ready to travel was Sanford Hantee. The Bengali mahout, Chakkra, appeared, a squat man of yellow caste, with blue turban, red cummerbund and a drape of white cotton, the whole rushing Skag's mind back to the songs they used to sing in a remote Chicago school in Waspen Street—especially Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

The deputy flicked away his cigarette and now spoke fast—talk having to do with Nels, with Carlin Deal, with Gunpath-Rao, who was this particular mahout's charge, and of the strange elephant who had carried the women away.

Chakkra reported at this point that he had seen this elephant in the market place—an old male with a woman's howdah, covering far too few of his many wrinkles, and a mahout who would ruin the disposition of anything but a man-killer. Chakkra appeared to have a serious hatred of this man, for he inquired of the deputy:

"Have I your permission to deal with the mahout of this thief elephant?"

"Out of your own blood lust—no! Out of necessity—yes."

A queer moment! It was as if one supposed only to crawl had suddenly revealed wings. Not until this instant did Skag realize that a chief commissioner has the flower of England to pick his deputies from, and that the lord of affairs stationed in Hurda had made no mistake in this particular deputy. . . . A moment later Nels had been given preliminary instructions, and Skag was lifted with a playful flourish of the trunk by Gunpath-Rao himself into the light hunting howdah. Chakkra was also in place, when the deputy waved his hand with the remark:

"Oh, I say, I'd be glad for the chase myself, but an official, you know—— Lord, what a dog!"

The last was when Nels swung round in front of Gunpath-Rao's trunk, as if formally to remark: "I understand we are to travel together for the day."

The deputy detained them a second or two longer while he brought forth his gun case and a pair of pistols, to save Skag the necessary time for procuring his own at the station. They heard him call, after the start:

"It might be a running fight, you know."

At the Jungle's edge Nels was given the scent of the strange elephant, and Deenah left them, with nothing to mitigate the evil discovery that the two women had been carried straight through the Jungle country toward the wilderness of the Vindhyas—not in the direction the messenger had stated in the hearing of the other servants.

A steady beat through Skag's tortured mind was Deenah's story of the Monster Kabuli, no softness or mercy in those details. He had watched, in the deputy, a man unfold after the mysterious manner of the English. He had entered suddenly and abruptly into one of the most enthralling centers of fascination in Indian life—the elephant service; and he had seen the exalted and complicated mechanism of a chief commissioner's establishment get down to individual business with remarkable speed and without the loss of an ounce of dignity; but under every feeling, thought and act was the slow bass beat of Deenah's story of the Monster Kabuli.

Here was action. The great Nels had been called to the trail in the very hour of his arrival. Gunpath-Rao, the most magnificent beast in the Hurda stockade except Neela Deo or possibly Mitha Baba, was quickening beneath him to passage at the present moment. Moreover, Gunpath-Rao had approved of him instantly, placing him in the howdah with a glad grace that would not unfreshen evening wear; and Gunpath-Rao was away about big business at once.

Skag would have supposed their movement leisurely, except that he saw that Nels was so steadily at work. . . . Chakkra, the mahout, sang the praises of his lord as they pushed forward, often flapping an ear to keep time and waving his one-pronged stick—the steel end of which was never used.

"He is full cousin to Neela Deo himself," Chakkra repeated, his gaze fixed ahead.

It appeared rather that he was reminding Gunpath-Rao than informing the American of this honor.

"Did I not hear the deputy commissioner sahib say that the native hills of this elephant are the Vindhyas, and that Neela Deo is from a stockade of the high Himalaya?"

The mahout's face turned back; his trailing lids did not widen in the fierce sunlight. It was the face of a man still singing.

"The kinship is of honor, not of blood, sahib," he observed.

Then Skag was informed that Neela Deo's mahout, a man of years, was the fourth of his line to give his life to the Blue God, who was not yet in the ictus of his power and beauty; while he—Chakkra—was the only mahout Gunpath-Rao had known since his coming in from the Vindhya stockades, where he was snared.

Also, in considering the size and superb youth of Gunpath-Rao, the sahib must bear in mind that an elephant continues to increase in value and wisdom for a hundred years, and that Neela Deo had fifty years of accumulation ahead of his cousin. On these grounds was there not reason upon which the Blue God himself should hesitate to disclaim relationship?

Chakkra then pointed out that when the grandson of his own little son should sit just here, upon this brow, vastly ennobled by the years, between the incomparable ears of his beloved, and so looking out upon the world from a greater height than this—then doubtless the peoples would know there was another elephant than Neela Deo in the world.

Skag missed nothing of the talk. Another time it would have filled him with deep delight. It belonged to his own craft. A man might use all the words of all the languages in all their flexibilities and never tell the whole truth of his own craft; in fact, a man can only drop a point here and there about his life work. One never comes to the end.

Also, before his eyes was the joy of Nels in action—the big fellow leaping to his task, steadily drawing them on, almost magnetically luring the elephant to greater and greater speed. And always a breath of ease would blow across Skag's being as he noted the quickening; but when that was merely sustained for a while the hope of it wore away, and he wanted more and more speed—past any giving of man or beast. . . . The old drum of the Kabuli tale constantly recurred, as if a trapdoor to the deeps were lifted. Skag would brush his hand across his brow, shading his head with his helmet, lifted apart for a moment to let the sunless air circulate.

They passed through the Jungle strip after three hours, merging into a country of low broken hills. The trail avoided the villages. The rains that had broken in Poona had not yet reached this country. . . . The sun went down and the afterglow changed the world. Carlin's afterglow it was to Skag—from their moment at the edge of the Jungle on the evening of the troth. There was pain about it now. India had a different look to him—alien, sinister, of a depth of evil undreamed of, because of the beating bass of the Kabuli tale, intensified by the sense that falling night would slacken the chase.

Skag had lost the magic of externals, the drift of his great interests. All his lights were round Carlin; and powers of hatred, altogether foreign to his faculties, pressed upon him in the threat of the hour. . . . Yes; Chakkra remembered the five hillmen who had sat in the market place. Oh, yes; he remembered the story of the beating of the Monster, the long, slow healing after that, and his last look as he left Hurda for the last time.

It was well, Chakkra intimated, that they had open country for the chase. It was well that the Kabuli did not call to the women and hide them in the great Mohammedan household of Hurda, where even the English Government might not search. It was well that the Kabuli did not dare to come closer to Hurda than this; so that they had a chance to overtake his elephant afield before the walls of the purdah closed.

Such was the burden of Chakkra's ramble; and there was no balm in it for Skag. It settled heavier and heavier upon him with the ending of the day. Nels was a phantom of gray before them in the shadows, leisurely showing his class. At times, when he ranged far ahead, they could not hear him for several minutes; then possibly they heard a half-humorous sniff in the immediate dark, and they knew the big fellow tarried for Gunpath-Rao to catch up. Once he was lost ahead so long that Skag spoke:

"Nels!"

The answer was a bound of feet, and a whine below that pulled the man's hand over the rim of the howdah, as if to reach and touch his good friend.

"Take it, Nels! Good work, old man!" Skag would say.

They passed through zones of coolness as the trail sank into hollows between the hills and Gunpath-Rao rolled forward. Pitch and roll, pitch and roll—as many movements as a solar system and the painful illusion of slowness over all. Often in Skag's nostrils one of the subtlest of all scents made itself known, but most elusively—a suggestion of shocking power—like an instant's glimpse into another dimension. If you answer at all to an expression that, at best, only intimates *the smell of living dust*—you'll have something of the thing Skag sensed in the emanation of Gunpath-Rao, hot in action. Occasionally, as they crossed the streams, there was delay in finding the trail on the other side. Once in the dark, after a ford, when Nels had rushed along the bank on the left to the scent, Gunpath-Rao plunged straight on to the right without waiting,

Skag Saw Nels Lose His Trend in the Deepening Center, Swing Down With the Current an Instant and Then Strike His Boldness, Swimming

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and the mahout sang his praises with low but fiery intensity:

"He has come! He has come into his own!"

"What do you mean, Chakkra? Make it clear to me who have not many words of Hindi."

"The meaning of our journey appears to him, sahib, from our minds, from the thief ahead, and from the great dog. The thing we do is unfolding to him with the hours. He knows the way—see?"

Nels had come in from the lateral and found that Gunpath-Rao was right. An amazing point to Skag, this. The great head before him, with Chakkra's legs dangling behind the ears, had grasped something of the urge of their chase. A vast and mysterious mechanism was locked in the bony slate-colored box. Actually Gunpath-Rao seemed to laugh because he had shown the way to Nels.

"You don't mean, Chakkra, that he goes into the silence like a holy man?"

"It is like."

Skag had seen something of this in his India—the yogi men shutting their eyes and bowing their heads, and seeming to sink their consciousness into themselves, in order to ascertain some fact without and afar off.

"Our lord gives his mind to the matter and the truth appears," Chakkra added.

"Will the other elephant travel through the night as steadily?" Skag asked.

The sense of his own powerlessness was in him like a spear.

"Not like this, sahib," said Chakkra.

The hint, however, was that the thief elephant would make all speed; that the lead of the four hours would be conserved as carefully as possible by the other mahout.

"But he has a woman's howdah," Chakkra invariably added; "two women, as well as the mahout himself. . . . To-morrow will tell; hai, to-morrow will tell—if they go that far!"

That was always the point of the blackest fear—that the party ahead should come to some Mohammedan household and leave the women where no one could pass the veil.

"But what of the messenger who did the work with the women?" Skag asked.

"He would slip away—not traveling long. Some hiding place for him—possibly back at Hurda."

Chakkra seemed sure of this.

That was Skag's long night. He tried to think of the Kabuli as if he were an animal. A man might have a destroying enmity against a cobra or a tiger or a python, but it was not black and self-defiling like this that crept over him out of the miasma of Deenah's tale.

In the dawn they reached a small river. Skag saw Nels lose his tread in the deepening center, swing down with the current an instant and then strike his balance, swimming. There was coolness and silence. To-night he should know. To-night, if he did not have Carlin ——

Gunpath-Rao stood shoulder-deep in the stream. Skag fancied a gleam of deep massive humor under the tilt of the great ear below him as Gunpath-Rao none too delicately set his foot forward into the deeper part of the stream. His trunk and Chakkra's voice were raised simultaneously, for the latter was slipping:

"Hai, my lord! Would you go without me? Would you leave the sahib alone in his proving time? Would you leave my children fatherless? . . . There is none other ——"

They stood, in the lifting day, overlooking a broad slow-sloping country, the Vindhya peaks faintly configured in the far distance.

"It is the broad Valley of the Nerbudda," Chakkra said, "full of milk and wine against the seasons. Two good days of travel ahead to the bank of the river, sahib, to be accomplished this day—hai, before the fall of night!—if the chase holds so long."

Skag did not eat this day. It was not until near noon that they halted by a spring of sweet water and the white man thought of his thirst. Nels was leaner. He plunged to the water; then back to the scent again, with a far challenge call after drinking. It was like the echo of his challenge to the cheetah, as the wall of the waters loomed across the world back of Poona. On he went seriously, his mouth open in the great heat; his tongue rocking on its center like nothing else.

Gunpath-Rao seemed gradually overcoming interior obstructions, as if his great idea mounted and cleared, his body requiring a full day to strike its rhythm. Chakkra sang to him; the sun became hotter and higher, until it hung at the very top of the universe and forgot nothing. There was stillness in the hills that would frighten anything but a fever bird to silence. To Skag it was a weight against speech, and he sat almost rigidly for many moments at a time, all his life of jungle and city, of man and creature, passing before his tortured eyes.

And the words Carlin had spoken—all the mysteries of his nights near Poona, when she had seemed to draw near as he fell asleep—seemed to be there as he came forth from a dream. Always he had thought he could never forget the dreams—only to find them gone utterly before he stood upon his feet in the mornings. Past all was the marvel of the Hunting Cheetah day, when he looked at the beast that had no answer to his force, murder only in that savage heart; and Carlin's name was his very breath in that peril, something of her spirit like a whisper from within his own heart.

All that afternoon Skag's eyes strained ahead, and his respect grew for the thief elephant, with his greater burden; and his wonder increased for Nels and Gunpath-Rao. One dim far peak held his eyes from time to time in this wilderness; but Skag lived in the low beat of India's misery—the fever-and-famine world; the world of the starving; the world of the veils and the miseries beyond even the ken of the slums of the West.

He sank and sank until he was chilled, even though the sweat of the day's fierce burning was upon him. He understood hate and death, the thirst to kill, the slow ruin that comes at first to the human mind suddenly cut off from the one held more dear than life. It seemed all boyish dazzle that he had ever found loveliness in this life. All that boyishness had passed. In this hour he saw only hatred ahead, and mockery, if Carlin —— But the far dim peak of misty light held his aching eyes.

"Go on, Nels! On, old man!" he would call.

And Chakkra would turn with protest that could not find words, his tongue invariably silenced by the lean terrible face in the howdah behind him. Presently Chakkra would fall to talking to his lord, muttering in a kind of thrall at the thing he saw in the countenance of the white man who had touched bottom.

Sanford Hantee was facing the worst of the past and an impossible future, having neither hope nor pity. Yet from time to time, with a glance at the gun case at his feet, he spoke with cold clearness:

"We must overtake them before night!"

Chakkra, who had ceased singing, would bow, saying:

"The trail is hot, sahib. They are not far away now. Hai!"

Steadily, beneath them, Gunpath-Rao straightened out, lengthening his roll, lifting the pitch. Nels was not trotting now, but was in a long low run. Skag was aghast at himself that his heart did not go out to these magnificent servants. There was no feeling within him to answer these verities of courage and endurance; yet he could remember the human that had been in his heart.

The low hills had broken away behind them; the first obscuration of twilight was in the air. A shelving dip opened, showing the bottom of the valley. Skag could see nothing ahead; but Nels was lying closer to the trail. Chakkra's naked shoulder was suddenly within reach of Skag's hand, for the head of his lord was lifted.

The great curve of Gunpath-Rao's trumpet arched before his face. Two things happened to Skag: a full blast of hot breath drove through him and a keen high vibrant tone pierced every nerve. Then, in utmost exultation, Chakkra took up the cry:

"Gunpath-Rao—Prince of Vindhya—declares the chase is on! Hold fast, sahib! We go!"

The earth rose and the heavens tipped. There was no foundation; the bulwarks of earth's crust had given way. The landscape was racing past, but backward; and Nels, yet ahead, was a whirring streak. The thing hardly believed and never seen in America—that the elephant is the speed king of the world—was revelation now! No pitch or roll; a long curving sweep this, which seemed scarcely to touch the ground. This was the going Skag had called for through a night and a day. . . . And Nels was laboring below them now, but seeming to miss his tread, seeming to run on ice.

"Hai!" yelled Chakkra. "Who says there is none to equal the pace of Neela Deo?"

A fleck of silver stretched before them, crossing the line of their course. It broadened in a man's breath. They turned the curve of the last slope and heard the shout of the mahout far ahead. The thief elephant was running, and close to the river's margin.

A roar was about Skag's head and shoulders like a storm—Gunpath-Rao trumpeting again! The landscape blurred. The forward beast was growing large—two standing figures above him—the fling of a white arm!

The huge howdah rocked as they entered the river, a moment more only the howdah showing. Distantly, like the hum of furious insects, Skag heard Chakkra's chant:

"The thief is snared! Holy Mother Nerbudda herself weaves the snare. . . . The hand of destiny is ours, my lord. Nay, mine; not thine! Did not the deputy commissioner sahib say *of necessity?* . . . Plunge in! . . . Hai! But softly! Lord of thy kind, take the water softly, I say."

And Gunpath-Rao entered the river at a swimming stroke. Skag's eyes had hardly turned from the great red howdah. There was a keen squeal from ahead, answered by a fiery hissing intake of Chakkra's breath.

"That, sahib, is the murderous mahout using his pointed steel. . . . Yes, it was *of necessity*, the deputy sahib said. Certainly it was *of necessity!*"

The fling of a white arm again. Sanford Hantee Sahib was standing.

"Carlin!" he called.

The answer came back to him in some mystery of imperishable vibration:

"I am here!"

The two great beasts were moiled together against the stream. The man and woman, whose eyes still held each other, might have missed the flash of steel Chakkra parried with his pronged stick; in fact, it was the sound of a quick gasp of Margaret Annesley that made them turn just as Chakkra screamed:

"Of necessity, sahib. It is accomplished!"

The other's blade had whirled into the water. They had heard the welt as Chakkra's elephant stick came down. The strange mahout looked drunk and spineless for a second; then there was a red gush under his white cloth as he pitched into the stream.

The Great Dane had just caught up. He was in the river below them, not doubting that his part had come.

"Nels, steady! Let him go!" Skag called. "Don't touch, old man!"

And then they heard Chakkra singing his song, but paid no attention.

That was a long two days' journey back to Hurda, but there was no haste; and at least two in the hunting howdah could transcend passing time, each by the grace of the other. Gunpath-Rao was returned to the deputy commissioner sahib, with an amulet to add to his trophy winnings, and a sentence or two that one would think was taken from the record of Neela Deo himself. And Nels was restored to the good Bhanah by way of the heart of Carlin Deal.

They never found out how far the two women would have been taken beyond the Nerbudda. After they had first mounted into the red howdah in the market place at Hurda the messenger of the Kabuli had disappeared into the crowd and was not seen again. As for the Monster himself, he had suffered enough to plan craftily. The Nerbudda took his mahout and covered him quite as deeply as the crowd had covered his messenger at Hurda.

Much, in his silence afterward and in the great still joy that had come to him, Sanford Hantee chose to reflect upon the mystery of pain he had known on the lonely out journey—the spiritless incapacity to cope with life—the loss even of his master craft with animals.

He would look toward Carlin in such moments and then look away, or possibly look within. By her the meanings of all life were sharpened—Jungle and Jungle beast, monster, saint and man—the breath of all life more keen.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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Rehearse today by stepping up to the first fountain for a fizzing, foaming mug, or glass, or paper cupful. It's just as good one way as another, so it's Hires. But be sure you get Hires every time.

Hires

Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—sold in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

SAVING THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

"But it isn't in human nature."

"Don't you catch the real point after all?" he asked genially. "It wouldn't fall on the great mass of the people. Not a bit of it! The rich will pay all the taxes."

"But who are the rich?"

"Well, I guess they're the people that have got more than a fellow has himself. Say people with more than the average."

A gloom had come upon me, also a confusion of thought; however, I continued the conversation. "In the long run, you're going to raise all pay," I said. "Not only the pay of railroad men, but everybody's pay."

"Me, personally," my friend explained, "I don't care about anybody's but mine. I'm just thinking along lines to take it up instead of down and to see that capital gets crowded out of the advantage it used to take of me."

"But all the other workmen in all the other industries are likely to take the same view of their own pay that you take of yours."

"Well, can you blame 'em?"

"Certainly not! Blaming them won't help me—I mean it won't help the country," I said. "But suppose your program for saving the country is carried out, where would we all be?"

"Just where we ought to," he said jovially. "Taxing the rich is the most ideal ——"

"Wait a minute! The Government, you say, will take the money of any man more successful financially than the average man—counting in all men to get an estimate of the average man—the Government will take the more successful man's money and call this money taxes, and then call it pay and hand it over to the workingmen in the industries."

"That's it."

"Well, how far would you carry this plan?"

"Clear through—why not?"

"But then the successful man wouldn't have any more money than anybody else. There wouldn't be any rich to tax."

"Well, between I and you, what do we want any rich for anyway? To come right out with it, I never did like the idea of people having more than I got myself. No; I don't consider not having any rich would be any painful loss to me!"

A Bewildered Inquirer

"But if you're going to run this reform by taxing the rich and there aren't any rich to tax, who's going to pay the taxes?"

"Why, the fellow who would be rich, if we didn't take his money for taxes! Isn't that simple enough? We'll take all he gets over the average, you see. He doesn't get to use it himself, but of course he goes right along earning it. Take a doctor with a big practice, for instance ——"

"Wait!" I said. "I'm puzzled. What does he go right along earning it for?"

"Why, to pay his taxes with. He's got to of course!"

"That is, he earns all he's going to be allowed to keep, and then goes on working in order to get the money that's paid over to you?"

"Yes! I suppose that's one way to put it."

"Would you do it?" I inquired.

"Would I do what?"

"Would you work to pay part of some stranger's pay?"

"Well, if the Government made me I'd have to."

"How could the Government make you work harder or longer or better than the average?"

"Well, I expect it couldn't."

"Could it make you work for your own pay and part of more pay besides, unless it let you keep the extra money?"

"No, I guess not. Why, no, you bet it couldn't! That would be just the same as my doing part of some other man's work for him. I wouldn't do it!"

"He feels the same way about you," I said. "And that's why I'm puzzled about your plan. It seems to me that if it were put into execution the men capable of earning more than the average would loaf on their jobs and have an easy time of it rather than pay other men's wages. Some of them might work hard because they love work, but there aren't a great many of that kind—all counted. It seems to me that the only mark of a successful man, then, would be the amount of time he'd spend out fishing."

My friend objected.

"Oh, nobody expects to carry things to any such extremes as that!"

"Why not?"

"Well, I see it wouldn't work. The Government will have to hold the rates up quite a ways, maybe, and collect taxes only up to the point where the taxpayers will still be allowed to keep enough money out of their jobs or business to feel that they are making a reasonable amount."

"What would be a reasonable amount?"

My friend became thoughtful.

"It ought to be enough for them to consider it was worth their while; I see that. It would have to be fixed so they could get a little more than the average to spend after they'd got their taxes paid. It might be troublesome to fix the amount; I don't claim to be clear on that point. And, anyhow, I'm not one of those darned Bunch-of-Ikeys that claim nobody has a right to live unless he works with a pick and shovel! No Bunch-of-Ikey stuff for mine, old man! All I want is to keep my pay up."

Forceps for Tax Gatherers

He used the new word with a vigorous condemnation that cheered me a little; yet I departed in no jubilant mood. So far, searching in myself, I could find nothing that seemed helpful to my country—as represented by myself—in any of the plans for reform and reconstruction. Everybody seemed to agree that a new era was in process of birth and that it would never do to go back to the old miserable pre-war basis—the papers said every day that such an idea was abhorrent; but so far as I could figure, my prospective share of the new era, as sketched by every plan I could find, appeared to be connected with increasingly painful compulsory calls at the office of the internal revenue collector of my district. I knew that in this roseate dawn of the new era I ought to blush for my sordidness, and I almost did; but it is the truth of me that I think of the collector's office lately, now that the war is over, somewhat as I think of a dentist's anteroom. And the time seems to approach when the collector's office will need a similar equipment—tanks of laughing gas, many kinds of forceps and other pulling and drawing apparatus.

Wishing to know at once the most discouraging things that can happen in the new era, I looked up a thoroughly Bolshevik old friend of mine. He was in great spirits.

"I used to think we'd never live to see it, but now it's coming!" he said happily. "It will be here in our own lifetime."

"What will?"

"The true freedom—economic freedom! Bolshevism!"

"Oh," I murmured, not reassured by the certainty and enthusiasm of his tone. "It seems to me quite a number of people you and I know have a kind of nervousness about Bolshevism. They don't seem to want it."

He laughed triumphantly.

"No!" he cried. "They don't! The profiteers!"

"Who are they?"

"The scoundrels who have more money at the close of the war than they had at the beginning."

"I've been talking to one," I said. "He says his wages are going to keep on going up too."

"Good heavens!" my friend exclaimed. "I'm not talking about any poor exploited wage slave!"

"You don't know him," I hastened to say. "He wouldn't like your calling him a slave—not any kind of slave at all. He doesn't think of himself in that way; he'd misinterpret you and it would be better for you to smile when you call him that, if he were present."

My friend began oratorically: "All the toiling ——"

"Masses?" I suggested, though not because he hesitated for a word.

"All the toiling masses are wage slaves," he went on; and something familiar about his phrasing struck my ear. Somehow, somewhere, I had heard or read something like this before. So I interrupted again:

"Am I right in assuming that the American public is divisible into four classes: Capitalists, petty bourgeoisie, proletariat and peasants? I have been told so, but it has seemed to me that the native element would have difficulty in recognizing itself under the new names."

"There are really but two classes in the whole world," he said, correcting me. "The bourgeoisie and the workers."

"I am confused again," I confessed. "You reformers say such varying things. But if I understand you, the two classes into which the world has divided itself—or did it divide itself? Who did divide it?"

"It is divided; that is enough."

"Well, it might be divided in so many ways—into parents and children, for instance. Or women and men. Why wouldn't that do? Or teachers and pupils? The chances for revolution could be ——"

He became contemptuous at this.

"Oh, if you decide to be idiotic ——"

"No! I'm really in the dark, and depressed besides, because I've got a lot of anxieties about money. My anxieties used to be all about how to earn it, but lately they're about not getting it removed from me after I have earned it. Let's go back to the two classes you mentioned—the bourgeoisie and the workers. I see what you mean of course. The bourgeoisie consists of all the drones and loafers—the really idle rich, children too young for school, retired aged men, people in the poorhouse, people in sinecure jobs, men in the hotel lavatories that brush you when you don't want to be brushed, police court characters ——"

"No!" he cried, not without sharpness. "You're talking like a ——"

But I went on, not heeding him, for I was interested in what I was saying:

"And the workers are the people that really work—like school-teachers and doctors and lawyers and factory owners and factory workmen and farmers and editors and barbers and publishers and bankers and authors and bricklayers and railroad men and reporters and blacksmiths and trust company presidents and ——"

"Stop it!" he shouted. "What's wrong with you? I didn't realize you were such an ignoramus!"

"But that's just why I came to see you. I want to learn things—at least I want to learn something in particular. I'm anxious about what's going to happen to me—I mean what's going to happen to the United States—under your program of reconstruction. I'm anxious—as a taxpayer."

Here I thought I detected scorn in the laughter with which he favored me; possibly he meant me to detect it.

Jobs for the Leaders

"In the United States," he informed me, "the taxpayers are the bourgeoisie. In other countries, where the peasants and workmen were formerly ground down by the taxes, another definition might have been necessary; but in this country you may take it simply that the bourgeoisie consists of the taxpayers. All others are the workers."

I protested feebly, but as well as I was able:

"It seems a peculiar whim in the choice of words. I've always found it impossible to pay my taxes without working. But letting that go ——"

"You have no choice but to let it go. You have investments in private property; you are a taxpayer; you are a member of the bourgeoisie."

"Well then," I inquired dismally, "when your program of reconstruction is carried out, what will become of the bourgeoisie?"

"We're going to wipe you out," he replied pleasantly. "Altogether. You'll disappear."

"Then I won't have to pay more taxes than I do now?"

"No. You can be comfortable about that. You won't have to pay any taxes at all. If you survive physically, you will probably become a lead-pencil sharpener at one of our state bureaus."

"But what will you be?" I asked. "Are you a worker or a bourgeois?"

"I am a proletarian leader," he said simply.

"Then under the Bolshevik reconstruction you'll probably get a good place?"

He smiled in pity.

"In company with a few others who have sacrificed their whole leisure in struggling for the rights of the toiling masses, I expect to be in complete charge of the reconstruction."

"That's good!" I said heartily, hoping to placate him somewhat in my favor against a day when I might come as a suppliant. "It's a comfort to think somebody will be better off anyhow."

Then I went out, considerably shaken up, and dragged myself over to call on another old friend of mine. He is my oldest friend in fact, being so considerably more than eighty that he doesn't like to talk about people's ages. He was in his library, a rusty brown room with a rusty brown portrait over the mantelpiece and my old friend's sword—he was a captain in the Civil War—on a shelf. Near by stood a Tower musket captured from a British soldier in 1778 by my old friend's grandfather.

"Hello!" he said, looking up from a paper he was writing for the Sons of the Revolution. "What is the matter with you? You look queer!"

"I'm worried about the United States," I said.

"What's the matter with it?"

"We've got to have a new era; everybody's planning one—and it's going to be so expensive!"

"Yes. Taxes are pretty high. They'll come down after while."

The Captain's Catechism

"Not with all these reconstructions, they won't. Besides we may have a revolution."

"Who may?"

"The Bolshevists."

"May they?"

"You should be more excited," I urged. "Some of the revolutionists intend to overturn the country by votes and peaceable strikes and some intend to do it by force, though almost without much bloodshed. However, I don't suppose such a revolution will mean a great deal to you, Captain. Instead of living on the interest of the capital you accumulated in your youth and middle age, you will be comfortably provided for by the state in one of its institutions."

"What state?"

"I don't know what its name will be."

"What constitution will it operate under?"

"I don't think there'll be one exactly."

"What flag would it fly?"

"There wouldn't be any national emblem, I understand."

The captain became thoughtful.

"I think the boys are pretty strong for American democracy, or else they wouldn't have been such good soldiers for it," he said. "They have quite a lot of sentiment about the flag too."

"The Bolshevists don't like the word democracy," I ventured to tell him. "They feel that it stands for privilege."

"What privilege?"

"Capitalism."

"What's capitalism?"

"Well, one man earning more money than another, I suppose, and hiring the other one to work for him. Society ought to be purely cooperative."

"Why ought it?"

"Sir?"

"Why ought society to be cooperative?"

"So that everybody would get all he wants—I mean all he needs—all he needs for comfortable living."

"I think I understand you," said the captain. "You mean that either by taxation or by revolution the more skilled man, or the more energetic man, or the more saving man shall have the earnings of his greater skill, energy or economy taken away from him and given to his less skilled, less energetic or less economical neighbor. Isn't that what you mean? That the able shall divide with the idle?"

"No, no! There will be no idle."

"I would be," he said. "I wouldn't work for another man—unless he was a cripple of some sort. For that matter I've never made much money; there were other things I thought paid better."

"Well," I said, "we've got to have government control of industries or serious crises eventually, and anyhow we may be going to have a revolution because the Bolshevist agitators only need to tell the masses of the people that they have the numbers and the strength to take the

(Concluded on Page 81)

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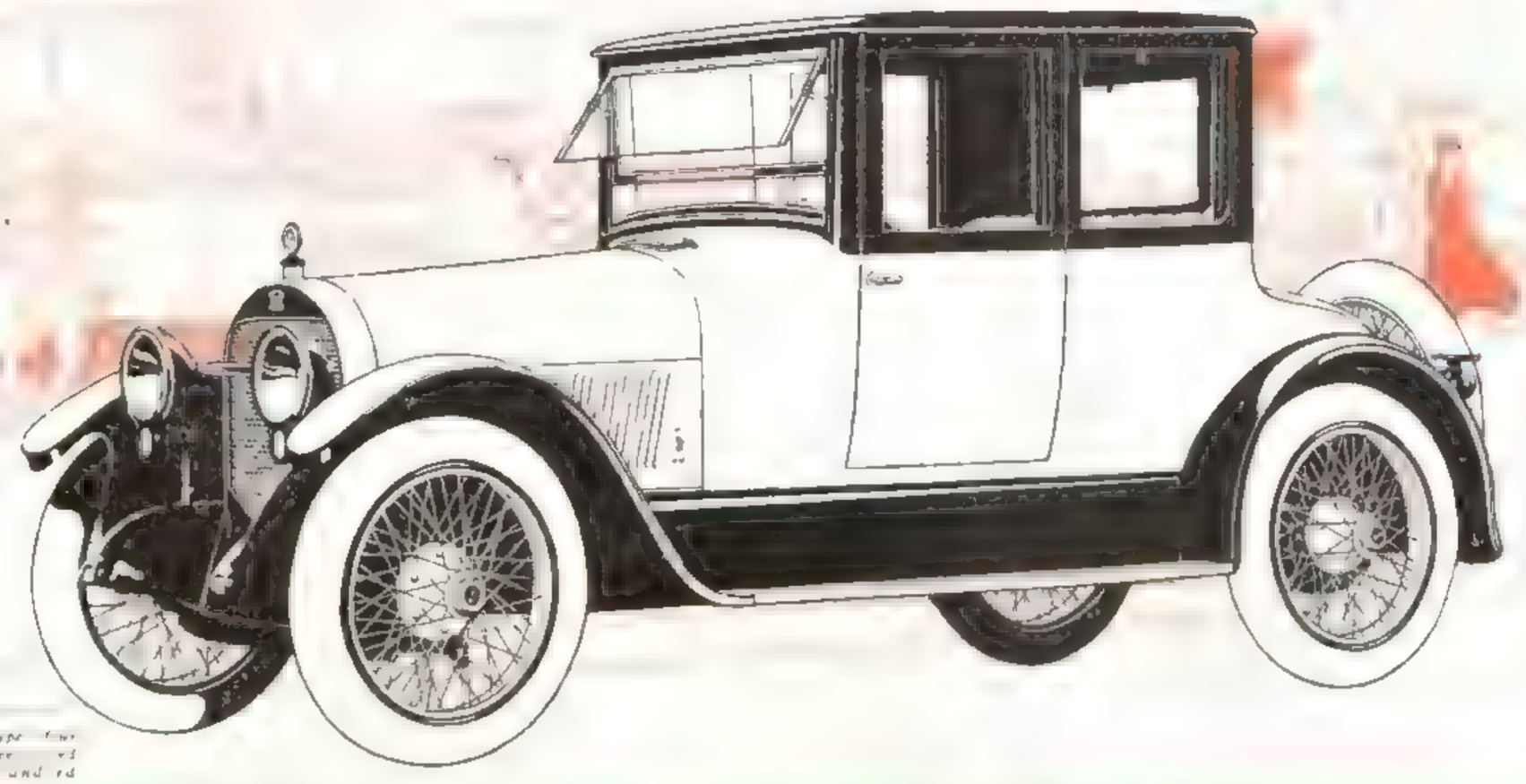

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1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

(Concluded from Page 76)

so-called property of the rich; and then the masses of the people will do it."

"Why haven't the masses of the people ever done it before?"

"I suppose because no one ever told 'em to. Probably it's never occurred to 'em."

"And after they've taken the property of the rich, who controls the property?"

"The state."

"Who's that?"

"I suppose it would be the influential people who told the masses of the people to take the property. I suppose they'd be considered the leaders and naturally would be elected."

"So then there would be groups in power, wielding power, owning more power than other people."

"Well," I said, "of course their power would depend on the people's toleration. The people could rise and take the power away at any time."

"Quite so," said the captain. "And you've just pointed out they can rise and take the power away from the capitalists at any time. What's the difference?"

"Of course there wouldn't be any," I said, "so far as the toiling masses are concerned; but their leaders would have a great time for a while. However, what I really came to see you about was tax ——"

"Listen, young man," he said. "You may have heard of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence and similar documents. You may have heard of the men of '76 and the men of '63 and other associations animated by certain aspirations toward human liberty. The men who founded this country had a definite idea of the liberty they meant to establish here. They built the place and threw open its doors to all men of the earth who cherished that *same* ideal of liberty. If you will study the liberty conceived by the fathers of this country you will find that it is a liberty for every man to seek and earn and keep, in peace and under protection of the law, whatever reward his energy and his intelligence can get for himself and his family. Every baby shall have the same chance that any other baby has, but the rest depends on himself.

"The fathers never in the world intended that this should be a country where a man could be taxed to put money in his neighbor's pocket. Taxed for public improvements, a courthouse, a park, a street—taxed for a war that defends him, yes; and for the care and food of incapables, yes; but never in the world for the higher pay of the sound in body and mind!"

"There seems to be something in what you say," I said, feeling rather comforted for the moment.

"There are no classes under our law," he went on. "When capital has succeeded in obtaining class legislation for its own benefit to the injury of others, it has despoiled its country; has so far sought to destroy it and has so far created class—a crime against our form of liberty. The same thing is true of labor. As for your reconstructionists, a great many of them are going to be disappointed, for if anything is certain it is that this country is not going to be run to satisfy anybody's special notions or for anybody's special benefit. And about your revolutionists—a man who talks bourgeoisie and proletariat and junker and masses in America seeks to make class. Such men have not understood the liberty we offered them—and I hope we shall not continue to hold open the door to aliens of these ideas. It seems an excess of hospitality."

"But I was thinking," I said, "of something else. About my taxes now ——"

He appeared to become irascible suddenly.

"Can't you forget your taxes for a minute?" he interrupted. "Seems to me it's time somebody began to think of something besides himself—for a little while anyhow!"

Nevertheless, after I went out I began to think about my taxes again. I find that I don't mind those that are needed to clean up the war bills; but all these reconstructionists worry me more and more. They seem to feel that they can scatter my earnings so much better than I can.

WHY BOLSHEVISM DOMINATES RUSSIA

(Concluded from Page 6)

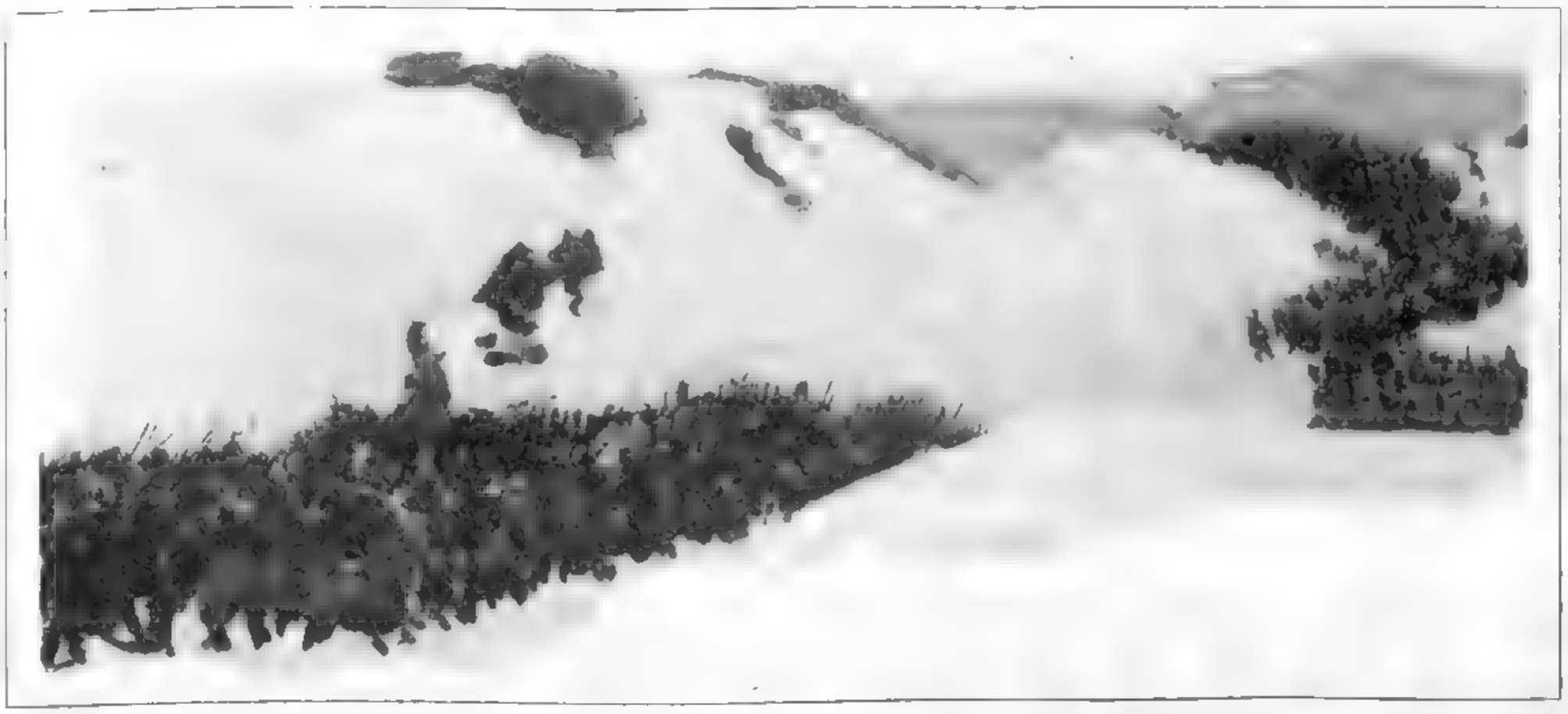
leaders and their followers and adherents, including the so-called "loyal" socialists such as Plehanof, Kropotkin, and so on, either failed to realize or else refused to acknowledge frankly from a wholly mistaken conception of the idea of loyalty to the Allies. I call this conception of loyalty mistaken, because in questions of international politics there can evidently be no other loyalty than loyalty to one's own country and people. Square dealing, however, with our Allies required indeed as a duty of honor a frank acknowledgment of the truth instead of attempts to conceal it under fallacious assurances of an unshaken determination to stay in the fight to the bitter end, assurances that could not possibly be realized.

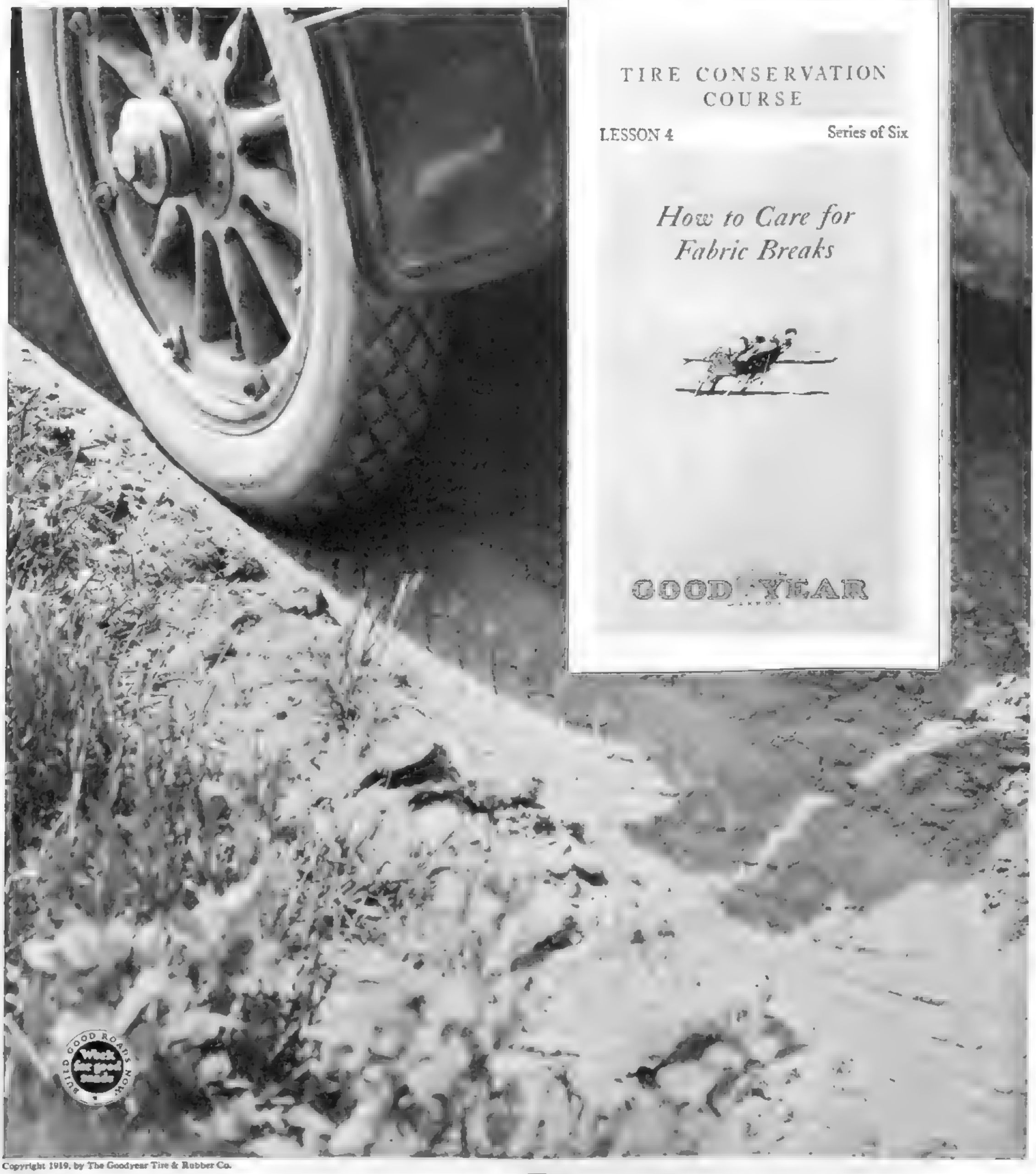
Be that as it may, the evident discrepancy between the true feelings of the overwhelming majority of the Russian people and the attitude toward the war and its continuation of the intelligentzia—a term which I use in a sense including all the educated classes, so-called "bourgeois" as well as "socialistic"—emphasizes the existence of that almost impassable gulf of mutual noncomprehension which divides the masses and the classes in Russia, to which I had occasion to allude in the beginning of this article. Its existence has prevented the intelligentzia in the supreme crisis in the country's history from playing the part that should have been theirs—that of the natural leaders of the nation. All the political parties who had taken a hand in the revolution and had light-heartedly assumed the responsibility for the destinies of the Russian people and of what had been one of the greatest empires in the world had by their total failure to gauge aright the real feelings of the people, by their vain endeavors to force upon an unwilling people the continuation of a war against which the people had revolted—for such was unquestionably the true underlying meaning of the revolution—had caused the masses to feel instinctively that they were being betrayed by the classes either in their own selfish interests or else out of subserviency to foreign influences, and had thereby given rise to feelings against themselves of incredible intensity, which found their vent in wholesale massacres of generals, officers, and generally members of the hated bourgeois class, long before the Bolsheviks had inaugurated murder and terrorism as a principle of government.

The people, feeling themselves betrayed by the ruling classes who refused them what they were clamoring for—the cessation of the shedding of their blood for a cause they did not understand—that is to say, peace, which would indeed have been the only way of saving the country and averting the catastrophe which has overtaken it now—the people at first were but too willing to turn for leadership to the Bolsheviks, who had rightly gauged their real feelings and had promised them immediate peace. What the conditions of that peace would be they could not understand; nor did they care. When the real nature of the rule of the Bolsheviks had become apparent, when the application of their insane economic doctrines had borne fruit in general ruin and misery, the people undoubtedly awoke to a realization of what the installation of Soviet government meant to them. I have no hesitation in affirming that this so-called government, far from representing after all the will of the Russian people as one sometimes hears it said, is bitterly hated by the overwhelming majority of the people, and not the least so by those unfortunates who, to save themselves, their wives and children from starvation, are compelled to give it their reluctant services. But disarmed, overawed by a régime of sanguinary terrorism such as the world has never yet seen, their sporadic attempts at local revolts being repressed with unspeakable cruelty, and being deprived of the leadership of those who should have been the leaders of the nation and who besides were being systematically reduced in number by murder and imprisonment, they are helpless and quite unable to shake off the yoke of their hated tyrants.

Nor is it likely that all these Duma party leaders and their friends and adherents, who when in power have demonstrated their utter incompetence, will ever regain the confidence of the nation. A temporary dictatorship would seem to be the only logical outcome of the present situation. The task of evolving law and order out of the prevailing complete chaos, of reconstituting the utterly destroyed social fabric and of reuniting the shattered nation is a formidable one. But it is not apparent how this task could be successfully undertaken and accomplished in any other way.

Fortunately a military leader has appeared who has succeeded in organizing an imposing military force with which he is slowly but irresistibly advancing toward Central Russia, enthusiastically welcomed by the people, who has secured the recognition of his authority by all other leaders of loyal troops, and who has begun, it seems, to use in his public utterances the language of a man conscious of his power and determined to render his will supreme. Admiral Kolchak will need all the moral support that an official recognition of his government would give him, as well as such material assistance as might be found possible to extend to him by all sincere well-wishers of Russia and her people who desire to see her as soon as possible reconstituted as a political entity and enabled to resume the place that is hers by birthright in the family of nations and her status as one of the great Powers. It stands to reason—and he has repeatedly and solemnly said so—that, his task once accomplished, it will be for the Russian people themselves to decide under what form of government they desire to live in future.





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ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING PERSHING

(Continued from Page 7)

time to grow accustomed to the French climate. Some never did. Those pioneers of 1917 got a full dose of it.

Being prepared, as I have frequently pointed out in these articles, is half of the interviewing game. It not only means knowledge of the man you want to interview and some degree of familiarity with his particular interests but, if possible, some strong credential. In the case of General Pershing I had a letter of introduction from Secretary of War Baker, whom I had known for years. I had talked with him at Washington before I departed on this particular trip, and I had told him that I wanted to round out my experience with five Allied armies by seeing something of the American. I did not know then that I should meet General Pershing, but I got the letter as a piece of insurance. When the opportunity developed to see the general I was prepared. Readiness for emergency is as important in interviewing as in war.

At that time General Pershing's office was on the second floor of that battered old barracks building. It is a long room with many windows. As I entered, the general sat at a flat-topped desk with his back to the light. It gave him a sort of shadowy appearance, and showed the four silver stars on his shoulder straps in vivid relief.

Talk-Shy Men

When he rose I got my first impression of the man. He is taller than Foch, Petain or Haig, with broad shoulders, deep chest and fine military bearing. Save only Haig he is the most commanding figure among all the Allied generals.

Still more impressive is his face. Foch, as you will see later, has an unusual visage, but it is not quite so human as Pershing's. Anxiety had already written deep lines in his cheeks, and the grave, almost wistful, look had come into his eyes. There is about him that indefinable thing which spells leadership and inspires confidence.

The moment you meet Pershing you encounter the reserve which is his principal bulwark. At that meeting I contemplated no writing about the American Army or about him. I merely wanted to pay my respects. Hence he felt freer than usual to speak.

To make Pershing talk you must adopt the same tactics that you use with Sir Douglas Haig. Their general attitude toward the public, so far as communication with it is concerned, is much the same, though Pershing has had a much larger and more intimate contact with writing men than his British colleague. He knows their language.

Both Pershing and Haig have a deep-rooted diffidence about personal exploitation. They shy from it. This unaffected modesty tends to put a Maxim silencer on their general conversational powers. The only way to make them open up is to start to talk about a subject in which they are vitally interested.

In that first session with General Pershing I remember that I spoke at once about the Italian Army. I was fresh from the Carso; I had seen Cadorna's troops in action on several fronts. The Italians were keen to have a visit from the American commander in chief. I discoursed with enthusiasm about what I had seen in Italy and Pershing seemed interested.

He said: "I want to see the Italian armies in the field as soon as possible."

This conversation about Italy served to launch his flow of talk. What happened merely emphasizes one of the fundamental rules in interviewing taciturn people. To use the vernacular, it had the effect of starting something. With quiet, aloof men of the Pershing type any kind of interviewing—which is just another name for selling—is doomed to failure if you leave the initiative to the interviewee. It means a perfunctory exchange of amenities about the weather or your journey, and all is over. But if you can take up a live topic and set the talk waves in motion you are saved. In this case I felt that Pershing would be interested in a first-hand account of the Italian Army, and he was. It led to other subjects and the conversation became brisk.

I asked General Pershing to state what he considered the strongest appeal that could be made in America to hearten the advance guard of our armies overseas and those about to come.

He replied: "The American Army in France must be made to feel that there is a united country behind it. It means everything."

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

General Cadorna and Members of His Staff on the Italian Front

That first meeting with the C. in C.—as he is called for short—in 1917 merely served as an introduction. When I returned to France in July, 1918, to write the story of the Services of Supply for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I saw the real Pershing, and likewise got my insight into his economic statesmanship.

The phrase "economic statesmanship" may have a foreign sound when applied to war, but it is as essential to the successful conduct of a conflict these days as a knowledge of tactics or strategy. This should not be surprising. Business lies—or should lie—at the root of everything. War has become a vast piece of merchandising with men.

Though he never spent an hour in a business office in his life Pershing personifies the application of the fundamental rules of trade to the thing called war. He is a master organizer. Because this particular aspect of him has not been exploited it is well worth explaining.

It was a transformed Chaumont that I saw in the summer of 1918. The one-time sleepy town was all abustle. The hills about were alive with American troops; American police guarded the gates and were in control of the railroad station. Instead of a handful of shivering homesick pioneers we had a million men in France, and three hundred thousand were arriving every thirty days.

That General Headquarters, so bleak, deserted and forlorn the autumn before, was the nerve center of a mighty effort well under way. Pershing was commander in chief of a fighting army that had proved its mettle and was growing more formidable each day.

But it was the army behind that army that interested me. The account of how I got the authority to be its first chronicler reveals perhaps a new phase of Pershing, the administrator.

I saw him in the same office where we had met the year before. Like France, it was changed. It seemed charged with a latent movement, yet all that you saw to indicate it was a big broad-shouldered man sitting at a flat-topped desk.

Pershing looked older. Those intervening months had etched new lines upon his serious face. His eyes were graver; his whole manner, always kindly, was a trifle more austere.

Soldiers, like big business men, know the value of time. The quicker you can swing into action the better they like it. Preliminaries to interviews, like most introductions to books, are as useless as they are obsolete.

This time the general beat me to it, because he opened fire first. He said: "What have you in mind?"

"I want to write the complete story of the Services of Supply, but I cannot do it without your coöperation," I replied.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Give me authority to see everything and let me write about it without reservation," I responded.

Without hesitation he answered: "You shall have it."

Having gained my first ground I followed it up with this: "I cannot do this job thoroughly without using men's names." Names had been tabooed in all army writing.

He thought a moment and then responded: "You're right."

This brief exchange shows two Pershing characteristics—swiftness of action and directness of speech.

In putting the matter of a comprehensive interpretation of the Services of Supply up to him I had one convincing selling point in my favor: Prior to that time no one had dug deeply or authoritatively into this all-important domain of the American Expeditionary Forces; because, first, it had just struck its real stride; second, the war was in full swing and the mantle of censorship was over everything. I knew, however, that Pershing wanted the American people to know something of the sweat and sacrifice necessary to feed, equip and supply its combat troops. The psychological moment for it had arrived.

The net result of that interview was an order from the chief of staff of the Expeditionary Forces which I carried on my long and arduous investigation of the S. O. S., the results of which are familiar to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Getting the material for the Services of Supply series was one continuous adventure in interviewing. In many respects it was the most difficult labor of the kind I have ever undertaken. A year before I had performed a similar task with the British Army. Compared with the one I was called upon to do with the American that was child's play. Haig's forces were compact, the supply organization highly centralized. Our supply army, on the other hand, was everywhere. I had to talk to hundreds of men. The whole experience may not be without its helpful lessons in interpreting the main object of these articles.

Good Imparters

In the Services of Supply we had good imparters—that is, men who can intelligently convey what they do and know—and also some who became bogged in the depths of their own knowledge. Each required a special approach and a different treatment.

One successful way to coach a nonimparter into fluency of fact is to start him on some subject remote from the one at hand. This tends to crank up his powers of expression. Before long he unconsciously returns to the thing you really want to talk about and reels off data like a streak.

Apply this principle to straight salesmanship and you find that it is practicable. A man may not be interested in the specific proposition you are trying to put up to him. He is interested in some other, however. Get him going on it and almost invariably he soon becomes receptive to what you really have in mind.

No interviewing is more difficult than the assimilation of technical details, and the S. O. S. bristled with them. Yet they provide the best possible training for the reporter. This means that it is a lesson in salesmanship. Men fail in such an undertaking because they think that they know a great deal about a subject. The best equipment, therefore, for interviewing that involves complicated facts is a willingness to listen and learn.

Some years ago I was sent out to write about finance. I had no finance and I knew nothing about it. I said to myself: "The only way to write about finance is to study it as you go along. Never accept or write anything that you do not understand yourself."

Men who know things are much more apt to impart them intelligently when they realize that you have no set or preconceived ideas in the matter. Most people are proud of what they know. Give them a clear field and they will disclose. It is human nature. Being human the average person likes to shine.

In this connection I am reminded of a story once told me by an old banker in Wall Street. A reporter went to him to get some information for an article about foreign exchange. It is one of the most tangled things in finance.

After fifteen minutes of breezy cross-examination the bright young man picked up his hat and said as he started for the

(Continued on Page 88)

TIMKEN

TAPER

Visible Evidence

This is how Huron Road, Cleveland, looks 'most any day, winter or summer, from eight in the morning till five p. m.

And on any street where large numbers of cars are parked, in any town, you'll find just about what a friend of ours found on Huron Road.

He walked up one side, down the other and wrote down the name of every make of car he saw. Then he looked them up in "The Companies Timken Keeps," a book that lists all cars using Timken Bearings.

Over 90% of these cars had Timken Bearings, or were built by manufacturers who have since then adopted them.

And *all* those Timken Bearings were at hard service points—pinion shaft, transmission, differential, knuckle heads, and wheels.

Further analysis brings out strikingly the leadership of Timken Bearings.

For example, half of these cars had Timken Bearings on the pinion shaft, and the same was true of the differential. If the other 50% had been confined to one or two other makes of bearings, the figures would not be startling, but when you consider that this other 50% was divided among no less than *ten* other makes of bearings you see how difficult it is for a car builder to find a substitute for Timken Taper.

Another interesting fact is that when the smallest and least expensive cars are eliminated, the percentages in favor of Timken are still greater.

And in the front wheels—where there was only one other type of bearings in use, the figures secured by this test were "85% Timken."

So it goes. You'll always find a preponderance of Timken Bearings at the hard service places, and in the main, the better the car is built, the more sure it is to have Timken Taper.

Try it yourself sometime and see.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 85)

door: "Thanks very much. I understand it thoroughly."

The banker called him back and said: "Young man, you are a wonder. I have been in the banking business for forty years, and I don't know much about foreign exchange myself."

To return to General Pershing, now that the war is over I can write something about the Services of Supply and more especially about the commander in chief's connection with its origin that not only reveals his remarkable foresight, which is one of his greatest gifts, but also discloses some hitherto unwritten history. Once more you get a view of Pershing, the business man.

When our Army began to arrive in France the French wanted to merge our supply system with theirs. If Pershing had assented to this procedure we should have been unable to make the effort that we registered. Though the French service of supply was a marvel of coördination and efficiency its morale suffered during some of the French reverses. If we had not built up our own machine things would not have gone so well in more than one crisis.

In line with the French proposal to assimilate our supply system was another suggestion that our early armies abroad be employed as replacement troops with both the French and the British.

General Pershing vetoed both of these schemes so far as emergencies permitted. America had come to France as America, and he wanted to maintain the integrity of our national participation. When our men were sandwiched in with troops of other nationalities there was sometimes friction. Moreover, they did not feel the same life and spirit as when they were on their own. No one knew this better than Pershing himself.

At the start Pershing was something of a puzzle to the French. It resulted from his frank, open, American way of saying and doing things. Until the great war the French Army was always involved in politics. With 1914 it did not get entirely out of the habit, as the downfall of Nivelle proved. When Pershing came along to do a soldier's job without idea of political fear or favor the French were astonished.

A Great Business Man

The British understood and liked him from the start. Shortly after his first visit to Montreuil I dined there with a high staff officer. He said: "That C. in C. of yours is the real thing. Unlike most of you Americans he doesn't talk much."

I have spoken of Pershing's foresight. It was backed up by hard-headed business sense. In that day when the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces was housed in a modest little building in the Rue de Constantine in Paris and the whole staff could sit round a single table, Pershing had the vision of an all-American Army and an all-American offensive and supply. He persevered, and his idea had rich and thrilling fulfillment at St. Mihiel.

The whole Services of Supply, which was the backbone of the American Expeditionary Forces, represented a dramatization of Pershing's business acumen. There can be no economic statesmanship without vision, and Pershing has this asset. During the autumn of 1917 there were optimists at home and abroad who believed that five hundred thousand American troops were ample in France. If Pershing had based the S. O. S. on this figure we could never have massed, fed and equipped those gallant millions who flocked overseas in the summer of 1918. Why? Simply because the S. O. S. machine was made so elastic that it could meet any demands made upon it.

Pershing's business instinct sponsored this plan. He did just what the head of a growing industrial concern would do. In the phraseology of commerce, orders were coming in fast, and he wanted to be ready for any extension of output that might be necessary. And he was ready.

Though General Pershing held tenaciously to his idea of national unity in his fighting and supply agencies he was the real father of the standardization of Allied supply. It was one of the many distinctively American contributions—dictated by business experience—to the final victory. He did this, however, only after he had reared a remarkable machine—American from the ground up—to feed, equip and transport his Army.

I am betraying no confidence when I say that he put this merging proposition through in the face of immense difficulties and obstacles. It was like a vast selling campaign. Lloyd George, Clémenceau, Foch, Loucheur, the French Minister of Armaments and War Fabrications, Winston Spencer Churchill, who had the corresponding post in the British Cabinet, Viscount Milner, Secretary of State for War—all had to be canvassed and convinced. Pershing's right-hand man in these delicate and historic negotiations was his friend of many years, Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, then general purchasing agent of the A. E. F. in France, who expressed the highest type of American business man who entered the wartime service of his country.

This whole procedure shows Pershing, the business man, at his best. He had matched the Supreme Command at the fighting front with a kindred supreme command of the rear, under a military board of Allied supply. Using a parallel with finance this latter organization was a sort of holding company for the group of subsidiary corporations represented by the supply organizations of the American, British and French armies.

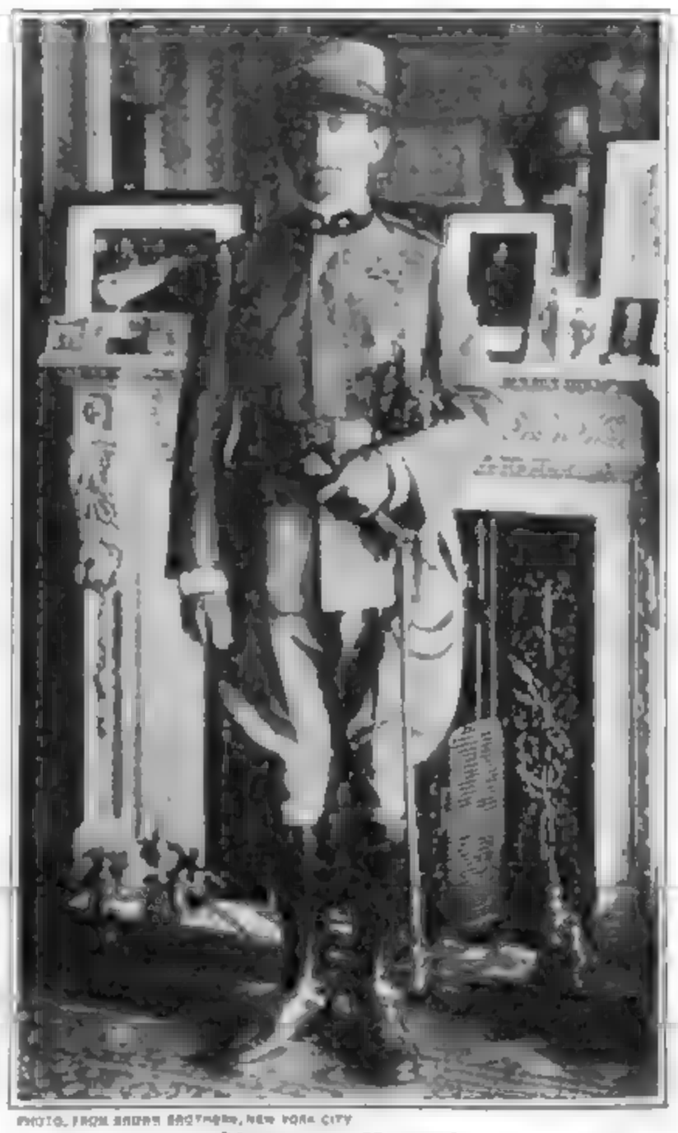

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Lieutenant Marconi

Another business trait in General Pershing is his power of analysis. When an enthusiastic and impulsive subordinate went to him with a heaven-born idea, convinced that he had an epoch-making proposition, he soon discovered that the child of his mind was hooked for a diagnosis that stripped it to its hide. Often when Pershing got through with his probe there was very little to bury. His rule is: "Analyze first—and then analyze again."

In one important branch of the business of war Pershing held rigidly to business precedent. There is a common impression that favoritism is the chief aid to promotion in the service. No commander ever held more firmly to efficiency as the first measure of advance than he. He saw old friends and comrades go into the discard because it was a war of youth and vitality.

Not only did General Pershing himself personify business as we know it in America but he yielded to no man in his appreciation of the work of business men. He never lost sight of the value and training of the regular soldier, but he also welcomed the so-called reserve officer. Without these men, recruited from counting-room and factory, the Services of Supply could never have reached the scope that it developed.

To have touched the American Army organization in France as I had the privilege of touching it was to learn the full meaning of the word "function." All those variegated agencies had to function day and night. A single break would have thrown a monkey wrench in a highly organized coördination.

The more you study Pershing the more you realize the striking kinship between his army scheme and business. Again I can reveal a piece of unwritten history. Pershing insisted upon a complete authority vested in himself. He has the same attitude toward an army that Northcliffe has toward his newspapers and that Harriman had toward his railways. Someone must be in responsible control, and that control must be undisputed. It is the only way. In war, as in peace, the beneficent despot accomplishes more than the temporizing chief, afraid to decide.

In an army recruited from a democracy such as ours this procedure sometimes grated. There was a time when Pershing's inflexible stewardship was not received with unanimous favor at home. The moment, however, that the objectors saw the Army that he had reared and maintained with a single-headed control, they were the first to acquiesce to a continual flow of authority from him.

The instinct for organization shown by General Pershing proves that ability developed in one activity is invariably applicable to another. If Pershing, for example, had entered finance or trade he never would have been a lay figure. He would have led. In the same way, if the late J. P. Morgan or E. H. Harriman had gone in for soldiering he would have developed a field marshal's caliber.

General Pershing showed his appreciation of business tactics in another and little-known fashion. It grew out of the immense area covered by the American Expeditionary Forces. The supply wing of the British Army, for example, was confined to a comparatively small zone. We, on the other hand, practically ranged the whole country from Marseilles in the south up to the German border. Pershing made it a point to keep in personal touch with his forces at the front and behind the lines.

He had a characteristic way of showing up unexpectedly at corps and divisional headquarters. In the same way I have met him wandering through the G. H. Q. buildings at Chaumont. He was just like the general manager of an industry with many branches, who popped in, as the English say, without warning. This performance in the trade of war, as well as in the business of production, tends to keep establishments ready for inspection all the time.

He could not do all this darting about in an automobile, so he used a special train, which was a headquarters on wheels. In this he emulated Harriman and James J. Hill. Their railway systems covered thousands of miles. Both of these magnates believed in knowing what was going on up and down the lines. When they went out on tours of inspection they took their offices with them. Though Marshal Foch has a special train I believe that General Pershing was the pioneer.

The Headquarters' Special, or the C. in C.'s train, as it is called, consists of sleeping cars with accommodations for guests, a complete office establishment in what the British call a saloon carriage, a dining car, a car equipped with telegraph and telephone apparatus for general clerical use. There is also a flat car to carry two automobiles. This enables the commander in chief to sidetrack his train anywhere and go off to see a unit camped near by.

The saloon carriage of this train was the scene of many a memorable session during the war. To it came Foch, Haig, Petain and many of the other outstanding actors in the great drama. General Pershing also used it for staff conferences on the road.

There was one typical American feature about this train. The general telephone and telegraph system in France was never anything to brag about. The war only made it worse. Frequently Pershing stops his train and has his portable telegraph or telephone instruments connected with the wires that parallel the tracks. It guarantees good service.

General Pershing's special train was such a great success that when Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord became commanding general of the Services of Supply he also equipped one for his inspection trips. It is an exact replica of the Headquarters Special.

It remains to speak of a phase of General Pershing's character which the war developed to richest maturity. Earlier in this series, in writing specifically about Sir Douglas Haig, I said that contrary to popular belief the great Allied captains were men of noble character and spiritual vision, whose real natures are keenly attuned to tender aspirations. General Pershing fitted readily into this high comradeship of the spirit. Before he went to France he was deeply religious. His contact with the war merely intensified it.

His experience, I might add, was not unusual. Soldiers who had almost flouted the idea of churchgoing at home came under the spell of the church in France. Nor was it due to any sickly sentimentality. Bang up against the grim things day and night, their whole inner beings underwent a change. The war became a giant crucible in which men were recast. They emerged with a whole new conception of life.

Pershing's Faithful Aide

General Pershing did not need this stimulus. There is a wide impression that he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church after he went to France. This is not true. He entered the Anglican Church in the Philippines some years ago. The officiating clergyman was Bishop Brent, that eloquent and militant churchman, beloved of our whole Army, who was the senior chaplain of the American Expeditionary Forces. He had the rare experience of seeing the serious young soldier whom, in 1912, he confirmed in Holy Trinity Church, Zamboanga, become the head of the greatest army ever assembled under the American flag.

In this world of contrasts strong men are sometimes ashamed of their piety. They hide it in just the same way that they shrink from acknowledging a good deed. General Pershing has never flaunted his devoutness, nor has he denied it. Whatever his desire he has no alternative; it is written in his face.

This attempt at interpretation of General Pershing would not be complete without a reference to a soldier who was perhaps his closest companion overseas. I doubt if any man, no matter what his mission, saw the C. in C. without first running a gantlet in the shape of Col. Carl Boyd.

This fine and upstanding officer went to France with his chief. He did everything but sleep outside his door. Boyd was the buffer between the interviewer and his goal. Likewise he had a marvelous system of coördinating and codifying all the papers that passed across General Pershing's desk. His life seemed dedicated to saving the general from worry and unnecessary work. The invariable answer that Pershing made when most people pressed hard for an audience was: "See Boyd."

One of the tragedies of those days of relief that followed the signing of the armistice was the death from pneumonia of Colonel Boyd. I doubt if the loss of any man in the war affected General Pershing quite as much as the passing of this senior aide.

To turn from General Pershing to Marshal Ferdinand Foch seems a natural procedure. They are both cast in the same spiritual mold. The struggle to overthrow German militarism revealed no finer character than this French Thor who wielded the Allied hammer that pounded the boche into final defeat.

Foch has never been interviewed. Whenever he had anything to say to writing men during the war it took the form of a neat little speech to the assembled correspondents, or a signed statement. Being a master strategist, the tactics of his remarks were always above reproach. The only way to see Foch was to attend one of these rare sessions or have an accidental glimpse of him, as I had, on the highway. It was

(Concluded on Page 91)

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JUST before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

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We used to be told that most skin blemishes were the result of blood troubles.

Now, skin specialists say that more often these enemies of complexion loveliness are the direct result of bacteria and parasites, which enter the pores with dust particles, soot and grime.

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Begin *tonight* to use this treatment. Use it persistently and it will clear your skin. In addition to this, the regular use of Woodbury's will help the new skin that is constantly forming, to resist bacteria and dust, the most frequent causes of blemishes. It will make it firm and active. Before long you will be delighted with the greater clearness of your complexion.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last for a month or six weeks.

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For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 608 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It contains successful treatments for

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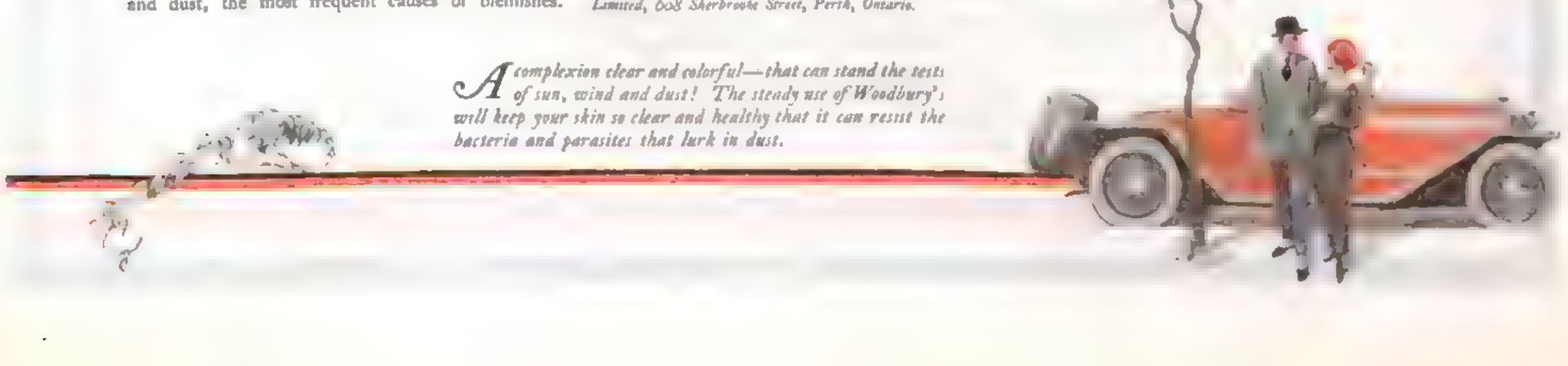
Pale, Sallow Skin, etc.

A complexion clear and colorful—that can stand the tests of sun, wind and dust! The steady use of Woodbury's will keep your skin so clear and healthy that it can resist the bacteria and parasites that lurk in dust.



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Exceptionally choice for toasting and for making many dainty desserts. Marshmallow Recipes, by Janet MacKenzie Hill, free upon request.

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(Concluded from Page 88)

near Provins, where the headquarters of Marshal Petain was located at the close of hostilities.

During the war it was practically impossible to interview any of the leading French generals. They were accessible, to be sure, and always polite and agreeable. They never developed the British or American habit of talking for publication. So far as armies were concerned, my intimate wartime experiences were mainly confined to the English-speaking forces, though I had the experience of seeing all six Allied armies in the field.

To have seen Foch was to remember him always. His figure is almost slight, his hair and mustache gray, his manner nervous and restless. Like Joffre and Petain, he has seven silver stars on his sleeve and four rows of oak leaves on his cap. They are the insignia of a field marshal of France.

The remarkable thing about him is his eyes. With the possible exception of Kitchener's they are perhaps the most striking that ever shone in a soldier's head. They bore straight through.

Those eyes throw out an unuttered challenge, as the episode with Mathias Erzberger, who headed the German Armistice Commission, showed. The conferences preliminary to the signing of the armistice were held on Foch's special train, which is an almost exact model of General Pershing's headquarters on wheels.

With Teutonic effrontery Erzberger entered the field marshal's presence wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honor which France had bestowed upon him in a previous and happier day. The Germans raised their hands in salute, but Foch did not reply. Instead he fixed those piercing eyes on the medal on Erzberger's breast. The German mind is not naturally nimble. Things soak in slowly. Erzberger stared stupidly ahead. Finally he realized his blunder, removed the Order and laid it on the table. Then and only then did Foch return his salute.

What Americans do not know—and now that the war is over it is no violation of faith to print it—is that for some years Marshal Foch has suffered from almost incessant physical pain. Whenever he goes on a journey he is accompanied by his personal physician. Yet through all those harrowing months when the supreme command rested upon those none-too-robust shoulders he never flinched from the responsibility that carried with it the fate of the world.

Of all the Allied commanders Foch is the most devout. He was graduated from a Jesuit college and one of his brothers is a Jesuit priest.

It is Foch's almost invariable habit to take a brief period alone every day. With the supreme commander of the Allied armies it is as much a time of prayer as of meditation. More than one staff officer coming in upon him suddenly has found him at his devotions.

Ethel Barrymore at the Front

I cannot leave this chapter which deals with the head of the French armies without relating an incident which happened at the French Front and which involves a well-known American actress. It was on the return trip from a visit to Verdun. The party of which I was a member was motoring to Bar-le-Duc, where we were to take the train for Paris. The guns of Verdun were still booming in our ears when a courier on a motorcycle came up with an invitation to take tea with a French general at a headquarters not far from where the Crown Prince's army was halted.

I cannot remember the name of our host, but his personal quarters was a large dugout bored into the side of a hill. Like most quarters of this kind the earthen walls were supported by heavy timbers. I noticed, as was frequently the case, that these timbers were plastered with magazine covers and illustrations from periodicals. The first cover that I saw there that day was torn from a copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. As a matter of fact the favorite decorations in most dugouts in France were POST covers.

What interested me particularly in this French officer's dugout was a full-page picture of Ethel Barrymore taken from an American theatrical publication. It faced the general as he sat at the head of the rough table, which consisted of four wide boards nailed on posts. I remarked on it just as we were leaving.

"Do you know the lady?" he asked.

"I have met her," I replied.

The Frenchman's interest at once kindled. By this time we were outside and near our automobiles. The early twilight had set in; overhead you could hear the hum of the aeroplanes going out for their evening reconnaissance; less than twenty miles away Verdun seethed under an incessant bombardment.

I had an inspiration. Turning to our host I said: "I am sure that Miss Barrymore would be delighted to know that her picture is in a French dugout. Why don't you send her a little message?"

"Splendid," was his reply.

On a page of my notebook and using my back as a desk he wrote the following note in French to Miss Barrymore:

"To the charming and beautiful American actress whose lovely face has brightened and inspired the gloom and hardship of the war."

When I got to Paris I sent the note to Miss Barrymore, and it hangs to-day in her drawing-room in New York.

I never think of Foch as he stood in all the triumph of his complete success without thinking of another gallant supreme commander, who went into eclipse and whose decline and fall was one of the tragedies of the war. I mean Gen. Count Luigi Cadorna, who led the Italian armies on the Carso and the Isonzo. Never was there a sadder demonstration that war is the graveyard of reputation.

Cadorna's Altered Fortunes

When I went to the Italian armies in the autumn of 1917 Cadorna was the god of Italy. His name was on every tongue; his picture hung everywhere. He was looked upon as a deliverer. It is no exaggeration to say that he was part of the nation's prayers.

He has a winning and magnetic personality. He is lithe, energetic, forceful and with a great sense of humor. His headquarters was in a white building that stood on a hill at the head of the main street in the charming little Friulian town of Udine, which sheltered the Italian General Headquarters. Cadorna never gave interviews, but he has the Lloyd George habit of interviewing the interviewer. He was intensely interested in America: first, because of his admiration of our achievements; and second, because, as he facetiously said: "It is the new Italy."

I can give no more scathing illustration of the swiftness with which the bubble of military fame is punctured than to tell something that happened in London about a year ago. At that time the Italians were anxious to launch a propaganda in the United States. I was invited to dine at the house of a high Italian officer who did me the honor to ask my advice on this subject. In reply to his question as to the most suitable person to head an Italian mission to America I suggested Cadorna, saying: "Everybody knows his name, and though he is no longer in supreme command I think he would be a success."

My host at once replied: "No one would pay any attention to Cadorna now."

Interviewing premiers, especially in wartime, is no easy matter. Like American secretaries of state they are hedged about by many limitations that put a damper on free and unrestrained speech.

Ribot, who was Premier of France during one of the most critical periods of the war—the autumn of 1917—is a picturesque figure. I first met him in 1916, when he was Minister of Finance. His office then was in the Louvre Palace, where monarchs had held high revel back in the days when kings could do no wrong. Ribot then was nearly seventy-five. He is tall, slender, with white hair and beard. He always wore a black skullcap. As he sat in that stately salon with its priceless hangings and in a dim light he looked precisely like a figure stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. He speaks English fairly well and is well known to many American financiers.

The war produced no more striking contrast than was presented in France when Ribot's government fell and Clémenceau stepped into the breach. On the ruins he reared a whole new structure of fresh faith and eventual victory. Clémenceau's long life has been studded with conspicuous service, but he never did anything more extraordinary than his achievement in that dark hour when a compromise peace with Germany was among the possibilities. At seventy-seven this war horse of journalism and statesmanship really turned the tide.

History will prove that his iron will and uncompromising decision to carry on saved the whole Allied cause. France was never nearer disaster than when Ribot left what the French call the cabinet of the premiership. If France had crumpled then—like that Rome of other days—the whole world might have cracked.

Clémenceau speaks English better than any of his colleagues in the present government. He learned it at first hand. Fifty years ago he came to the United States and practiced medicine for a time in New York City. Later he taught French at a girls' school at Stamford, Connecticut. Incidentally he fell in love with one of his loveliest pupils. Despite parental objection to the marriage he won out. Clémenceau thrives on difficulties.

When you have seen both Lloyd George and Clémenceau in action a comparison is inevitable. The little Welshman is an orator of the finished polished type who delights in golden imagery. Clémenceau does not believe in frills. He goes straight to the point with swift, terse, dynamic sentences. They hit the bull's-eye every time. Lloyd George seldom gesticulates. Clémenceau talks with his hands as much as with his lips. He is in motion all the time. No wonder they call him The Tiger.

Clémenceau has Thomas A. Edison—the champion American nonsleeper—beaten to a frazzle in this matter. Edison says that five hours' sleep a night is enough for anybody. The first time I went to see him—it was during the afternoon—I found a sign on his laboratory door which read: "Silence. Mr. Edison is asleep." He was snatching a few extra winks.

Clémenceau sleeps only at night and is content with less than five hours. It has been his invariable custom for years to retire, when emergencies permit, not later than ten o'clock. He is up again at three and sometimes earlier. His experience goes to show, as he once put it himself, that "a great deal of valuable time is wasted in bed."

Clémenceau's Noodles

Many people have wondered how Clémenceau—he will soon be seventy-eight—having reached the age when most men are either dead or thinking about the hereafter, is able to do so much and keep so fit.

One reason is that he eats sparingly. To quote Benjamin Franklin, he will never "dig his grave with his teeth." Some years ago he suffered from stomach trouble and underwent an operation. He discovered then what most wise people learn sooner or later, that much food is the root of all physical trouble. He not only eats sparingly but often carries his own food with him when he goes out to lunch or dine.

A French officer told me this story: Clémenceau once motored out from Paris to lunch with Foch, whose headquarters was then at Compiègne. As he entered the anteroom of the general's office he handed a small package to an orderly, saying:

"I am Clémenceau and I have come to lunch with General Foch. Here are my noodles. They are all I want to eat."

Being a really great man Clémenceau has a sense of humor. It was never revealed more characteristically than in the following episode, which he delighted to relate last summer:

In July, 1918, the Italians made many requests of Marshal Foch for French troops to aid them against the Austrians. General Diaz, who succeeded General Cadorna as head of the Italian armies, made several visits to the French General Headquarters to plead for reënforcements. Invariably he referred to the Austrians as "terrible lions."

The Germans employed several Austrian divisions on the Western Front during their last desperate effort to break through. One day in August Foch captured several regiments of Austrians. When Clémenceau heard of it he immediately sent the following telegram:

General Diaz, Italian General Headquarters, Padua.

Foch has captured five thousand of your terrible lions. What shall we do with them?

Sincerely yours,
TIGER.

Because of the flare-up about Fiume there is considerable interest in Baron Sidney Sonnino, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who on a certain occasion packed up his clothes and left the Peace Conference in a hurry. Sonnino is one of the most inaccessible men in Europe. In 1917 it was easier to see the King of Italy than to see him. I had a letter of introduction to him from Lloyd George, however. The British Premier had great admiration for his Italian colleague.

Sonnino's office in Rome is in an immense rambling palace. Lloyd George gets along with only three secretaries; he seemed to have about forty. He is of average height, animated manner, with a hawklike face.

The Italian who has most appealed to the American imagination, however, is Guglielmo Marconi. I did not meet him until after the outbreak of the war, but I saw him many times and in varied circumstances—at sea, in London and in Rome. Marconi is slight, nervous, emotional. He speaks English fluently and his wife was English. He is one of the most accessible of men and from long experience knows the interviewing ropes.

In war as in peace his greatest invention has an immense value. Without wireless some of the most vital phases of the great struggle would have been impossible. The historic S O S call of distress, flashed across the troubled seas, is the world's supreme life saver.

Marconi made possible one of the unique experiences I had in the war. In July, 1917, we were fellow passengers on the old American liner St. Paul, then bound from New York to Liverpool. Then—as throughout the war—the wireless room on a steamer was a sacred and inaccessible domain. Only the ship's officers were allowed to enter it.

In the Wireless Room With Marconi

One night when we were in the heart of the danger zone—and the submarines were then at their worst—Marconi came to my stateroom and said: "Would you like to hear how some of the German lies sound in the air?"

He referred to the German Admiralty wireless reports that were sent out nightly with the news of Teutonic successes.

"Yes," I responded.

"All right," he replied; "let's go up into the wireless room."

We climbed up a slippery ladder and found ourselves in a tiny room where the operator sat at his instruments with the receivers at his ears.

Instinctively Marconi took the receiver from the operator's head and put it on his own. The master of wireless was on the job.

Then handing the receiver to me he said: "You can now hear the whole world at war talking."

I listened. To me it was simply a jumble of dots and dashes. Yet that mélange of sound was Germany, England, France, America and Italy throwing the fateful news of the day out into the unplumbed spaces.

Marconi and Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet-soldier, are close friends. Each has a sense of humor strong even in misfortune. Marconi lost an eye in an automobile accident in France and D'Annunzio lost one in aërial combat.

During the trip to which I have just referred Marconi showed me a telegram which he had recently received from the poet, which read, as I recall it:

We are now two souls with but a single pair of eyes.
D'ANNUNZIO.

Through these five articles has passed a procession of famous figures who loomed large in a world drama unmatched in scope and significance. Despite their distinguished performance the larger fact remains that for the most part they are all simple human beings susceptible of human approach.

The war, which was fought to liberate the world from an odious and oppressive militarism, likewise achieved another freedom. It liberated many men from the thralldom of an official silence which, like the silence that once enveloped American finance, begot suspicion and sometimes created distrust. We are coming into a franker era in diplomacy and in business. Henceforth premiers, soldiers and nation-makers generally will have a different attitude toward the interview and the interviewer.

The pen has proved—as never before—that it can be a weapon as potent as the sword.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next and last will deal with a group of notable American figures of the past and present

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

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Adding Profits

Thousands of merchants and manufacturers use the Burroughs Adding Machine pictured here. Hundreds of thousands of customers know the little adding machine slip, with its column of clean, legible figures and the always correct total printed at the bottom.

It is the retailer's assurance that the items in a cash sale or on a charge slip are correctly totaled and that he is not losing money by little errors that grow into big losses.

It is the customer's assurance that he or she is not overcharged—and is dealing with a business of modern methods.

Truth is the keystone of the entire business arch, but only the accuracy of automatic figuring can speak the truth about a business.

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Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating—the A B C of business—are served by three great groups of Burroughs Machines, in which are many different models (priced as low as $125). The name "Burroughs" stands for the original invention of the adding machine, for its adaptation to every accounting need and for the utmost in mechanical superiority, durability, economy and service.

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THE CHURCH THAT JOHN BUILT

(Continued from Page 17)

John T. didn't know Daniel had it in him to get so mad, and received the clergyman's outburst with pop-eyed amazement. Afterward he remembered very few details, except some pointed references to the money changers in the temple.

"There, there, Dan," he kept saying, soothingly. "Don't get excited. It's all right. We won't do it unless you say so."

"Say so? Say so? Why, you must think I'm insane!"

"You're showing some of the symptoms, Dan'l. Really you are. A brain specialist would hardly trust you among a whole flock of Christians. It would look like turning a lion loose, as the old Romans used to do. I'm sorry, Dan; honest I am. I ought to have known better. No church could stand a business man. I apologize, Dan'l, I apologize."

"Well," said the clergyman, mopping his brow, "you shocked me. I've never heard a thing so preposterous. The gospel has always been free—always must be free. But I beg your pardon for my anger. I should have remembered the peculiarities of the so-called commercial mind. I ought to be more tolerant."

Later, when Milliken closed the front door behind the departing back of the Reverend Daniel, he said to himself: "Glad I got that charge of dynamite out of the house before all the chinaware was destroyed. Phew!"

At this moment Ethel came downstairs.

"I heard such loud talking," she said. "Surely you weren't scolding poor Dan Byron, John. Do you think it's good taste to ——"

"Scolding Dan? You remind me of the woman who had the man arrested because his wooden leg broke her bull pup's tooth. No, I wasn't scolding him. I made some suggestions about his church, and he was telling me in a mild kind of way a few of the reasons why anyone who proposed such things ought to be ostracized in this world and parboiled in the next. No, Ethel, I didn't scold him."

"You're so commercial; I suppose you shocked him."

"He shocked me. Now, Ethel, do you see anything fundamentally wrong in charging four bits admission to a church where everything is absolutely first quality from invocation to benediction—preaching, praying, singing, orchestra, organ and all? Can you?"

Ethel gazed at her brother in amazement.

"Did you suggest that to Daniel? John, dear, don't you think you ought to see a physician? I knew you were working too hard that last six months before we came to Babylon, but I never suspected it was so bad as this."

When she had gone—to the Old Union Brick Wednesday evening prayer meeting—John sat a long time by the fire and pondered. Then he slapped his plump knee.

"By George, I'll do it! I'll go into the church business and show 'em how practical methods can be applied to religion. I wish Dan Byron was a betting man, because I'd wager ten thousand dollars to a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond that I put it over big!"

V

BETWEEN the Rev. Daniel Byron and his boyhood friend, John T. Milliken, there was not the best of feeling. Their greetings, though courteous, were curt. When Daniel went to the comfortable mid-Victorian home of the Millikens, it was not to while away the hours digging up stories of the old swimming hole to amuse John T. It was to discuss with Miss Ethel Milliken the best method of organizing a kindergarten class in the Old U. B. Sunday School.

For one morning he had observed a gang of laborers attacking the ruins of the old Rogan carriage factory, diagonally across from his church. At first this pleased him because the half-burned structure had for a long time been a neighborhood eyesore. Its demolition complete, other gangs succeeded the first and excavating was begun. Concrete mixers were installed and the foundation of a large building took form.

Daniel learned who was responsible for these operations through an article in the evening paper. It stated that Mr. John T. Milliken, the well-known capitalist, was to erect a handsome auditorium building on the corner of K Street East and Avenue C, to be devoted to the public interest in accordance with a plan to be announced later.

"Ethel," said Daniel, "John's building that structure for a church, I believe. Why didn't you tell me?"

"John asked me not to. He's crazy about it; talks of nothing else. I mustn't give you any of the details."

"But why choose that location?"

"You'll have to ask John, Daniel."

"As if one failing church weren't enough for this particular spot!"

"Daniel Byron, you must positively stop talking failure. It isn't Christian. I'm ashamed of you. Are you losing your grip—just when things are beginning to look brighter? You're not a failure and neither is the Old Union Brick Church. Where's your faith?"

"But with your brother building a competing church across the street?"

"Don't let that disturb you, Daniel. You're borrowing trouble."

"I wish I had your optimism, Ethel. I must confess things have vastly improved since you took hold with the women and children of the church. And you've been most generous. John was certainly right when he said a church needs working capital. Your help has done wonders."

"Hush! I let the Sewing Circle have something to fix up their room in the basement. They're to pay it back a little at a time; at least they think they are. Of course I'd prefer to ——"

"I'm ashamed of myself," said Daniel soberly. "Sometimes the difficulties we face overwhelm me. An hour of solitude and prayer will restore my spiritual balance. Forgive me."

"An hour over at the Y. M. C. A. gym is what you need. Join a basket-ball team and forget your worries. I'd invite you to the movies to-night if I thought you'd accept."

VI

JOHN T. wasted no time in corner-stone ceremonies, but pushed the building of his auditorium as fast as human hands could work. Out of the huddle of surrounding dwellings it rose, block upon block, brick upon brick. A recognized genius in church architecture made the plans and as the structure took form you saw it to be a gracious and beautiful thing, finely proportioned, perfect in symmetry, lovely in every outline.

Over the way the poor Old U. B. seemed to shrink by comparison, shabbier and more forlorn than ever. And yet, oddly, the congregation that greeted the Reverend Daniel grew a little, Sunday by Sunday. A new spirit was abroad among the worshipers. More smiles were exchanged. You noted a warmer atmosphere of fellowship, which—upon analysis—you could trace to the women and children. It reacted upon the men, especially at plate-passing time. Of course the offertory selection gives a distinct pain to many people who are fond of other forms of music; but there was considerable encouragement nowadays in counting the returns. Byron made timber for one of his finest prayers out of his payment to the mortgagees of half a year's interest.

"But when your Brother John's church gets going," he began one day after two new members had been admitted to fellowship, "I suppose ——"

"Oh, bother Brother John's church!" snapped Ethel. "What! At fifty cents a perf—I mean, service? Don't be silly! You're always borrowing trouble."

Daniel needed to be talked to like that at times. Miss Milliken's attitude toward him was motherly, and he regarded her as wonderful beyond all women. Thirty-five years old, pretty as a picture, perhaps a trifle masterful, but nevertheless adorable, peerless among spinsters and—a born executive. It was marvelous, what she had done in the Old Union Brick. Other women followed her like sheep, which—privately—the Reverend Daniel believed most of them to be. Children worshiped her. In ten years the Sunday school had not shown a tenth as much life. Daniel could hear the difference in the way the kids sang.

But the biggest change took place in the organ loft. A bunch of workmen invaded the Old U. B. and fell upon the ward of Amos Pinch with loud unchurchly noises, tore the rickety source of all inharmonies limb from limb, and cast many of its most salient parts to the junkman. While these were being replaced with new ones, congregational singing was managed for two Sundays to the accompaniment of a little melodeon fetched up from the Sunday-school room. On the third Amos Pinch was back at a renovated keyboard.

If he had not eased into his prelude very gently he would have startled that audience grievously; for he now possessed at his fingers' ends an assortment of noises capable of jarring the roof. When danger of shell shock was passed he stepped on the gas and swung into Onward Christian Soldiers with a zest that brought the people up standing, with the desire to sing tingling in throats that had not piped a note in years.

"Oh, Miss Ethel, wasn't it grand!" cried Amos after the service. "This is a big day for me, and it's you we have to thank for the cost of the repairs. I never thought I'd play a squeakless hymn-tune again in the Old U. B."

Now what could a poor parson do who suddenly realized after a life of monkish celibacy that there was a woman he couldn't get along without; when at the same time he knew just what people would say if a church mouse married the sister of a millionaire? Even if she'd have him—and he doubted this—it was out of the question. But she was exceedingly friendly -in a motherly way. She actually forced him by threats to follow a gymnasium routine that made him feel fifteen years younger.

It dawned on Daniel that he was a better minister than he had ever been, a clearer thinker, a more winning speaker. An increased number of strangers came each Sunday to hear him. And you know how it is with strangers—they simply can't be stingy when the plate goes round.

But do not think these changes were rapid or radical. People did not clamor for admittance or require Daniel to address overflow meetings from the balcony over the front door. You would have missed tangible signs of prosperity. The walls were bleak and rain-frescoed, the carpets faded, the pew cushions threadbare, the congregation as sparse as grass in a gravelly soil. The parishioners knew there was a change, deep and significant; but it was mostly below the surface.

And after you had visited the Old U. B., when you stepped out in front and viewed the architectural symphony across the way, with its softly tinted walls pierced by aspiring Gothic windows, its graceful tower, its lofty and inviting portal—you said to yourself or your companion that the old church was facing its finish. No barn could stand competition from a palace.

John T. called his church All People's, and now no day went by that did not see it played up in the local papers. A vast curiosity was aroused. The announcement that admission would be charged created a riot. Out-of-town papers reprinted items from the Babylon journals. All sorts of people wrote letters to the press—some in violent protest, some in unqualified approval. Ministers—including the Rev. Poindexter Biggs—rose on their hind legs and deplored thus commercializing the pulpit. Milliken chuckled. His church on a business basis was going over big.

VII

ON THE opening Sunday a line of people stretched from the main entrance round an entire city block. Tickets had been on sale for a week at two leading drug stores, but the last-minute rush left a thousand people outside, with the comforting thought that All People's was to be open three nights a week. Still, they grieved to miss that first and only opening service.

You who got in on a press ticket needed to give no second thought to the agony of the disappointed. Inside the building you found yourself seated in a great quiet vault of soothing dimness. The aisle carpets were thick as turf, deadening all sound. Ushers, wearing cutaway coats and white carnations, conducted the people to seats with a gentle and courteous dignity.

All People's was the type of church that has pews arranged in arcs like the seats in a theater and—in a similar manner—sloping upward toward the back. A deep balcony overhung the rear of the lower floor. The decorations were rich and colorful, of deep harmonious tones, somber, with far reaches and mysterious dim shadows. Above brooded a star-flecked dome like a night sky of purplish-black velvet.

Across the front stretched the platform, with pulpit and a few austere chairs. Here sat John T. Milliken and the mayor of Babylon; next to him a clergyman of national repute; and a regal lady whose soprano has been heard the world round.

You sank back, breathed a sigh of comfort and waited for something to start. It was blissful and you wondered if you were getting religion. Now you realized a subtle change in the character of the light. It was less dim. Faintly, like dawn stealing into a mountain valley, came that grayish-pink glow, diffused from somewhere—but where?

And then from a great distance you heard a bird note—scarcely audible—thin and sweet; and another. These notes grew gradually louder and nearer and increased in number and volume. Presently it was as if a whole choir of thrushes and nightingales were joined in that ineffable melody. The warm light of a new day suffused everything, so that you looked at your neighbor and smiled, whether you had ever seen him before or not.

All these morning bird noises came from the pipe organ; and other deeper tones were creeping in, rolling back and forth across the blue, which was now shot faintly with rose and gold. The church was filled with one great soulful, sourceless harmony that surrounded you and entered into you and lifted you out of yourself like a person translated.

The music died to a rich deep rumble, and threading upward through it like a stream of effervescence in a boiling spring came the reedy note of a sylvan flute, playing a simple, familiar air. The big notes came swelling to support it, deeper harmonies—subtle as magically attuned thunders. The regal lady rose with outstretched hands and lifted up her voice, whereupon all the multitude surged to its feet and joined her in that song in one mighty outpouring of emotion.

And when the song was sung, ending in almost a shock of silence, very softly—but clear and sweet—swelled the great amen which you were quite certain must be that mysterious chord featured for so many years in the Lost and Found columns of The Musical World.

The audience sank back, breathless and not a little enervated by a dramatic moment so intense.

Arose, then, John T. Milliken, and stepped forward.

"*Ladies and gentlemen:* This is the greatest day of my life. Years ago I went away from Babylon, my birthplace, but after a quarter century I came back here to live and—if I found opportunity—do some work useful to myself and the community. I am fond of this city and its people, my old neighbors and the neighbors of my family before me. I looked about for a promising business in which I could engage—an opening, so to speak.

"I found it in what is perhaps one of the least profitable of all useful activities—the church. It is a business that is usually burdened with debt, often insolvent, not infrequently bankrupt. It is dependent upon the generosity of the charitable for its existence. So I decided to go into the church business and learn—if I could—by actual experience whether commercial principles could be applied to it. It seemed to me to be worthy of a man's best talents.

"I want this church, which I have named All People's, to prosper and pay dividends—not into my pocket, but into the hands of the directors acting in trust to distribute those dividends for the benefit of worthy charities in Babylon. These men will see that the money does the utmost good.

"You will ask me why I have decided that All People's will charge an admission fee—fifty cents for adults, twenty-five for children. There are several reasons. It is not primarily for the sake of the money, but because of the basic principle that an enterprise which cannot make money is inevitably a failure. The standard of this church's success must be the standard of financial profit.

"Its service to the community will be measured in two ways. First: How much does it give you for your money in æsthetic enjoyment, religious inspiration and spiritual uplift? Second: How much profit does it make to be devoted to good works?

"Another reason for charging admission is to insure fairness. In most churches a few men carry the burden. A church is a continual beggar. The churchgoer is always

(Concluded on Page 97)

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The handiest thirst-quencher you can get.

Always ready, in your pocket, to give you a long-lasting, beneficial refreshment. Good for throat, teeth, appetite, digestion.

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124

After Every Meal

The Flavor Lasts

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"Same here—When I go fishin' I want fish that bite, and tobacco that don't."

Velvet Joe

"Bite" in tobacco comes either from poor leaf or wrong "ripening."

We use for VELVET only the finest, silkiest Kentucky Burley. But we don't stop there. We put the tobacco away in wooden hogsheads for two years—for Nature to *patiently* ripen and mellow.

The VELVET way costs more—but it makes the *friendlier* kind of tobacco. No bite, no kick, no harshness—just friendly.

Open a tin of VELVET. You will find it just right—"good enough to eat."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Concluded from Page 94)

being solicited and a generous man can give himself into the poorhouse, while a niggard can withhold his dole with a sneer. This is unjust. All People's asks nothing—accepts nothing—from one which it will not demand from another.

"I propose to finance All People's in such fashion that it can afford to pay for the most eloquent sermons, the finest music, the most beautiful singing. It is my intention to give the utmost in return for the admission fee. I have had estimates made which tend to prove that if we do half the business of the average theater we shall show a profit. I am frank to say that—if necessary—the price of admission will be raised. That is a recognized principle in business. But when people learn what this church stands for, I have faith that they will be eager to attend it.

"Let me assure you most emphatically that this is absolutely a work of piety. This is a church—not a concert enterprise or lyceum. No profane or secular features will be included in any program. The sermons will be sermons, not lectures; and the gospel will be preached here from the Bible rather than from the works of John Stuart Mill. I wish people who come here to remember that I have built and presented this house of worship to the Almighty God, in the humble desire to serve Him and my fellow citizens. I have made provisions for its future, so that if I die it will be carried on according to the policy I have indicated—but only so long as it yields a profit. When this church is no longer self-supporting it is to be concluded that it is the will of God that an unprofitable institution shall cease.

"I thank you."

No one in that assemblage had ever heard a stranger speech. An odd conglomerate of commercialism and idealism, naïvely set forth in absolute confidence that its logic would carry conviction—it was amazing. Milliken believed every word of it and his sincerity was so obvious that his hearers were—at least for the time—thoroughly sold to the feasibility of his project.

Ethel was in the audience, alternately thrilling with pride and blushing with embarrassment. The church was so fine, the impulse behind it so sincere, the execution of the plan so consummately skilful that she marveled, even though her brother had discussed it at home to the point of boredom. Yet ——

Across the street the Rev. Daniel Byron was standing in his bare four-walled temple and delivering an old-time, heart-warming, pulpit-thumping attack on the over-advertised gentleman in the scarlet tights. His hearers shuddered deliciously, like children listening to a ghost story. So many had been turned away from All People's that the Old U. B. had caught two or three hundred who might as well go to some church, now that they were all dressed in their best and had their minds made up. Most of the half dollars intended for tickets to All People's jingled into the plate of Old U. B.

These folk appeared to agree, too, that the Rev. Daniel Byron was what George Ade calls a jim-dandy and boss minister. Thirty-seven of them stayed after the service to tell him so; and one little old lady allowed that when you could hear preaching as good as that for nothing she didn't see why you should go across the street and pay fifty cents—a remark Daniel turned over in his mind twice before he recognized the place where you laugh.

VIII

IT IS a pleasure to affirm that All People's turned out a smashing success and a money-maker from the start. You surely did get your fifty cents' worth of uplift. From all over the land came renowned preachers to show the way to heaven. They were of divergent creeds, but when you had listened to all and made up a composite of the methods recommended, you discovered a curious similarity, namely: That if you were honest and tried hard not to let your own gratifications spoil your neighbor's good time you were headed in approximately the right direction.

In All People's you heard wonderful singing—sometimes a great soloist, sometimes a famous quartet and—after there had been time to train it—a boy choir. It was gorgeous—that singing. The boys sang their young souls into every note and the volume of sound cascaded right up to the foot of the throne in a foaming deluge of sweetness, so that the angels—who hear so much good singing that they are rather critical—were delighted.

It was the loveliness, the æsthetic satisfaction of it all, that sent you away feeling tingly and recivilized. Yes, All People's was a success and paid large dividends which were administered wisely and well for the relief of many distresses.

But ——

The Old Union Brick prospered astonishingly—much to the puzzlement of John T. Milliken.

One night at supper he said to Ethel: "I see Dan's painting his church. Good thing! I was thinking of offering to do it for him for the benefit of the neighborhood."

"Oh," said Ethel, "we can very well afford to pay for the work out of our own treasury. We're having the walls and ceilings done over and we've ordered new carpets and pew cushions."

"Some prosperity! How did you get that way?"

"Dan. He did it. He's wonderful. It's the result of twenty-five years of hard work. All he needed was a little encouragement. He's preaching better than ever. It's a wonder you don't invite him to preach at All People's."

"I'll do that little thing; but—will he accept? I thought he was sore because I commercialized the church."

"No. He was hurt at first; and then when you got interested in your plan you stuck your nose in the air and forgot he was on earth."

"Sorry. Well, you didn't forget him, did you, sis?"

Afterward John T. pondered: "Wonder if Ethel's reason's the right one, or is she so crazy about Dan she only thinks so. Wish I knew."

He telephoned the Reverend Daniel and asked him up to the house. Daniel came, wondering.

"Dan," said John, "I was planning to put the Old U. B. out of business in approved modern fashion by overwhelming competition. How dare you survive? Don't you know what the rule book says a small dealer must do when big business cracks the whip? Here you are painting your church instead of inviting the mortgagees to foreclose. I was going to absorb you and pay you ten thousand dollars a year as general manager of All People's. Now the most I can do is to invite you to come and preach one sermon. Will you do it?"

"Gladly, John."

"I want you to do yourself proud. See if you can hand the devil a sleeping powder this time—put him out of his misery once for all. And say, you know you're in fast company—Skillings and Bradley and Highlander and Pettrie. I pay those chaps from two to five hundred dollars. I'll give you five, Dan. But I want to ask you one question: How do you account for the prosperity of the Old Union Brick?"

"Ethel. She did it. She's wonderful—an angel among women. For a quarter century I've been running that church without proper feminine coöperation, and because I'm a bachelor I did not grasp women's religious needs. That's why I failed. Ethel came along and revolutionized things. She's a beautiful and noble——"

"Why, for goodness' sake, don't you marry her, Dan?"

"John! Please don't. You don't know the temptation ——"

"You're an old fool, Dan. You better wake up. Give the poor girl a chance; she's got some rights, I should think!"

The Reverend Daniel passed a hand across his brow like a man coming out of a dream.

"I—I—never thought of that," he said; and went his way.

IX

AMOS PINCH came down from the organ loft after choir practice one afternoon and met John Milliken at the foot of the stairs.

"Sit down, Amos," said John. "I want to talk to you."

"All right, John, fire away."

"How would you like the privilege of running over to All People's whenever you feel like it—provided there's nothing going on—and playing our big organ?"

"Say, John, you don't mean that! Why, ever since I heard the All People's music I've been crazy to do that very thing; but I never would have had nerve enough to ask you. It's mighty nice of you."

"Well, you can do me a favor too."

"Anything short of murder, John."

"This old church was the worst has-been ever; then, when I started building All People's, you folks took a new lease of life. I want to know why."

"Easy. First, there's your sister Ethel. A minister has no business being a bachelor and he's no business marrying—unless he gets the right wife. Ethel bosses Dan'l and makes him behave. She's a wiz and he ought to marry her."

"He's going to, Amos. Anything else?"

"Well—I dunno."

"Holding back something, Amos? Afraid of hurting my feelings?"

"We—ell—I dunno."

"Come, out with it!"

"All right, I will. All People's has got a lot to do with the success of the Old U. B., John."

"You mean the overflow?"

"In a way, but not exactly. It's like this: Folks go to your church and get all stirred up with emotions and impulses. They want to be saved or somethin'—they don't just know what's got into 'em. And let me tell you, John, you've done a great work in Babylon. Thousands go to church that never did before. Your fifty-cent idea is a dandy—with one-man control and all that. I tell you it's immense. Every city in these United States ought to have a Milliken system, pay-as-you-enter church. You'd ought to start a chain of 'em."

"But, Amos, you're going off at a tangent, aren't you?"

"Oh, am I? Maybe I was. Well, as I was saying, folks go to All People's and get full of music and inspiration and uplift and—what do they do with it? 'All dressed up and no place to go,' as the feller says."

Amos paused to let these observations sink in.

"Go on," prompted Milliken. "I'm listening."

"They want something, John, that you can't furnish for fifty cents or fifty dollars or fifty thousand dollars. Money never bought it. But some of 'em come over to the Old U. B. and find it—for nothin'. Dan'l's got it and your sister, Ethel. Old U. B.'s charged with it—like 'lectricity. See what I mean?"

John T. thought a long time, pinching his chin, saying nothing. Amos watched him anxiously. He laid a hand on his friend's sleeve.

"Let me explain, John. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I was ——"

Milliken checked him and his eye gleamed with comprehension.

"I get you perfectly! You don't have to explain. It's clear as day. But, Amos! You don't think I'm stuck—halfway through the needle's eye—do you?"

"Oh, go on, John Milliken, don't talk foolish! We can't all do things like Dan'l does 'em. I believe in the cobbler sticking to his last."

"Me, too, Amos. That's why I'm going to start a chain of All People's churches that will reach from Boston to Seattle in five years. You've given me the idea of my life."

And leaving the organist in a daze of surprise, John Milliken went briskly out of the Old Union Brick.

W
WESTINGHOUSE
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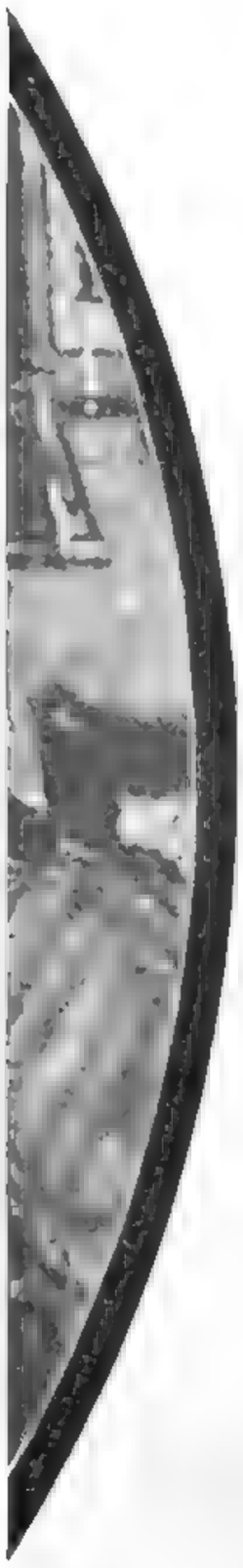
Westinghouse

RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS



"Keep Cool and Keep Well"

—says the Doctor

The doctor would rather *keep* you well than write prescriptions to make you well.

And about the first thing a good doctor will tell you these summer days is "Keep cool."

The torrid heat of summer, he will explain, does not simply interfere with your comfort by day and your rest by night. It saps vitality. It lowers resistance to sickness. In short, it promotes those conditions of body and mind in which likelihood of illness is increased while ability to ward off attack is lessened.

Keep cool is a prescription that most any doctor will tell you beats pills and powders these July days.

Keep cool and keep well. Keep well and keep fit for whatever your task.

Westinghouse Electric Fans in home, office, store or factory put cool health-giving breezes at your command any hour of the twenty-four.

They mean nights of comfortable sleep when the temperature is ninety and days of clear thinking and prompt acting when the sun is blazing. They mean a better appetite and a firmer step. They mean keeping you as near 100 per cent right as you'll let them.

Why Your Fan Should be a Westinghouse

Westinghouse Fans are attractive in appearance. They consume an almost negligible amount of current. They're dependable. They're quiet running.

The motor, which is the heart of any fan, is a product worthy of its builders—men who are masters in motor design and construction. Any Westinghouse Fan will run for years and give unfailing service without attention other than an oiling once a season.

Buy While the Summer is Young

Why wait until you've sweltered through weeks of hot weather before getting your Westinghouse Fan?

Buy it now and enjoy its breezes the whole summer long—and the many long summers to come. You can't gain by waiting—you can only lose.

Westinghouse Fans are sold by light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores. You will also find there Westinghouse Electric Irons, Toaster-Stoves, Turnover Toasters, Percolators, Sew-Motors and many other electric conveniences and utilities.

Westinghouse Fans as Low as $10.50

The Westinghouse Whirlwind is an especially attractive 8-inch fan. In spite of its moderate price, $10.50, it's thoroughly Westinghouse in reliability and efficiency. Other styles, oscillating and non-oscillating, 10-inch, 12-inch and 16-inch up to $37.50. Prices are slightly higher in the West, South and Canada.

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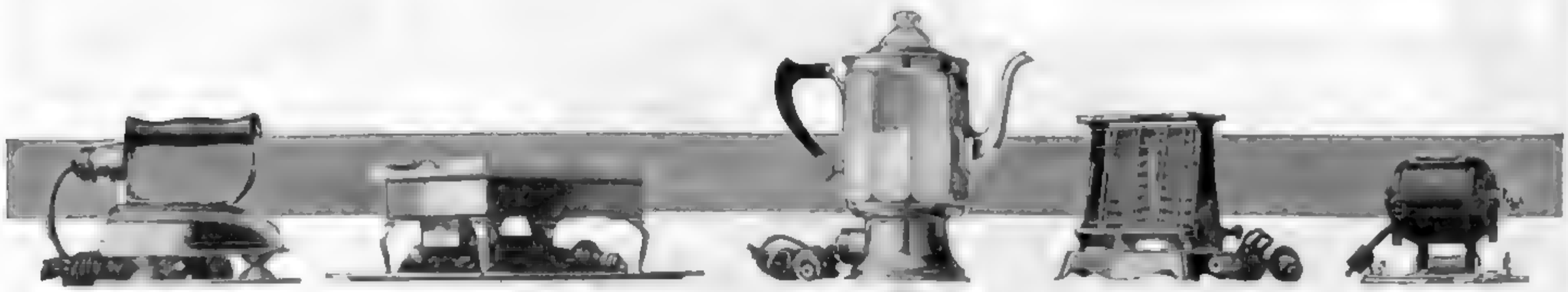
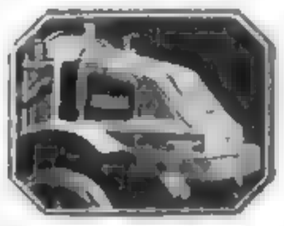
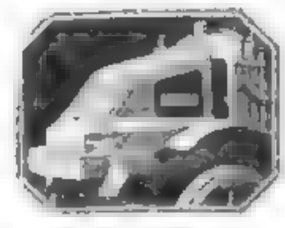
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



Irons, $5.00 to $7.50 — Toaster Stove, $8.00 — Percolators, $11.00 to $17.00 — Turnover Toaster, $8.50 — Sew-Motor, $15.00

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS





The Big Brother to the Railroads

Investigation of Truck Performance Results in Big Installation of Kellys

Buyers of truck fleets, and even of individual trucks, are learning it is the daily operating bill, more than initial expense, that affects delivery costs.

They are, therefore, investigating the potential of trouble and causes for lay-up in every truck—and demanding the facts.

Will it shear off pinion gears under stress, smash exposed radiator in traffic, or twist it out of shape in many places a truck must go?

Will it wear out its tires and itself when running empty over rough roads because of a thousand-pound unsprung axle which constantly bounces and hammers?

Are the engine and other vital parts so inaccessible that proper routine care is neglected?

Kelly-Springfield performance—twelve years of it—and Kelly-Springfield elimination of the above and other important objections common to the average truck, were what led the Arctic Ice Cream Company, of Detroit, to buy its fleet of 14 Kellys.

Engine Accessibility	Special radiator location and attachment
Excess Power	Special design three point suspension
Flexible Construction	Chain Drive on heavy duty trucks

These are some of the reasons why Kelly trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon.*

1½ to 6 ton models

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

FLEET of 14 KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS RECENTLY INSTALLED BY THE ARCTIC ICE CREAM CO. DETROIT MICHIGAN

DUDS

(Continued from Page 5)

needed an Alpine *piochе* to chop through. It had got so that he disliked to pass them and he had taken to frequenting other quarters of the city. Sometimes he had felt as if poverty had invested him with a new, different personality or that he had adopted one, like a criminal discharged after a long term of prison and desiring to begin his life anew. He thought it probable that in ten years' time the friends of his careless youth would be no more than echoes of a happy past.

Then like the harbinger of this new phase came a messenger to his door with a note and a small package. "No answer, sir," said he, and flitted down the corridor like a bat while Phineas was turning the envelope in his hand. He opened it and read as follows:

Mon cher ami: Please accept this souvenir of an unusual experience with my gratitude for the chivalry which saved me from disgrace. I ought to tell you that I bought it with a few other trifles just before you rescued me from those brutal men. As papa says, I got off more easily than I deserved.

I hope you will believe me when I tell you that the letters on the inside were already engraved. Like most people of Russian blood I am rather superstitious and do not believe in mere coincidence. I wonder what it means.

Gratefully yours,
OLGA KARAKOFF.

Phineas ripped open the package, to find one of Karakoff's finely made little cedar packing boxes inclosing the usual satin case, in which lay a large and very beautiful emerald ring. It was a heavy ring such as is worn frequently by European but seldom by American men. The gold was massive and worked in a peculiar design of dolphins holding in their maws a flawless emerald deeply set, as if disdaining to exploit its size and quality.

Phineas stared at the ring with a frown, then examined its inner surface. To his astonishment he found it deeply engraved with the letters "*O. à P.*" His frown deepened. "Olga to Phineas," he muttered. But it was plainly evident that Olga had told the truth about its being already thus inscribed, as the letters certainly were not freshly cut, their depths and edges being dull.

It was unquestionably a very valuable gift, but Phineas had not the slightest intention of accepting a reward for the peculiar service he had rendered. He slipped the ring on his finger, which it fitted perfectly. Deciding that it was as safe there as in any other place and preferring to return it personally with his thanks and an explanation which might salve the girl's feelings, he let it remain. No doubt he could manage to have a few words with her the following night.

Phineas passed the day in a rather desultory manner, visiting his sick friend and observing as he passed the raided house that it was closely shuttered. After returning to his hotel to change his clothes he walked up to the Crosby mansion, feeling rather a fool in his spick-and-span uniform, highly polished boots and shining spurs. Nature and athletic exercises had given him a trim military figure, which with the tan of the training camp suggested a soldier returned from active campaign overseas; and Phineas felt himself an unutterable fraud at each admiring glance in his direction.

"I ought to be labeled 'Have not fought' or 'Failed to get there' or 'Too late to start' or something of the sort," he told himself disgustedly.

This, of course, was an entirely wrong feeling and it had a curious reaction, for instead of infusing him with an apologetic bearing it gave him a defiant air. He had really done his best. Though forced to claim exemption from the first draft as the sole support of a stricken parent he had finally been able to negotiate a loan which enabled him to go to Plattsburg. The happiest day of his life had been that on which he had received his commission, and the bitterest the day on which the Hun had played, to his thinking, the meanest trick of all his many—had quit, had lain down.

Phineas was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Crosby, and shortly after his arrival dinner was served. He took out an old playmate and at table found the Marquise d'Irancy on his left. She proved very bright and vivacious, sympathized with him on his hard luck in not getting to the Front, and would have proved generally charming to Phineas had it not been for a prying curiosity about his own personal affairs which he could not understand and which their recent acquaintanceship certainly did not warrant. He noticed also that she glanced frequently at his ring, and wondered why it appeared to have such a fascination for her.

Directly opposite him was a girl who held that peculiar attraction for his eyes which comes when one is trying to decide whether a woman is beautiful or whether she is not. This indecision referred only to her face, as he had noticed her in the salon and had been struck by the exquisite grace of her figure and way of moving, which, though the simile may not be distinctly pleasing, reminded him of a trained woman gymnast or classic dancer. She had such a form as an evening gown seems rather to denude than to disguise, and its flowing curves and long round arms gave an impression of supple resilience and perfectly coördinated elastic strength.

Her face was strikingly unusual, Phineas thought, and yet it had an elusive familiarity which puzzled him all through the dinner. Then as dessert was being served he placed it. When a child he had been given one Christmas a delightfully illustrated fairy book called The Princess Niente, and this girl's face was in feature and expression—or lack of it—precisely that of the sprite. There were the same long, narrow elfin eyes, set at the slightest upward and outward slant and doubly fringed with black curving lashes; the little nose with its infantile concavity of bridge, and the wide mobile mouth, not quite straight, everted of lip and slightly curved upward at its outer corners.

It was a most singular face, not quite human, or rather not quite mortal, Phineas thought, and it seemed to contain a sort of eerie, mischievous intelligence. It seemed to him that such a fairy face might react in almost any way upon a man, to inspire either aversion or an imperative desire for possession. It was a trouble-making face, and he felt instinctively that this girl must be a trouble maker. Her whole type seemed one that could easily become an acquired taste. He was not surprised to learn from the marquise that she was the Miss Melton whom Mrs. Crosby had mentioned in her note.

"We crossed together," said Madame d'Irancy. "She is very fascinating. We became quite well acquainted. She is of French birth, though her father and mother were American artists."

When the men left the dining room Phineas caught sight of the marquise and Miss Melton in a corner of the salon and immediately joined them. Before they had been talking very long he began to notice that the girl's curious eyes, which were of a dark amber color, were frequently directed toward his emerald ring, and suspecting that for some reason Madame d'Irancy had mentioned it to her, he turned to the French lady and asked bluntly what there was about it that so interested her. To his surprise she parried the question.

"It is a very pretty ring," said she evasively, "and I should say it was of antique workmanship. A family heirloom perhaps?"

"Not of mine," Phineas answered. "As a matter of fact I received it only this morning. It was a present from a friend to whom I had rendered a service." He did not miss the quick look that flashed between the two. "There seems to be some mystery about it. I wish you would tell me what."

"It is interesting to me, monsieur," said the marquise, "because it so precisely resembles a ring that was given to her fiancé when he went to the war by an intimate friend of mine."

Phineas tried to keep his face from showing how much he was startled by this information. Glancing up his eyes met Miss Melton's, and something in their elfin light told him that so far as this girl was concerned he had not made much of a success of it.

"Indeed?" he answered. "What was the name of your friend's fiancé, madame?"

"Pierre de Marcy. He was an *aviateur* and was shot down in flames within the German lines about three months before the end of the war."

"Terrible!" murmured Phineas. "And, of course, the ring was never sent to his family?"

The marquise shook her head. "Such things scarcely ever happen," said she.

"May I ask the name of your friend who gave the ring?"

"Mademoiselle Odette Ménard." She shot a curious glance at Phineas' face. "Pardon, *capitaine!* I did not mean to disturb you. Of course the ring cannot be the one given by my poor friend to her unfortunate fiancé."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Melton, and her voice was precisely of the cool, limpid quality that Phineas would have expected, "it would be interesting, captain, to know where your friend purchased the ring."

"I shall have to ask," Phineas answered a little stiffly. "If it is possible to trace it back to France I shall, of course, return it to the marquise to send to Mademoiselle Ménard. It may be a little difficult, but I assure you that I shall do my best."

"*Merci, monsieur,*" murmured the marquise. "It would be very odd if a ring stolen by a boche on the battlefield should find its way here to America, would it not?"

She glanced at Phineas' troubled face and tactfully attempted to change the topic. But Miss Melton clung to it a little longer, as he had expected she would. Yes, his judgment had been correct—this girl was a meddler, a trouble seeker. The elfin mischief of her face did not belie her.

"Why do you think it may be difficult to trace the ring, captain?" she asked in her liquid, honey-sweet voice.

"Because if it is really German loot disposed of here in America the people through whose hands it passed will naturally lie about it," Phineas answered, trying to conceal his irritation at her questioning his statement.

There was, of course, not the slightest doubt in his mind that the ring was the one referred to by Madame d'Irancy. Apparently she did not know of the inscription, "*O. à P.*"—Odette to Pierre. The knowledge seemed to raise a curtain, to open long vistas of thought. But for the moment he did not wish to be interfered with by this meddling girl with her purling voice and sprite's face.

His words and possibly something in his tone brought a look fairly brimming with fairy malice, accentuated by an almost imperceptible lifting of the outer corner of one long dark eyebrow. It brought the blood into Phineas' face. For the first time in his life he was conscious of the swift, shameful impulse to maltreat a woman. He felt that he would like to sink his strong fingers into her bare snow-white shoulders and shake her until he dislodged that pyramid of fine black hair with the ruddy lights in it so snugly coifed on her small trim head. And he knew that this flash of brutality was less due to what she had said or because he was convinced that she thought him to be lying about the ring than to the very look of her, the lurking challenge in her amber eyes. She seemed to him less a mortal woman than a materialized teasing elemental.

To his considerable relief another man joined them at this moment, and Phineas excused himself to exchange a few words with his hostess.

"What are you doing now, Phœbe?" she asked.

"Walking up and down like Satan, and hoping that he may find some work for my idle hands to do."

"He's too busy just now. Why don't you marry some rich girl?"

"Trot her up. Who is that Miss Melton anyhow? What is she?"

Mrs. Crosby laughed. "I was waiting for that. All the men get round to it. I think she's a fairy."

"So do I. Why has she come over here? War worker out of a job?"

"Anything but. She's a warrior worker hard on the job. Her smoke screen is French propaganda, which means incidentally that justly popular game called Knock the Boche."

"I see. She has just been trying to dig evidence of a new crime out of me."

"Then she'll get it if it's there. She's a beauty in her way, don't you think?"

"Yes," Phineas admitted, "in her way. She draws first prize—in a class of one. Like a Martian or Saturnite or stray denizen of Venus."

"Wait till you see her walk. She's got the most curious light, clinging tread and a sort of swing from the hip."

"I've seen it. I wanted to holler 'Scat!'"

"But she's not a bit feline."

"No. I imagine the cat's fur goes up when she's round. Well, good night, Proserpine. I've got to make a pilgrimage to South Brooklyn to see a friend with the flu. Thank you for thinking of a poor homeless 'bo. And don't believe any lies that Pixie-Nixie may tell you about me. I'm poor but honest—so far."

IV

PHINEAS had just finished dressing the next morning when the telephone rang and he was told that there was a lady below who wished to see him.

As the only lady he could think of who would so much as dream of calling at his hotel was Olga, he went downstairs feeling decidedly annoyed and determined to frost this incipient affair in its early burgeoning.

There was also the matter of the ring to bother him. He was told at the desk that his caller was in the ladies' parlor, and on entering that gloomy early-Victorian mausoleum he received the daily shock with which his new activities appeared to be in a way to furnish him. For there standing composedly by a corner window stood Miss Melton, very chic in sables and a Paris street dress.

It immediately flashed across Phineas' mind that the Marquise d'Irancy, convinced that his ring was the identical one given by Mademoiselle Ménard to her fiancé, had asked Miss Melton to see him and insist upon his explaining the details of its purchase; and in this he was entirely correct.

Miss Melton offered him her hand in a self-possessed and friendly manner, and when he asked her to be seated took a chair with its back to the window, this bit of strategy, which obliged him to face the strong and searching glare, not being lost on Phineas.

"Captain Plunkett," said she, "I have come to ask a favor. Will you let me help you try to discover if your ring is indeed the one that was worn by Flight Lieutenant de Marcy when he was shot down inside the German lines?"

"That is quite unnecessary, Miss Melton," Phineas answered. "There can be no doubt whatever that it is." He slipped off the ring and handed it to her. "If you will look inside," said he, "you will see that it is engraved *O. à P.*, which stands of course for Odette to Pierre."

If he had expected to see any expression of surprise in her elfin face he was disappointed. She merely glanced at the inscription and handed him the ring with a slight nod.

"Madame d'Irancy was positive that it was the same," said she, "but naturally did not like to insist upon it."

"So I imagined. I shall, of course, give her the ring to return to her friend with my compliments. But not immediately. I want to see if I can trace it."

"Will you let me help?"

Phineas shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because in the first place the reason for which it was given me is a purely personal affair which I do not feel under any obligation to confide to anybody; and in the second, if you will excuse my frankness, I fail to see how the matter concerns you in any way at all."

Even this blunt statement failed to bring so much as a flicker of annoyance to her unusual face. On the contrary she nodded again, as though in admission of what he had said.

"I am not asking you this favor out of curiosity, captain. I am doing some publicity work and I should be very glad to have this additional proof of German ghoulishness."

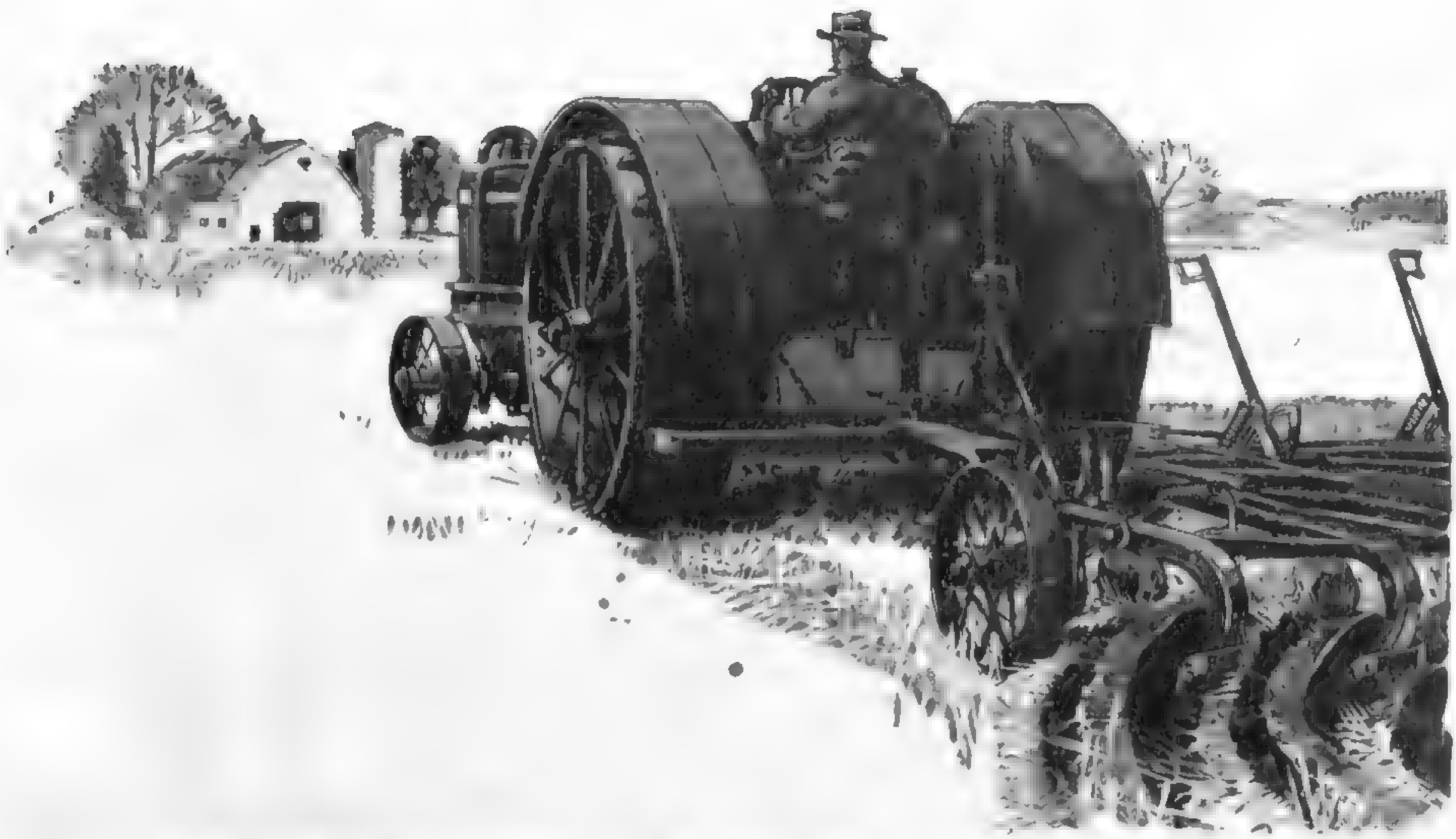
"It seems to me that you have it already. The ring has been positively identified as that worn by Lieutenant de Marcy when he was shot down in flames, and I can testify that about six months later it was purchased here in New York."

"From whom?"

"That is what I shall try to find out. I do not wish to injure any innocent person who may have been in ignorance of where

(Continued on Page 104)

Champion



Play Important Part in Tractor Industry

FOR hours and hours at a stretch, the tractor engine is taxed to its utmost, imposing a sustained, maximum demand upon the spark plugs. In other types of engines, such as passenger cars, top speed and extreme demands are required only occasionally. With a tractor it is one long continuous grind at heaviest load—motor pulling at maximum horse-power—spark plugs at sizzling heat—and no let up in the pounding, vibrating jars.

To withstand such brutal punishment and not "miss" even temporarily, spark plugs must be of more than common hardiness and efficiency.

Our famous No. 3450 Insulator, with its greater resistance to shocks and temperature changes, together with our patented gasket construction, fortify Champion Spark Plugs for the terrific battle they must constantly wage in tractor engines.

Because Champion Spark Plugs dependably perform this strenuous service a large number of tractor manufacturers use them as factory equipment.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario

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The following list of Tractor Manufacturers equip their products with Champion Spark Plugs:

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Avery
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Emerson-Brantingham
Farmer Boy
Flour City
Fordson
Frick
Gray
Illinois
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Lapeer
Lauson
Linn
Minneapolis
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Monarch
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Turner Simplicity
Twin City
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Wallis Cub
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There is a Champion Spark Plug specially designed for every type of engine. Be sure the name "Champion" is on the Insulator and the world trade mark on the box.

Champion Heavy Stone
For Tractors, Trucks and High-Powered Cars
B-43, ⅞-18
Price $1.25

(Continued from Page 101)

the ring first came from. The scoundrel who stripped it from De Marcy's charred finger may have sold it to some neutral who sold it to somebody else, and so by devious channels it found its way here. Unless I can manage to trace it approximately all the way back to the battlefield I may decide not to vouch for any more than that it was stolen there and eventually sold here."

Miss Melton appeared to reflect for a moment, then asked: "Has it not occurred to you, captain, that this may be a very significant case and indicate that possibly a great deal of German loot may be finding a secret market in this country?"

"It has. That is precisely my reason for wishing to make my investigations quietly and without any outside interference."

"Will you tell me one thing?"

Phineas shook his head. "I am very sorry, but it seems to me to be better at this moment not to tell anybody anything at all."

Again the almost imperceptible nod of her small head. Phineas was struck by the fact that instead of showing the least shade of resentment she appeared, if anything, to approve his stand. She looked at him thoughtfully, her trim head slightly aslant and her wide mouth whipped up at one corner in a smile. For the first time he found her curious face intensely pretty in an eerie and decidedly seductive way.

"I wonder if by any chance you are of the secret service," she said.

"No, I am not. That much I don't mind telling you. But I am beginning to think that you are."

"Why?"

"Because of your persistent curiosity. I hope you are. I dislike meddlers; perhaps because I am one myself."

"You are no meddler. Meddlers are invariably gossips, and you certainly aren't that. Of course you knew last night that the ring was the one Madame d'Irancy thought."

"Of course. And you knew that I knew, and thought that I was lying because I did not want to give it back. *Merci, mam'selle.*"

She laughed outright. "Do you know, captain, I am positively beginning to like you."

"That's very nice of you. To return the compliment I may say that you have risen considerably in my esteem, now that I believe your butting-in to be for some authorized purpose."

"But I told you that I was a publicity agent, a *propagandiste.*"

"Oh, buzz—that's only your disappearing paint. We are all fed up on the usual shopworn term. Anybody with a grain of sense would know that there is no value in this stuff for propaganda purposes. Do you think that the most partisan pro-German believes it any part of boche method to leave valuable jewelry lying on its deceased owner, or to take it reverently from the cadaver and send it to his family with a tear-stained letter of condolence? That is vulgarly known in America as 'bull.'"

"You get better and better. You are, in fact, something of a surprise."

"But if they are making a regular business of smuggling it in to be surreptitiously sold by unscrupulous dealers in this country," Phineas continued, ignoring her remark, "it is, as you say, something that needs looking into."

"Then why not let me help?"

"Because I have no authority to do so. I have not even the authority to investigate the business myself."

It seemed to him that her fairy face revealed the faintest note of satisfaction. The telltale left eyebrow raised the fraction of a millimeter, as it had the night before, but her teasing smile impressed him as purely artful. She threw back her head and her amber eyes glinted at him down the plane of her cheek. She rose. He, of course, rose also, and for a moment they stood very close together, each examining the other with freshened interest. They were of about the same height, which was medium for a man, above the average of Anglo-Saxon womankind. Phineas felt again that perverse impulse to lay hands on her, to seize her round shoulders and shake some information out of her, to break that tantalizing inscrutability.

"You are not at all the fool which some fools might take you for," said she. "Your mimicry of surrounding idiots is perfect. But you would be far more efficient out of uniform—dressed as you were before your father lost his fortune."

"I see that you have looked up my *dossier*. Well, I get demobilized next week."

"And then what?"

"I don't know."

"Please pardon me for saying that I don't believe you. Wait! I take that back. You may not know—but you have got a pretty good idea."

"You are a fairy after all, aren't you?"

Phineas threw a little sarcasm into his tone, and then to his intense surprise he saw that his taunting words had got a positive reaction. She had turned a little to the light on rising, and to Phineas' astonishment her face now underwent an instant and extraordinary change. An observer who had not heard his remark would have thought he had said something shocking, made a remark that was indelicate and insulting to her pride and modesty. She had one of those very white, alabaster skins, and the scarlet wave that now swept up to the edges of her hair, which grew rather low, was more than startling. It was alarming, a congestion. Phineas would not have believed that a mere blush could become such a sanguinary deluge. It changed her expression; made her delicate features look heavy for an instant, and her amber eyes lighter. They gleamed at him in a dangerous way.

Then it was gone as quickly as it had come and she surveyed the disturbed young man with that peculiar smile which was like a penman's flourish in red ink across her face.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I didn't mean to say anything offensive."

"Of course not. You had no reason to suppose it would upset me to be called a fairy. But it always does."

"Why? Do you believe in fairies?"

"Sometimes. They used to say that my mother's mother had fairy blood. She was Irish. I've inherited some of her peculiarities."

"Of what sort?"

"Well—unusual physical strength for one thing. Good-by."

She offered him her hand, and as Phineas took it unsuspectingly he found his own suddenly crushed as though caught in a set of cogs. His knuckles were ground together, his seal ring and the emerald one jammed painfully into the adjacent fingers. The ferocious grip nearly wrung a yelp of pain from him. The next instant she had loosed his crumpled hand and was moving toward the door, and as he stared after her, astonished, he noticed the peculiar clinging step to which Mrs. Crosby had referred. She looked back over her shoulder and he caught the flicker of her mocking malicious smile.

▼

PHINEAS spent the day much as he had the two previous ones except that he confined his applications for employment to strangers. He was by no means sure that he would care to accept Karakoff's proposition, whatever this might be. His evening at the Crosbys' had made him a little homesick for his own kind, from which he felt barred only by circumstance, and he had a vague presentiment that if he were to become involved with this alien commercial clique it would result in a sort of social emigration.

But though his uniform and officer's insignia together with his well-bred manner and presence insured him polite consideration wherever he applied, his utter lack of business knowledge and experience together with his candor in admitting it made all his efforts unavailing. The chances are that he gave rather the impression of a young man conscientiously looking for a job and praying that he might not find it—a situation which unfortunately promised to be that of many a demobilized warrior in the near future. A young man who has spent some months in the trenches with frequent sallies over the top or fighting a tank or engaging in air combats must find little to attract him in the high stool and ledger. He who has towed field guns to the Front behind a motor tractor is not apt to find relish in the dragging of a plow.

The tedium of this profitless day put Phineas in a more receptive frame of mind for what Karakoff might have to offer, and he turned his steps toward the dealer's apartment with an agreeable premonition of adventure. On entering he heard the hum of animated conversation and a big harsh booming voice which, while aggressive, was not unpleasant.

The other guests, seven in all, had already arrived and Karakoff presented him to each in turn. They were well-groomed men of cultivated manner and alert intelligent faces, some of them Jewish merchants of an estimable type, such as have inherited a large and prosperous trade to which they add through each succeeding generation; keen bargainers, but liberal in their relations and patriotic supporters of national movements. They represented principally the leading art jewelers of the city.

The man to claim Phineas' immediate interest was an apparent outsider—the Baron Isidor de Rosenthal, of Paris—and formerly, Budapest. In fact, when this dynamic personality was among those present it was difficult to be much occupied in any other objective. The Baron was as easy to ignore as a brass band in one's bedroom. He was a colossus, and as Phineas first sighted him he stood like that of Rhodes, thick legs apart, huge face resembling that of a swollen Mephistopheles. Either of his bushy eyebrows might have furnished the mustache for a Napoleonic brigadier, and the pair of them had a vertical rise and fall of at least two inches when the baron was in animated conversation.

At such moments his voice resembled the G note of an organ with the pipe cracked.

Though promptly on the hour Phineas was the last to arrive, and it struck him that the party might have convened a little early for a special reason, which was not entirely to discuss a *buffet russe* about which it was gathered and the sight of which would have driven the Food Controller into epileptiform convulsions. Of this he was asked to partake, after which they seated themselves for the more serious business of a banquet of Lucullus. Phineas thought that he had never seen so much food nor any so deliciously prepared, but he noticed that most of the guests were *gourmets* rather than *gourmands*, eating rather lightly and sparing the vintage wines, of which few took more than a single glass.

To his considerable surprise he found himself the guest of honor, at Karakoff's right, with a lean grizzled man whom he had often seen at Sherry's and Delmonico's next him on the other side. The conversation was general and interesting, passing from one to another subject of topical interest with a fair amount of national politics, which embraced an argument that the next President should be neither learned professor nor diplomat nor soldier nor even financier, but an experienced business man whose talents should achieve as nearly as possible the solid reconstruction of trade.

Then suddenly, over the coffee and liqueurs, which were served at the table, there fell as if by previous arrangement the hush that precedes a speech. But there was no speech.

Speaking in a purely conversational tone Karakoff said in his pleasantly modulated voice: "Since we have all decided that Captain Plunkett is the gentleman whose services we should like to engage for trying to carry out our idea I think it is time to see what he has to say about it."

He paused for a moment, and as Phineas glanced round the table he found in the shrewd faces of the guests a certain friendly, one might almost say benevolent, regard. Karakoff turned to him in the same pleasant easy way of one discussing some topic of casual interest.

"You see, captain," said he, "the matter of which we were talking the other night is one that interests all of us here a great deal. As importing merchants of jewels and *bibelots* and *objets de vertu* who are carrying on a legitimate trade and paying our due revenue duties we are not much pleased with the idea of having our market diluted with smuggled stuff. We are now beginning to think that this underground commerce is being carried on under the direction of some organized system. But we are not sure. We want proof. We have reason to suspect that a vast amount of valuable jewelry saved from the wreck of their fortunes by Russian nobles and rich commoners is being bought up by some secret agency to be smuggled into this country through various channels and sold to unscrupulous dealers from a number of small *dépôts* like the one in South Brooklyn which my daughter was indiscreet enough to visit and from which you so chivalrously rescued her at great risk to yourself."

"Good for you!" burbled Rosenthal. "Such a disgrace it would haf been."

Karakoff looked at Phineas expectantly. The others also appeared to be waiting for him to speak, so he asked: "Have you anything definite on which you base this supposition?"

"Practically nothing. We have learned, however, of several such *dépôts* being established in some of the larger cities, selling out their contraband and then disappearing. We know also that some very valuable gems have been finding their way into the hands of small and suspectedly shady dealers. We have kept quiet about it, wishing to bide our time and lull this organization, if it is indeed such, into more daring operations. What we want to find out now is whether this illicit trade is being conducted by independent speculators or under the control of a well organized and capitalized system. If the former there is really not much that we can hope to do about it. But if we can get proof of the latter with some knowledge of its working methods we shall then turn over the task of correcting it to the Federal secret service of this country."

"Does the secret service suspect anything of the sort at this moment?" Phineas asked.

"Not to our knowledge, though it must know that there is a good deal of jewel and other smuggling going on. It is, of course, handicapped by the great increase in all sorts of shipping and the vast number of unidentified individuals employed. We wish to render a service not only to ourselves but to the Government. We have already sent two trusty men to Russia for the purpose of investigating that end, and we want two more over here. You are the first of these to be selected."

"You see, Captain Plunkett," said a gray-bearded man across the table, "we know all about you and your family and social connections and the very clever bit of work which unfortunately and through no fault of yours got you into trouble with the paper you represented. You are well known as a young gentleman of the fashionable set and are thoroughly familiar with the city and its environs. Permit me to say, also, that we feel implicit confidence in your courage and abilities."

Phineas flushed and bowed. Karakoff nodded as though to indorse what had been said, and continued: "I need not tell you, captain, that there may be a considerable amount of danger attached to the job. If we are really up against a well-organized system and it discovers what you are about it may try to get you. You will have to watch your step. This factor shall be considered in your emolument."

He paused, and all eyes were turned toward Phineas. His temporary embarrassment had passed and he was turning the situation quickly in his mind. The proposition appealed intensely to his present mood and latent love of adventure, but he did not think that these men had yet got the big idea.

"All of this is very interesting, gentlemen," said he slowly, "but, if you will pardon me for saying so, I doubt if you fully realize just what we are up against. I have reason to believe that there is more in this business than Mr. Karakoff has so clearly expressed."

The battery of shrewd eyes round the table seemed to fire a salvo of surprise. This was scarcely the answer that any had expected. They had on the contrary looked for a certain lack of conviction, even skepticism, on the part of this young man, who to them represented the beau ideal of New York's *jeunesse dorée*, the erstwhile pampered idler of whom the class represented the best part of their clientele. Experience had taught them, however, that youths of Phineas' type were not all fools by any reckoning, that sometimes they were throwbacks to the old hard-shelled, hard-bitted founders of the family fortune, at whose feet any one of them might have profited to sit and learn his lesson of business daring and business ruthlessness. They could look through Phineas' handsome, amiable and rather empty face and see the gear enmeshed behind it.

"Perhaps I had better explain," he began modestly.

"Shoot!" gurgled Rosenthal.

"Well then, has it ever occurred to you gentlemen that this new flux of jewels and other stuff which you say is flowing into the country may be not merely the result of liquidation on the part of impoverished Russians whose property has been grabbed by the Bolsheviki and other robbers, but a very much bigger scheme, possibly of German organization, for realizing on their enormous quantity of war booty from all the regions invaded by their troops?"

There was a moment of astonished silence; then Rosenthal erupted a roaring

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 104)

"Py Chingo, ve nefer t'ink of dat! Ah, dese American poys—how I lofe dem!"

Karakoff's dark eyes were fixed intently upon Phineas. Had any of the others been looking at him he might have been struck by some peculiar quality in their gaze—a sort of flat feral glare, such as one might catch in the eyes of a caged panther when a dog strays into the big carnivore's house.

It lasted for only a second; then he said in his easy pleasant voice: "Upon my word, captain, that is something of an idea! What suggested it to your mind, may I ask?"

"This ring." Phineas slipped it from his finger and handed it to his host. "Miss Karakoff bought it the other night at that place in South Brooklyn and very kindly sent it to me as an appreciation of the little service which I was able to render her. I wore it last night at a dinner given at her house by Mrs. Emory Crosby, and in the course of the evening it was recognized by the Marquise d'Irancy as a *gage d'amour* given by her friend, a Mademoiselle Odette Ménard, to her fiancé, the Lieutenant Pierre de Marcy, of the French Army Aviation Corps. He was shot down in flames within the German lines about three months before the end of the war. There can be no doubt of its identity because, as you can see, it is engraved on the inside '*O. à P.*'—Odette to Pierre."

"Sapristi!" Rosenthal burst out, his bulging eyes with their curious brown speckled mottling fastened on Phineas. "What a business! I know her well, the sweet little Marquise d'Irancy. I should say I did. Her father is an old friend and once rendered me a tr-remendous service. You may remember, my fr-riends"—he glared round the table—"I gafe her that great diamond, the Sultana, for her corbeil. It was most beautifully mounted by Kalik, of the Place Vendôme."

There was a murmur of assent. Mention of the Sultana to this gathering was like mentioning a Derby winner of several years ago in racing circles or the swift schooner Atlantic, holder of the transatlantic sailing record, to a group of yachtsmen. Curious scrutiny rested on the big baron. They were wondering from what particular form of penal servitude the old filibuster might have been saved by his friend to have made him give a blue diamond worth almost any figure as a wedding present to the daughter. Phineas brought them back to the business in hand.

"The question is," said he: "How did this ring find its way to that raided dump in South Brooklyn?"

"You are dead r-right, my poy," growled Rosenthal. "How?"

Phineas turned to Karakoff. "Of course I shall have to return the ring."

"Of course. You must tell my daughter about it. She is coming in to sing for us a little later. Olga will be very pleased to know that this poor young lady is to receive at least one small souvenir of her fiancé, fallen on the field of honor. Aside from the sentimental, such tokens have a psychometric value to the bereaved. But you are right in saying that we did not realize fully the forces with which we have to cope. The circumstance is most significant—and I am inclined to think, captain, that it is going to make your work far more difficult and dangerous than we had anticipated—that is, if you choose to undertake it."

"I have already done so," Phineas answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 21)

patronage had so fallen away from the Moulin Rouge that they were planning to turn it into a decent theater. Nor during my sojourn did anybody in my hearing so much as mention the Dead Rat. I doubt whether it is still in existence.

The last time I was in Maxim's—quite a dozen years ago now—a young woman sat next to me whose story could be read in her face. She was a pretty thing, not five and twenty, still blooming, with iron-gray hair. It had turned in a night, I was told. She had recently come from Baltimore and knew no more what she was doing or whither she was drifting than a baby. The old, old story: a comfortable home and a good husband; even a child or two; a scoundrel, a scandal, an elopement, and the inevitable desertion. Left without a dollar in the streets of Paris. She was under convoy of a noted procuress.

"A duke or the morgue," she whimpered, "in six months."

Three months sufficed. They dragged all that remained of her from the Seine, and then the whole of the pitiful disgrace and tragedy came out.

▼

IF EVER I indite a volume to be entitled Adventures in Paris it will contain not a line to feed any prurient fancy, but will embrace the record of many little journeys between the Coiffeur and the Marché des Fleurs, with maybe a tour or two among the cemeteries and the restaurants.

Each city is as one makes it for himself. Paris has contributed greatly to my appreciation, and perhaps my knowledge, of history and literature and art and life. I have seen it in all its aspects: under the empire, when the Duc de Morny was king of the Bourse and Mexico was to make every Frenchman rich; after the commune and the siege, when the Hôtel de Ville was in ruins, the palace of the Tuileries still aflame, the column gone from the Place Vendôme, and everything a blight and waste; and I have marked it rise from its ashes, grandly, proudly, and, like a queen come to her own again, resume its primacy as the only completed metropolis in all the universe.

It will not admit of denial. No city can approach Paris in structural unity and regality, in things brilliant and beautiful, in buoyancy, variety, charm and creature comfort. Drunkenness, of the kind familiar to London and New York, is invisible to Paris. The brandy and absinthe habit has been greatly exaggerated. In truth, everywhere in Europe the use of intoxicants is on the decline. They are for the first time in France, stimulated partly by the alarming adulteration of French wines, rigorously applying and enforcing the pure-food laws.

As a consequence there is a palpable and decided improvement of the vintage of the Garonne and the Champagne country. One may get a good glass of wine now without impoverishing himself. As men drink wine, and as the wine is pure, they fall away from stronger drink. I have always considered, with Jefferson, the brewery in America an excellent temperance society. That which works otherwise is the dive which too often the brewery fathers. They are drinking more beer in France—even making a fairly good beer. And then ——

But gracious, this is getting upon things controversial, and if there be anything in this world that I do hybominate, it is controversy!

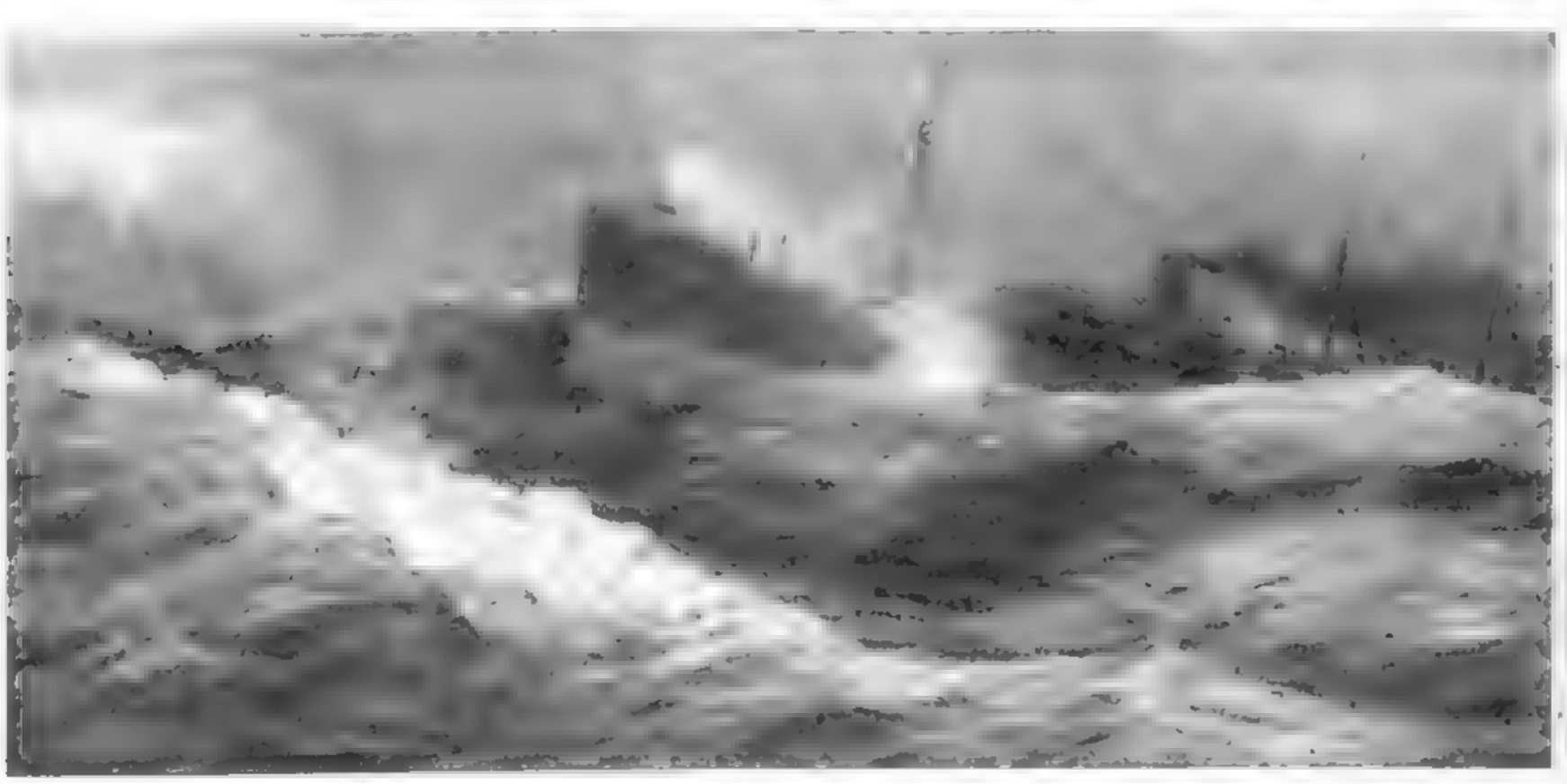
. . . . . .

Few of the wondrous changes which the Age of Miracles has wrought the last half century have exceeded those of ocean travel. The modern liner is but a moving palace. Between the ports of the Old World and the ports of the New the transit is so constant and rapid as to grow monotonous. There are no more adventures on the high seas. The ocean is a thoroughfare, the crossing a ferry. My experience fifty-four years ago upon one of the ancient tubs which have been supplanted by these liners would make queer reading to the latter-day voyager, taking, let us say, any one of the steamers of any one of the leading transatlantic companies. The difference in the appointments of the William Penn of 1865 and the Star boats of to-day is indescribable. It seems a fairy tale to think of a palm garden where the ladies dress for dinner, a Hungarian band which plays for them whilst they dine, and a sky parlor where they go after dinner for their coffee and what not; a tearoom for the five-o'clockers; and except in excessive weather scarcely any motion at all. It is this palm garden which most appeals to a certain lady of my very intimate acquaintance who had made many crossings and never gone to her meals—sick from shore to shore—until the gods ordained for her a watery, winery, flowery paradise—where the billows cease from troubling and a woman can appear at her best. Since then she has sailed many times, lodged à la Waldorf-Astoria to sip her wine and take her food with perfect contentment.

Coming ashore from our last crossing a friend found her in the Red Room of that hostel just as she had been sitting the evening before on shipboard at sea.

"Seems hardly any motion at all," she said, looking about her and fancying herself still upon the deep, as well she might.

Editor's Note—This is the fifteenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.



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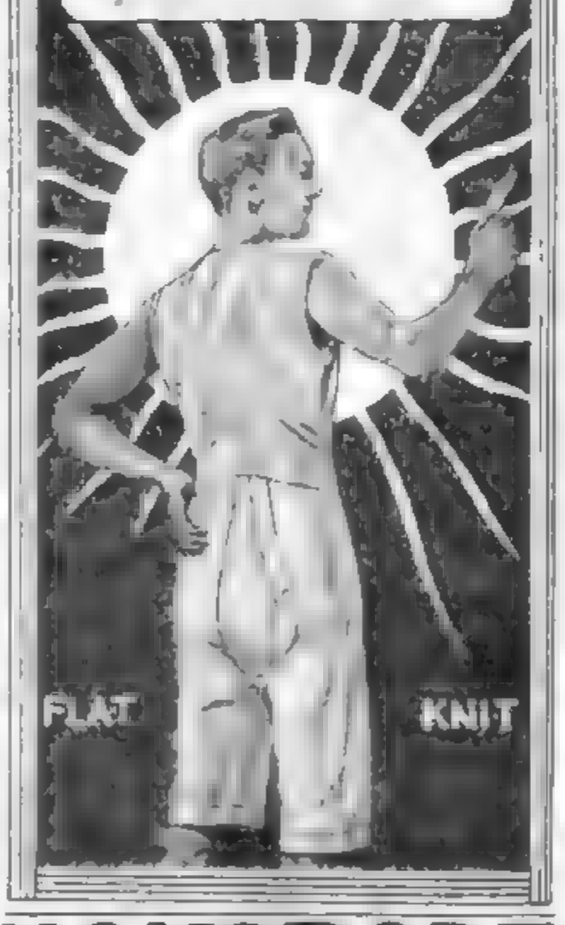

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ALL WE LIKE SHEEP—

(Continued from Page 13)

They strolled back toward the house, the brewer glancing keenly at Bessie to determine whether she was more fascinating in profile or whether it was to her full face that his two acquaintances had fallen victim. He had not determined this, however, by the time the kitten's feet were buttered and the hour had come to say good night.

He held Bessie's hand long and tenderly, peered at athwart the gloaming by the hairdresser and his wife.

Being a brewer Mr. Carter was stoutish, but his feet went very lightly up the High Street, though they went to the rhythm of "Why—why—why?"

Pirbright was standing at his gate, thinking. The glow of his pipe could be seen, and by this Carter located him, and he came to a full stop.

"Pirbright," said he in a quietish voice, "don't you think you ought to leave that little woman alone while her husband is away?"

Without waiting for the bombshell Pirbright would have had ready in five minutes or so, the brewer left this poignant question to sink in, and went on lightly toward home.

He sat up fairly late, wishing he knew exactly what Benson and Pirbright saw in Bessie, but aware that she must be an unusually fascinating woman. He also inquired with a measure the size of the bald spot on top of his head—and refused to believe the answer.

Next day Benson came to Bessie's house at eight-thirty; Carter at twelve; and Pirbright at five; and the hairdresser's wife sent for her charwoman to do the cooking.

At eight-forty-five Bessie was sitting down alone to a womanly supper on a tray when Bobby Appleyard called. Bessie had nursed him on the day he was born, and many a cream bun and stick of chocolate had she given him since; but for a long while she had scarcely seen Bobby, for he was now by way of being rather a lad, and put in his time otherwise. However, here he was, and the kind woman was ever so pleased to see him.

She had been accustomed to kiss him; but this evening the youth looked at her somewhat strangely, and just mumbled over her hand.

"Sit down, Bobby," said Bessie with simple pleasure, "and I will ring and have you some more eggs done."

"I have not come for eggs," said the youth, sitting down and looking at Bessie with a somewhat moonish expression.

All the same, when they came he ate them; and then some more; six.

In spite of the fact that he watched Bessie very keenly the youth seemed to draw no conclusive deductions, and for a while he remained apparently uncertain as to how to carry on; but about ten o'clock, after he had mumbled a bit over her hand, delaying her work—this evening she knitted—he produced a volume of the more enthusiastic of Swinburne's Poems and Ballads and evinced a desire to read to her.

Bessie received these boyish vagaries in the most patient spirit, occupied in thinking, "I will do the next vest plain-and-purl"; or raising the silent question: "Shall I begin to cast off?" Though once it occurred to her that perhaps Bobby did not get enough sympathy from his mother.

The reading finished about midnight and the youth rose.

He looked rather passionately at Bessie, setting the nice woman wondering if he was hungry again.

"I'll go out the back way," he mumbled darkly. "I wouldn't compromise you for the world, b-b—but m-m-may I kiss you?"

Bessie had kissed Bobby right on from his first birthday, so this did not make her at all fussy.

Bobby folded her in his arms.

"I could t-t-teach you such a l-l-lot," he mumbled; and with more dark sayings like this he departed.

"I wish I'd pressed the lad to a piece of cake," thought Bessie, locking the back door, by which he had insisted on making his exit.

"It's young Appleyard," said the hairdresser's weary wife, drawing aside her curtain to see Bobby skulking in the bright moonlight up the street.

Next day Benson at eight; Pirbright at eleven; Carter at teatime; Bobby for supper. "Them poor twins!" said the hairdresser's wife.

A thing like this could not go on. It was on the fifth day that Bobbie's father sent a clerk to ask the vicar to call in.

"Sit down, Folder," said Bobby's father, grasping the vicar's hand. "Sit down. What do you think about all this?"

"All this, Appleyard?" repeated Mr. Folder.

"About Bessie Hudson," said Bobby's father.

"Mrs. Hudson?" said Mr. Folder.

"Tch! Tch!" said Bobby's father. "I say nothing—because it is not my business—about the disgraceful way that woman is carrying on with Benson and Pirbright and Carter—all men old enough to know better; but when she takes to fascinating my son, then—then, Folder, my blood boils! It—boils!"

"I have heard nothing of all this," said Mr. Folder, betraying avidity, but growing very calm.

It was the affair of a few minutes to put the saintly man in possession of the facts and a bit over.

"I am amazed!" said Mr. Folder. "Amazed!"

Mr. Appleyard rang a bell. "Send in Mr. Bobby."

Bobby entered.

"Now, Bobby," said his enraged parent, "I have been telling Mr. Folder about the way you have been carrying on with a married woman in her husband's absence, and he has promised to speak to you."

"I didn't," said Mr. Folder.

"Tacitly, tacitly," said Bobby's father, waving him on to the fray.

After coughing twice the vicar remarked: "I am simply amazed. Am-azed!"

"I do not care who is amazed," said the brave youth; "there is only one woman in the world for me, and that is Bessie Hudson. I love her. She is perfectly adorable. I will have her!"

"'She—is perf ——'" said Mr. Folder in a feeble voice.

"You—love—her!" said Mr. Appleyard in a dazed manner.

The lad turned away and went out.

"After him, Folder!" cried Mr. Appleyard, waving the vicar forward. "Tackle him! It's your duty."

Mr. Folder hurried in Bobby's wake, clutched his sleeve, and closed the door behind them.

"Bobby," said he sternly, "I have known you from infancy, and am ashamed and stricken to think —— Bobby—er—Bobby, what in heaven's name do you see in her? What is she really like?"

"Her depth! Her subtlety!" cried the youth. "Her silence! Her charm! I can't tell you! It's there. There is only one woman in the world for me and that is ——"

Loosing his arm the vicar turned back within Mr. Appleyard's private office. He placed his hands under his coat tails and walked hither and thither.

"Well?" said Mr. Appleyard.

"My duty is to go and see Mrs. Hudson," exclaimed the vicar.

"At this very moment Benson is concealed in her house, and those two other deluded fellows are counting the moments till they can meet her," said Mr. Appleyard, looking imaginatively at the ceiling.

"There is no doubt but that she is terribly attractive," pursued the vicar, walking swiftly and waving his coat tails.

"Eh?" said Mr. Appleyard.

"I myself—er—have always—er—felt it," continued the vicar, putting his head on one side and owning to the frailty with a sincere and charming meekness. "And I have wondered sometimes how it was that Hudson dared to leave her so much."

"The way she has of—er—well, the way," said Mr. Appleyard, stirred. "I'm pretty observant where women are concerned; I'll own it to you, Folder. However, I myself am very happily married," he added regretfully; "very happily married indeed. Tch! Tch!"

The vicar left him, paused in the clerk's room to examine himself—as if abstractedly—in their little mirror while he uttered a few cheery words about Saturday's cricket match; and then set off for Bessie's house.

The hospitable woman was enjoying one of her now rare free moments.

"Oh, Mr. Folder!" she exclaimed with simple pleasure.

"How can I insult this charming creature?" thought the vicar. "I have called in, dear lady," he added in a melting voice, "to look at your delightful garden and get a few—ha, ha, ha!—a few—ha, ha, ha, ha!—hints. Ha, ha!"

So they walked round the garden.

Now it chanced that the hairdresser's wife had laid a scheme to be carried out this morning. Catching Harry and Johnny, the Benson twins, on their way to Miss Biggs' school, the wily woman said this to them: "My little dears, the mayor was looking for your dear father a little while ago, and I think I saw him go across to Mrs. Hudson's. Run in and say to her, 'Please, is father here?' and then come and tell me what she says."

In a few moments the twins, with their little satchels on their backs and their large spectacles on their noses, stood before Bessie and the vicar.

"Please, Mrs. Hudson," said they, settling their spectacles, "is father here?"

In spite of the sad mess she was making of her life Bessie was an inherently truthful woman, and the struggle in her mind while the question writhed in it, "Should the children be told?" may be better imagined than described.

Deceit won, however, and in spite of the fact that the vicar was looking at her clearly she replied in almost her usual bright voice.

"No, dears, I haven't seen your father."

The twins made one turning movement, settled their spectacles, and went docilely away.

"She has lied to the little children," said the hairdresser's wife.

"She has lied to them innocent children. God help 'em!" said the hairdresser to the postman he was lathering in the chair.

Meanwhile the vicar was still looking clearly at Bessie, and she had begun to blush.

"There's something in it," thought the vicar. He began to frisk a bit with his coat tails, checked himself, and made an appointment with Bessie for to-morrow afternoon to discuss the school treat. "Some moment when you are alone," he said gravely; and after cogitation the obliging woman offered him one of her two free hours for the next day.

"Gentlemen in Whitbury," added she, "do not seem to care much for each other's society."

"Perhaps that is easily understood just now," he replied with a grave look at her. On this remark, which seemed a trenchant one and not to be bettered, he went away.

Just outside the gate he met a familiar figure—that of General Topperley, but unusually debonair, and carrying a bunch of hothouse roses in his hand.

"You, Folder!" said the general with a piercing look.

"And you!" replied the vicar, giving him another.

"I can't stay," said the general, pushing on.

The vicar turned round very slowly and watched his one-time friend disappear with the bunch of roses within Bessie's gate.

It will be at once inferred that the general had heard. With soldierly readiness he had arrived to find out.

"Oh! General Topperley!" said Bessie with simple pleasure as she saw him march down the path.

"It isn't her figure," said the general to himself, while with courtly protestations he proffered his roses. "Nor her eyes; nor her ways; nor her complexion; nor her hair; nor anything at all that I can see. What the devil can it be? Is it possibly her legs?"

For some while the general sat with Bessie while she knitted, looking for her ankles under her nice skirt, but it was not until he had inveigled her into the short pleasant walk to the churchyard, involving two stiles, that he bade her good-by, after begging to be allowed to come to tea on the morrow, and trundled homeward, saying: "No; it is not that."

Near his gate the general saw Doctor Ponsonby driving toward him, and raising an imperative hand he stopped him.

"Ha, Ponsonby," said the general. "A nice morning. I've just been taking Mrs. Hudson for a little constitutional. Do her good, hey? Er—Ponsonby—the secret of that woman's charm—er—what is it?"

"Mrs. Hudson's charm?" cried Ponsonby, staring.

"Every man in Whitbury except you seems crazy about her," said the general, puffing. "Deuced compromising position

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some brutes put an unprotected little woman in. However, I'm at her service while Hudson's away, and Benson and Pirbright and Carter and that young Appleyard'll find they have me to deal with if they give her any trouble."

"Bessie Hudson? Trouble?" said the doctor. "Trouble? Bessie Hudson?"

"How can a woman like that help having trouble?" cried the general "Men being what they are? Some better than the rest, though, thank God! Yes, some a leetle better than the rest. Well! Well! Good morn——"

"Stop!" cried Ponsonby. "What do they see in her?"

"See in her!" repeated the general, outraged. "Ah!" he said, sighing. "Ah! Ah, Ponsonby, ah!"

He went pensively within his gates.

It was two minutes after this that the doctor's car, swiftly driven on its homeward way, drew up at Bessie's gate and Ponsonby alighted.

When he was shown into Bessie's presence she had just begun to cast on for the right sleeve of the vest, pending the arrival of her womanly lunch tray.

"Oh, Doctor Ponsonby!" she cried with simple pleasure.

The doctor strode up to her—he had to be quick over things—and looked her up and down.

"You sit indoors too much," said he with great interest. "Every morning while your husband is away you are to come on my round with me in the car. You hear? I will call for you at eleven and you are to be ready. You hear?"

Like all nice women Bessie was obedient, so though her life was becoming terribly crowded she promised to be ready, and the doctor whirled out, much as he had come.

Benson went on arriving about eight o'clock of mornings; Pirbright tended the north side of the garden at nine-thirty; Ponsonby fetched Bessie in his car at eleven; Carter planted the south side of the garden and combed the kitten at two; the vicar was in regular attendance at tea; the general took Bessie quietly walking to the churchyard about six; Bobby Appleyard read Swinburne of nights. And so it will be easily understood that Bessie had literally no time for female society—or illuminating conversations might have taken place.

Intense hostility reigned between the leading men of Whitbury.

It is almost inconceivable that in the center of such a simmering caldron this nice woman should sit safely knitting; but sit she did when she had time; also knit.

At the end of a week the vicar said to himself, "I will lay the matter before the bishop."

When the bishop arrived for his yearly visit of one night's duration—for the convenience of some diocesan duty in Whitbury—the vicar sent his wife out of the room and approached the subject.

"There is a delicate problem in the parish," he said.

The bishop inclined an ear and cocked an eye.

"A per-fectly nice woman," said the vicar, leaning back with his thumbs in his waistcoat.

"Ah!" said the bishop.

"I will be frank," added Mr. Folder.

"I think you ought to be," said the bishop, leaning forward.

It was the pinkish hour soon after dinner.

So the vicar laid before the bishop the story of Bessie.

The bishop became worldly; not to say at once naïve, wise and mellow.

"Young and old—all crazy," said Mr. Folder. "And we know what men are. Animals, the best of us."

"Yes, yes," said the bishop regretfully but proudly.

"I have made a point of being with her every day," added Mr. Folder.

"Did you find out anything?" asked the bishop, looking askew at the vicar. "That is to say," he added swiftly, "do you think you did any good?"

"I think I cannot have failed to do good," replied the vicar modestly.

The bishop lighted a second cigar. His face became extremely tolerant.

"What is she like?" said he rosily, leaning on the arm of Mr. Folder's chair.

"That," replied Mr. Folder, "is the mystery. Men ask: 'Where lies Bessie Hudson's charm?' even while prostrate—I say prostrate!—under the spell of it. I myself have thought it over most carefully, and beyond a way she has of turning down her lower lip when sewing —— Still, my wife does that."

"If you mean the faces ladies make when washing or when dressing their hair," said the bishop confidentially, "I should not think it is that. Mine does it too."

The bishop smoked pensively.

"I will spare a moment to-morrow," said he, "and you had better take me to call, and leave us together. The matter of course cannot go on. Dear me, no! It shall have my personal attention, busy as I am," said he very kindly.

At the hour of four next day—the hour now sacrosanct to the vicar—two reverend gentlemen walked into Bessie's garden.

She gave an exclamation of simple pleasure when she saw the bishop.

"Dear lady," said the bishop, holding Bessie's hand and beginning an examination of her features, "I had heard so much of you and your—er—value in this parish from my friend here, that I said, 'You simply must take me to call on this dear lady on my way to the station. Yes. Abso-lutely!' So here we are. And though Folder cannot stay more than a moment, he tells me ——"

The bishop looked a little askance at Mr. Folder, who had taken his favorite seat by the tea table.

Mr. Folder, after all, found himself possessed of a great reluctance to leave the bishop and this sweet woman alone; but the episcopal glance waved him to his feet again.

"Buzz off, my boy, buzz off!" cried the bishop, as playful as playful, hustling Mr. Folder to the door. "Don't let me keep you a second! No ceremonies with me!"

Then the bishop and Bessie were alone.

Had the bishop's investigation met with more success than that of his predecessors the conversation would be recorded here; but it did not. He lost the five o'clock train and sat on till the six-thirty; but still Bessie remained wrapped in her delicate mysteries, her conversation ranging widely from foreign missions to the rise in the local water rate, and at length the bishop had to leave—piqued, puzzled and greatly stimulated.

"Very demure," he said to himself. "Demure is the word. I dare say I ought to help Folder further in the matter, and I will!"

At the very moment that the bishop was trotting quickly down the road to the station the hairdresser's wife was doing something really useful. She was addressing a letter to "C. Rowlands, Esq., Royal Hotel, Sandsdown," and beginning it "*Dear Sir:*" and ending it "Yours respectfully, A Well-wisher."

It was a letter to William's boon companion, dear old Charlie, informing him of the trend of events and begging him to bring poor Mr. Hudson home immediately. It was a strong, not to say a poignant letter, dealing intimately with Bessie's recent life. The postscript, written just as the bishop hurried by, ran thus: "Even the bishop has been shut up with her hours and hours; and they are perfect strangers!"

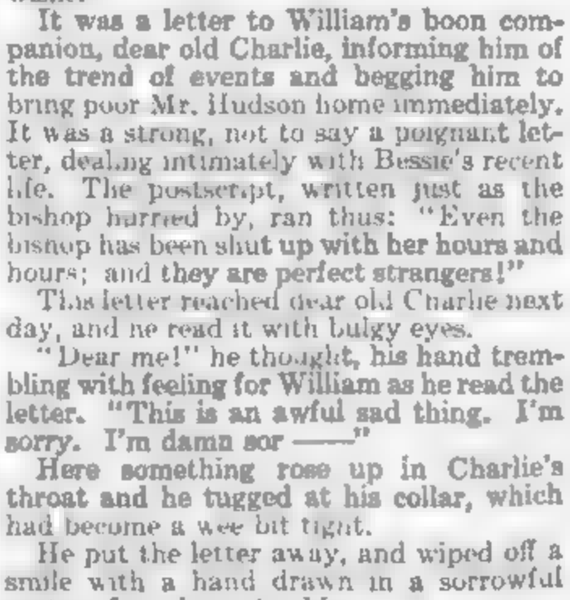
This letter reached dear old Charlie next day, and he read it with bulgy eyes.

"Dear me!" he thought, his hand trembling with feeling for William as he read the letter. "This is an awful sad thing. I'm sorry. I'm damn sor ——"

Here something rose up in Charlie's throat and he tugged at his collar, which had become a wee bit tight.

He put the letter away, and wiped off a smile with a hand drawn in a sorrowful gesture from brow to chin.

"William, old thing," said dear old Charlie, "I just got a note from my manager asking me to run home for a few hours. You'll stay on here and enjoy yourself, of course, and I'll soon be back, I dare say."



All the way back to Whitbury dear old Charlie kept pulling out the letter and reading sorrowfully.

"Cannot think," said dear old Charlie to himself, "how it is I never looked at that little woman. Wonder just what it is makes her so fascinating. Wonder what they all see in her. Fancy Bessie Hudson—fancy Bessie Hudson—fancy me not ——"

At midnight dear old Charlie was hastening from the station toward Bessie's house. He passed a skulking figure—Bobby Appleyard, for a fiver!

"Something in it! Awful sad thing!" said dear old Charlie to himself, pulling open Bessie's gate.

The hairdresser's wife had only just come off her watch and was weary. She had seen Bobby away, and was about to draw her curtain and drop into bed when she saw a rotund figure hasten into view. The moon was on the wane, but the hairdresser's wife saw and recognized dear old Charlie's inimitable silhouette, and then and there, appalled, outraged and exhausted as she was, this creditable and excellent example to British matronhood sat down and wrote: "*Dear Mr. Hudson:*" . . .

Bessie was just gladly going up to bed when a ring sounded, and once more she opened the front door. Dear old Charlie came in.

"Oh, Mr. Rowlands!" cried Bessie with simple pleasure.

"Home for a night," explained Charlie. "Dropped in on my way from the station to—er—to ——"

"Tell me how William is," said Bessie, smiling at Charlie like a perfect lady.

"It is late," said dear old Charlie in a very melted voice, "and I ought not to come in, especially as you are alone. I can't think how William can bear to leave you alone so much."

Had dear old Charlie picked up any clew that night the conversation might be fully recorded, but he left half an hour later just as Bessie was well into her ladylike chat on the fragility of the Aurora Carbuncle, though, of a very optimistic nature, he was fixing up to be round early next day.

Bessie sighed as she gave Charlie his appointment, for her hands were already full, and she now had not one moment to call her own.

So the next day was like the others, only more so.

But the day after that William, moping for dear old Charlie at Sandsdown, received a letter from a well-wisher, a strong, not to say a poignant letter, dealing with a frightful intimacy with Bessie's recent life.

Were it possible to describe William's feelings they would be here described, but it is not. However, in brief he felt somehow thus: That if his photograph were to be taken he would come out just like this:

?

It was now the last day but one of the fortnight. William packed his bag.

"Bessie," he continued to mutter as he crammed in all his nutty things. "Bessie! Fancy Bessie—fancy me not ——"

A telegram apprised Bessie of his arrival for dinner.

At eight William walked into his home. Bessie met him at the door, looking a perfect lady. William dragged her into the dining room and embraced her. He held her off from him and looked at her searchingly, not to say with intense interest allied to excitement.

"William," said Bessie with simple pleasure, "if it isn't worrying you too much just when you've come in, I want to catch the evening post, because a boarding house at Scarborough has just sent me a tariff ——"

William had remembered this in the train: That a honeymoon is the time for discoveries.

"You are not going to Scarborough, Bessie!" said he violently. "You are coming a long trip, all round the world, with me; and we shall start next week."

Just as William was saying this Mr. Benson was creeping away in the gloaming from Bessie's house for the last time, bearing on his back the beautiful rabbit hutch he had been making in secret and finished just in time for the twins' birthday to-morrow; all painted 'n' polished 'n' with a fretworked door 'n' a real padlock 'n' wire netting 'n' a motto over the front:

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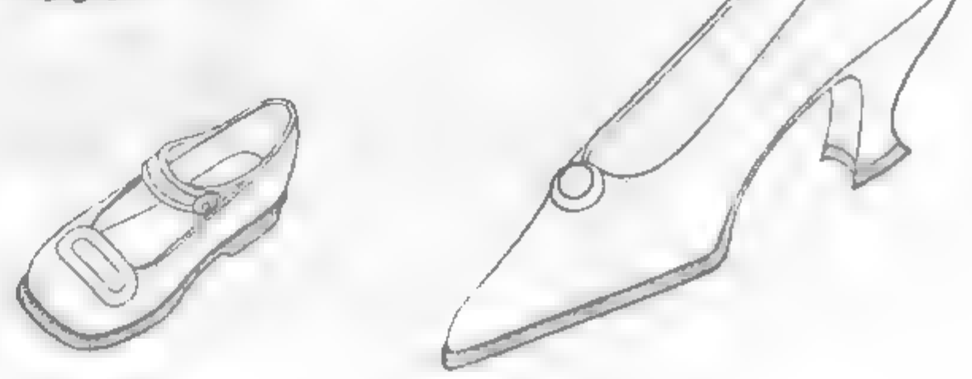

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HOW LENINE INTRIGUED WITH GERMANY

(Concluded from Page 20)

Austrian and Russian Police Departments. Through this arrangement not only were all the activities of Lenine and his party known to the Czar's Police Department but, what is even more significant, Lenine's policy was limited and shaped by the Police Department. The latter became possessed of incriminating documents and evidence which led to the arrest of many of the most active Russian Socialists.

Bourtzev tells an interesting story which throws a strong light upon this unholy alliance between Lenine and Malinovsky, the police tool, and almost compels one to believe that Lenine was deliberately conniving at the betrayal of his comrades. As far back as 1911 Bourtzev had directed the attention of the Bolsheviki to *provocateurs* holding responsible positions in their ranks. This he did both publicly in his writings and in private communications. Among others, he denounced as *agent-provocateur* one Doctor Zhitomirsky, who lived in Paris. In 1913 Lenine wrote to Bourtzev, in the name of the central committee of the Bolsheviki, urging him to preside over a committee to try the case of Zhitomirsky. This Bourtzev did, and in 1914 Zhitomirsky was declared to be a police agent. This judgment was abundantly proved by documents found in the Police Department after the fall of the Czar's government.

The Impudence of Malinovsky

While the Zhitomirsky case was on, Malinovsky visited Bourtzev in Paris as the personal representative of Lenine to talk over Zhitomirsky's case and the subject of combating the *agents-provocateurs* generally. Malinovsky sought by every means known to him, but fortunately in vain, to ascertain the sources of Bourtzev's information. A little later Bourtzev learned beyond any question that Malinovsky in coming to him had acted also as the representative of Beletzky, the Director of the Police Department! His instructions from both chiefs were identical. The reason is, of course, that Lenine's plan to send Malinovsky to Paris and his instructions to the latter were formulated by Beletzky at the Police Department in Petrograd. Either Lenine was a conscious and corrupt accomplice of Beletzky or he was his tool. That the latter is the true explanation will scarcely be doubted by anyone who knows Lenine.

Nevertheless, the question rises whether Lenine knew the true character and employment of Malinovsky. If he did it is not possible to acquit him of guilt. If it can be shown that he knew that Malinovsky was a police agent and spy no amount of casuistry can serve to excuse or acquit him. Incredible as it may seem, there is much evidence to justify the charge that Lenine knew the sinister rôle that Malinovsky was playing. Certainly long before he ceased to trust Malinovsky with his confidence Lenine knew that charges of a very grave character had been made against him. For example, in the early part of 1914 the Assistant Minister of the Interior, Dzshunkovsky, learned that Malinovsky, who, as stated above, was a member of the Duma, was a police agent. Dzshunkovsky at once insisted that Malinovsky resign from the Duma.

The exposure made a great sensation at the time, and though no official announcement was made of Malinovsky's connection with the Police Department it was very widely known. The Russian revolutionists abroad demanded that Malinovsky appear before a revolutionary tribunal and threatened that if he failed to do so they would declare him a criminal and wreak vengeance upon him. Lenine, who, by the way, had proposed that Malinovsky be made one of Russia's representatives on the International Socialist Bureau, a position which would have greatly enhanced his influence, passionately defended his protégé. Lenine used his influence to keep Malinovsky concealed in Germany, where he remained until the actual outbreak of the war.

In 1916 Bourtzev published in the Russian Socialist press a circumstantial charge that Malinovsky was a *provocateur*. For this Bourtzev was roundly denounced and abused by Lenine and other Bolshevik leaders. Indeed, at every opportunity Lenine defended and praised Malinovsky as a loyal revolutionist. It was not until the Revolution of March, 1917, when Bourtzev became possessed of the actual documentary proof of Malinovsky's guilt, that Lenine ceased to champion him.

Even while the war between Russia and Germany was on Malinovsky was permitted to reside in Germany. He was known as the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Lenine, and the Germans not only permitted him to make Bolshevist propaganda among the Russian prisoners, which he did upon a large scale, but they actually financed the work. Lenine, therefore, knew that Malinovsky's connection with the Police Department had been charged with sufficient weight of evidence attached to the charge to convince many of the ablest Russian Socialists. Yet despite this he continued to confide in him and to make him aware of all his plans. It is unthinkable that when Malinovsky had to leave the Duma, and his work as a police spy was in every mouth, Lenine could have been ignorant of the true character of his associate. If he was thus ignorant his unfitness for responsible leadership is obvious.

Malinovsky himself charged that Lenine and other leading Bolsheviki knew perfectly well of his connection with the Police Department. When the collapse of Germany occurred, early in November last, Malinovsky saw that his game was finished, both in Germany and in Russia. Instead of committing suicide or fleeing to Argentina or some other South American country, as a less daring and dramatic person would, Malinovsky suddenly reappeared in Petrograd at the Smolny Institute, headquarters of the Bolsheviki. He demanded loudly that he be arrested and placed on trial, and for three days hung round the headquarters, persisting in this demand, to which no responsible official would give heed.

Finally he met Zinoviev, with whom he had a brief conversation. He was then arrested and taken to Moscow for trial. At the Kremlin in Moscow, where he was tried, Malinovsky demanded the right to face Lenine in open court, a right to which he was entitled, not only according to Russian law but also according to the long-established rules of the Russian revolutionary movement. The right to face Lenine in open court was denied to him and Lenine never made any appearance in the trial. The prosecutor in the case was the commander of the Red Army, Krylenko.

A Unique Defense

As might be expected in view of the defiant conduct of Malinovsky, his attitude at the trial was cynical, arrogant and aggressive. He admitted without hesitation that he was a *provocateur* and that he had denounced to the police scores of his trustful comrades. Though he at first demurred against making known the details of these betrayals he gave full replies to the questions asked and left no doubt whatever that he had been the means of securing the conviction of many of his Socialist comrades. He told the court the remarkable story of his life.

Years before he had been a burglar, and the fact that three convictions for burglary were recorded against him was well known to the police. He could not participate in politics without the consent of the Police Department, for the simple reason that it would be easy for the police to use his record against him and drive him from public life. He therefore decided to become a secret agent of the police, and it was in that capacity that he determined to participate actively in politics.

"Do not think," he said to his Bolshevist judges, "that I was elected to the Duma as a result of your support. Not at all! I became a member of the State Duma, thanks to the efforts of the Police Department. If I had had to murder my own father and mother in order to be elected to the Duma I should not have hesitated to do it."

Malinovsky cynically explained how, for his own purposes, he gradually made Lenine aware of his criminal past. He said that at the time he was a candidate for the Duma and after his election to that body he often told Lenine that he would not be able to remain long in the Duma, as his record was abominable. He said that he not only told Lenine of his criminal record but that Lenine could not possibly have failed to understand that he, Malinovsky, was in the power of the police, a *provocateur* and an informer. Malinovsky stated that other prominent Bolsheviki knew that he was a police agent; among others Krylenko, his prosecutor, who on one occasion when he had turned over to the police one of his Bolshevist comrades, a woman, had accused him to his face of treachery. Another prominent Bolshevik, Petrovsky, openly made the same charge at the time.

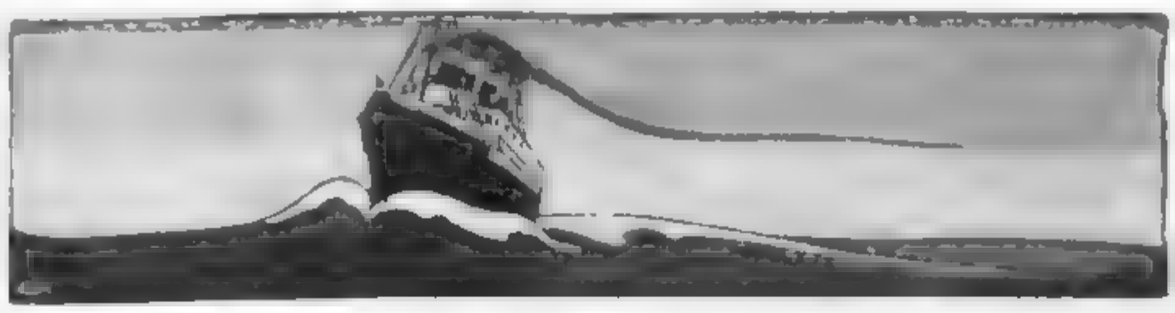
The Plotter's End

There was some evidence of conscience in the testimony of this consummate scoundrel. "When I was in the Duma," he said, "I was there only as a *provocateur;* and only there I felt, at times, conscience-smitten, as only there I found myself in the midst of honest men. The best period of my life was the two and a half years which I devoted to propaganda among the Russian prisoners in Germany. I have done a great deal in that time for the spread of the idea of Bolshevism, and if there be any among you who would reproach me for that—that I maintained my activities with German money—I would tell you, it ill becomes you to sit in judgment upon that!"

It is significant of much that even at this trial of the men who had betrayed their own comrades to imprisonment and even to death, the leaders of the Bolsheviki should have tried to defend themselves from serious accusations by belittling Malinovsky's offense. Their trick was to try to convince the court that though Malinovsky had, through his friendship with Lenine and his Bolshevik connections generally, been able to assist the Czar's government, nevertheless his activities had benefited the Bolshevist cause to a far greater extent than it had harmed it or than it had served the old government.

The former Assistant Minister of the Interior, Dzshunkovsky, was asked to testify in this sense, but indignantly replied that he was an honest monarchist and that he would not enter into the discussion of that question. Testimony in the sense desired was given, however, by one Vissarionov, the former Assistant Director of the Police Department. In order to win the friendship of the Bolsheviki, Vissarionov testified that Malinovsky's usefulness to the Bolshevist cause outweighed the harm caused by his treachery. The trial ended at night and Malinovsky was sentenced to death, with the sanction of Lenine, who throughout the trial had refused to appear in court in the presence of the defendant. At two o'clock in the morning Malinovsky was shot by a firing squad, just as his former chief, Beletzky, had been.

Such, briefly told, is the grim and tragic story of the close connection between the great Bolshevist leader and the Police Department of the Czar's government. It is not the suspicious gossip of the Nevskii Prospekt; it is not the story of unfriendly capitalist newspaper representatives; it is the plain record as gathered from official sources by one of the greatest and most trusted of Russian revolutionists. It proves beyond all question that Lenine and the other Bolshevist leaders associated with and shielded one whom they knew to be a police agent and informer. To protect and shield such a traitor is surely not less criminal than it would be to act in that capacity. The story throws a great deal of illumination upon Lenine's methods of furthering the cause of Bolshevism.



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THE CHARM SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 23)

to see those letters. What is in them? We—you, I mean, have a right to know."

Austin smiled quite in the grand manner. "You can see them easily enough if Elise keeps them. I always correct them and give them back to her." And then he remembered that he had one uncorrected in his pocket at that very moment which he would not let them see on any account.

"Well," said Mr. Johns, "suppose we effect a compromise. I have no objection to Mr. Bevans' improving her handwriting, and I have no objection to your writing to her now and then, George."

"Not at my school," said Austin.

"Come, Bevans, don't be hard," said Mr. Johns. "You were young once, I suppose, even though you are a schoolmaster. I think George here showed a certain romantic spirit very commendable in a young man in breaking into your school, and after all, you know, you can't object to my granddaughter's receiving letters from anyone, if I say it's all right."

"I can and do," replied Austin.

Mr. Johns turned to George. "You send your letters to me, George," he said soothingly, "and I'll see that Elise gets them."

George was so astonished at this treatment that he decided to take Mr. Johns completely into his confidence. "Oh, sir," he cried, "don't you see how it is. Don't you see that this man is in love with Elise himself?"

"I am not in love with Elise," answered Austin quickly.

And as he heard his own assertion ring out so clear and positive for the first time it occurred to him that the statement was not, strictly speaking, true.

Johns wheeled upon Austin, as if he had expected to catch him with a sonnet on his eyelash, but seeing nothing evidential, he turned back to George and asked: "What-cher mean?"

"He's always having interviews with her, and letters, and he's jealous of me; can't you see that? But," said the exasperated George, "I don't suppose anyone cares much how he feels, if it weren't that I'm afraid that she's getting fond of him."

This time the assertion roused some confirmatory memories in Mr. Johns. He recalled Elise's chill, trembling fingers, her eyes, her voice. He wheeled again on Austin, and this time met a glance too blank and steady to be normal. "Ha!" he said, and in the silence that followed this momentous monosyllable, the loud insistent tones of the supper march reached their ears. Johns got hastily to his feet.

"Good heavens," he said, "there's supper! What will Mrs. Rolles say?"

"Mrs. who?" exclaimed Austin.

"Lady I'm taking to supper. Hope you'll stay, Bevans."

It seemed to Austin a proof of the finest delicacy of feeling on his part that after the events of the evening he did not want to see Susy, who, he knew, must be there if her mother was. He could not, he said to himself, speak without betraying the strength of his love for her, and this would be an unnecessary insult to the poor little princess. He preferred to deny himself one of the supreme pleasures of his life, and go away without seeing the object of his unique affection.

"No, thank you," he said, "I must be going. I'll just wait here until they get into the dining room." Already the sound of voices could be heard on the stairs.

Left alone he sank into a chair and lit a cigarette. He felt profoundly distressed by what had happened. It was a dreadful thing that he should have to be the cause of unhappiness to one of the children committed to his charge; he, who ought to be willing to lay down his life to save theirs. An idea came to him. It was possible, it was even likely, that the little princess had exaggerated her emotions; the first grown man she met might drive her schoolmaster out of her head. But if she were right, if this really were her great passion, could he give his life to anything better than to try to make her happy?

Susy didn't care for him, might never perhaps care, though he hadn't been able to face the truth before. Wasn't it his duty to make the sacrifice?

The stern daughter of the voice of God seemed to speak with a clear but not wholly disagreeable accent.

He thought Elise might slip back for an instant, just to say good night to him, but though he waited a long time she did not come, and so he finally went away.

VIII

IN THE meantime Mr. Johns hurried upstairs to find Mrs. Rolles, the oldest and most important lady there, sitting entirely alone on a slender gilt chair in the midst of the ballroom. It would not be true to say that Mr. Johns feared Mrs. Rolles, for he didn't, but he treated her almost as an equal.

"Nearly late—nearly late," he said cheerily, hurrying across the empty room.

"You are late, Mr. Johns," said Mrs. Rolles, rising and taking his arm, "but I dare say you have some excellent reason for rudeness which is doubtless only apparent."

"Well, I have," he said, stumping hastily down the stairs with her. "I've been having an interview with Elise's schoolmaster—devil of a lot of fuss about the education of the young—more trouble than it's worth, I often think. What use is education to 'em, anyhow—girls especially?"

Mrs. Rolles stopped short. "Don't tell me," she said, "that Austin Bevans is here in this house! Oh, I hope not."

"No—was—gone," said Mr. Johns. "Why do you care?"

"Because he's given me a great deal of trouble by being in love with my Susy."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Johns. "So it's her, is it?"

Mrs. Rolles did not trouble to correct his grammar. "Yes, he's been hanging about for a good many years, but lately I haven't let him see her, and you know, Mr. Johns, young people forget each other beautifully if you don't allow them to meet—particularly if they are meeting someone else. Young Bevans came to see me the other day, and I got the clearest impression that he's sentimentally interested in one of his pupils. If I can keep Susy out of his way for a little longer, I believe I shall get rid of him entirely."

Mr. Johns gave a grunt, an entirely new kind of grunt—it was long and cooing like the note of an organ.

"Interested in one of his pupils, you say?"

"Yes, he came to see me the other day—you know I can't help liking him, Mr. Johns, though I won't let Susy like him."

"How do you stop it?"

"Oh, there are ways if you know how—with girls, at least. He came to see me the other day and talked all the time about one of his pupils who wants to go to college, and I could see he was emotionally interested. Besides, he did not even ask to see Susy. It's the parting of the ways, if I manage it right."

Mr. Johns' business success had been due not only to his grunt and shout, but also to his power of acting instantly. And he saw now that he must act.

"Now you make a great mistake," he said, "about that young man. He's one of the coming men of America. He's not going to stick at school-teaching—not much! Too valuable. Why, I'd give him a salary of twenty thousand a year to start, to manage any of our Western branches. He has sense, creative genius, puts anything over. Now I'll tell you a secret: I'm making him an offer to-morrow—dare say he won't take it—but I'm making it, after consultation with my directors, of course, to go to St. Louis and organize all our branches. He'll go far. Of course if you don't like him that's one thing, but don't make any mistake about his financial future. Genius. I don't see it often. When I do I snap it up—snap it up!"

Mrs. Rolles began to look thoughtful. "Mr. Johns," she said, "you would not like him to marry Elise."

"Elise!" said Johns. "Why a man like Bevans wouldn't look at an immature little creature like my Elise. He's looking for someone who can help him in his career—not financially you know, but a *grande dame*—someone who'd do him credit and help him along."

It might have been noticed by an acute observer, only none was there, that for the rest of the supper both Mr. Johns and Mrs. Rolles showed a tendency to sink into deep thought. Once she interrupted a sentence of his about the champagne to ask: "Are you sure Mr. Bevans has gone?"

"Oh, yes, yes, doesn't care for this sort of thing—not a frivolous-minded young fellar," answered Mr. Johns, and went back to considering how he would put that proposition to the directors; not that he anticipated any difficulty with them. He never had any trouble with his directors—if he did he changed them.

Austin did not go back to the shelter of the white cottage on leaving Mr. Johns. On the contrary, he turned south, and having eventually let himself into his old rooms with his latchkey, was presently sitting on the edge of David's bed. It was only twelve o'clock, but David had gone to bed early, and had at once sunk into that deep first sleep from which everyone is so reluctant to be roused. His first words were: "Well, well, what did I tell you?" which meant, though he never confessed it, that the dream of his life was that Austin would call on his legal knowledge to extricate him from the results of some hideous imprudence.

Then waking up and looking very wise, he said:

"Ah, Austin, how's the school?"

"All right," answered Austin. He had frequent impulses to confide in his friend on account of his sound, sincere affection, impulses always checked by David's unimaginative mental processes.

"Any of the little darlings in love with you yet?"

David supposed Austin was changing the subject, when instead of answering this question he asked one of his own:

"How are you and Susy getting on?"

Rare indeed is the nature that does not become a little more intense when its own affairs come under discussion. David sat up, his rumpled hair mitigating that "aristocratic sort of ugliness" which Mrs. Rolles admired.

"Austin," he said solemnly, "if it weren't that I know she's crazy about you, I'd really think I had a chance."

"Don't be an ass, Dave. No woman has ever been crazy about me—really."

David began a list of those who to his mind had betrayed an undying devotion, not one of whom would Austin admit as genuine. So that, at last, a little irritated by such skepticism, David said:

"Well, you don't expect a nice girl to come and tell you that she's dying for you, do you?"

"And why not?" exclaimed Austin with feeling. "My heavens, David, I hate that sort of narrowness. If a girl feels a thing, is there any reason why she shouldn't tell it just as much as a man?"

"Simply they don't—not the nice ones," said David, speaking as an observer, a lawyer and a man of the world.

"The nice ones!" cried Austin. "You seem to think it isn't nice to be human, and anyhow who made you the arbiter of women's conduct?"

This was one of those absolutely impersonal discussions that seemed to rouse the most personal animosities. David's proposition was that Austin might allow women to fool him as much as he liked, but that he, David, knew that women of true, deep feeling would die simply rather than express it. Austin, on the other hand, was of the opinion that this iron self-control and maiden-modesty bunk was a good deal exaggerated, and that if a girl didn't show the slightest feeling it was probably because she didn't have any.

They parted shortly before dawn on very bad terms, but made up over a late breakfast—that is to say, they each decided to pretend that nothing had gone wrong between them, and after a little while were surprised to find that, as a matter of fact, nothing had.

Austin spent the whole spring holiday—four days—with David. They neither of them saw Susy; Austin, because, as he explained, he knew it would be no use to try; David, because as long as his friend couldn't he thought it more honorable not to try. But they enjoyed themselves very much. One night at the theater Austin saw Elise in a box with the Boyds. George was leaning over her shoulder, but as soon as she saw Austin she moved her place so that no one could speak to her but Sally. Austin enjoyed the performance much more after this shift had been made. David following his eyes asked who they were, and Austin answered that the fat girl was one of his pupils.

"If that large-eyed beauty were a pupil I might apply for a job," said David, but received no answer.

The last day of the holiday, about six, Mr. Johns suddenly presented himself in the little flat.

"Want to talk to you," he said, nodding at Austin, and sniffing and grunting. "All right before this gentleman?"

David's gesture seemed to imply that bank presidents often came miles for the privilege of discussing their private affairs in his presence. Austin merely nodded. The fact that his conscience was no longer absolutely clear was shown by the fact that the grunts did not now leave him perfectly calm. He wondered rather anxiously what it was that Mr. Johns could have to say.

Too impatient and too easily bored himself to take much time developing his ideas, Mr. Johns flung them out at once: Western banks—chain—affiliations—need of a live young fellar—snap—Austin had it—good salary—$15,000—better than teaching school, leave that to Miss Hayes, she'd run it—not a man's job.

Austin rose, astonished not so much by the magnificent offer that was being made as by his own extreme repugnance to it.

"I don't want Miss Hayes to run my school," he said.

David, who saw instantly that all obstacles were now destroyed between the beloved Susy and his best friend, felt it his duty to say:

"My dear fellow, your future is assured."

"I know nothing whatsoever about banking," said Austin, as if this ignorance would certainly save him.

"Don't have to," answered Mr. Johns. "I'll furnish you with all the technical men you need. What I want of you is vision, snap, understanding of personalities, executive ability."

Austin was silent. He knew it was not an offer that any sane man could refuse, and then a thought came to him, apparently irrelevant, namely, that Elise would graduate from the school in a few weeks anyhow.

He said that he felt most grateful and flattered, that he must take time to look about and find a successor at the school who would carry out his ideas, but that he believed he could say that by June ——

Mr. Johns began shaking his head and grunting. "Twenty-four hours is all I can give yer," he shouted. "My directors are a hasty, pig-headed bunch. They won't wait while you shilly-shally—want you to be in St. Louis within a month. Yes or no. Can't you say yes or no now?"

Before Mr. Johns left the room Austin had of course consented.

"And now," said David, as the door closed behind Mr. Johns, "I suppose you are going straight to Susy."

His friend frowned. "You seem to think I'm a pretty reckless fool, David," he said, "to rush off and try to get married on the mere promise of a salary. Do you realize that nothing has been put in writing yet. A nice position I should be in with Mrs. Rolles."

"It's as good as in writing."

"As good as in writing!" exclaimed Austin. "Well, really, my dear man, I hope you will be more careful of your clients' interests than of your friends'. I shall not regard this as settled until I have a letter from the directors."

David stared at him in surprise. He was not accustomed to having Austin preach caution to him.

"May I tell Susy about it?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said his friend.

Austin motored back that evening after dinner. The school opened the next morning, but the girls had been back twenty-four hours before he saw Elise—in other words, the machinery he had arranged to keep himself isolated was working admirably. Of course the whole school knew the story of George's romantic conduct, and Elise and even Sally were heroines as a result. The elderly man who had replaced George was not looked upon with favor.

Austin was not in any hurry to make his report to Miss Curtis and Miss Hayes as to what had happened in his interview with Mr. Johns; at the same time he wanted to know how Elise was doing, and so the second evening after the opening of school he came over to Miss Curtis' office, just before suppertime, to tell her and Miss Hayes as much as he wanted them to know.

Miss Curtis was in a flutter of happiness. "Isn't it wonderful how our confidence was

(Continued on Page 117)

A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

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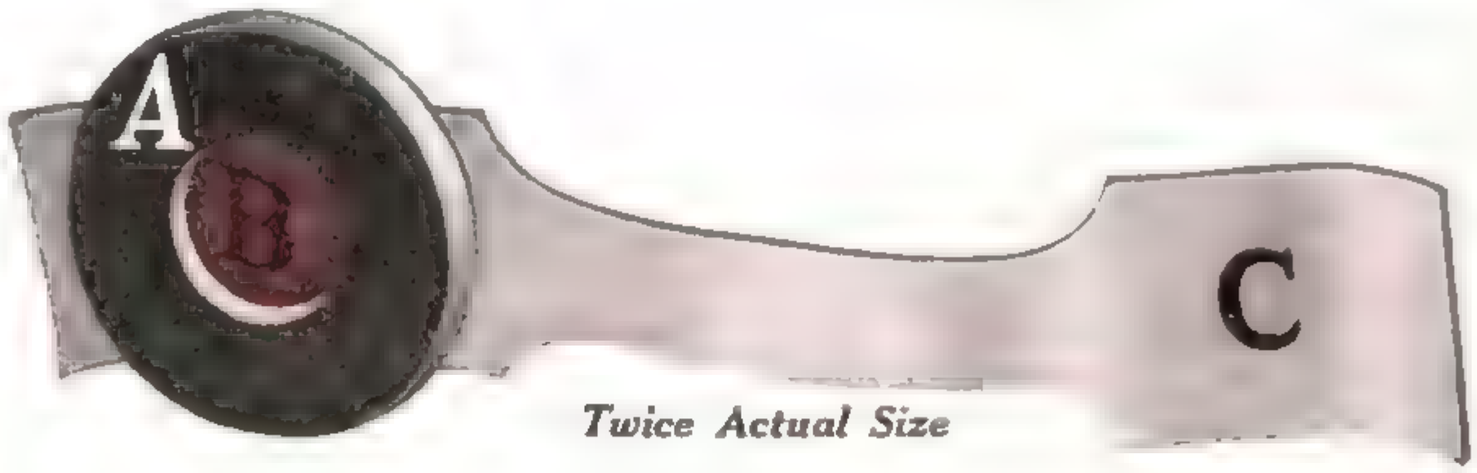

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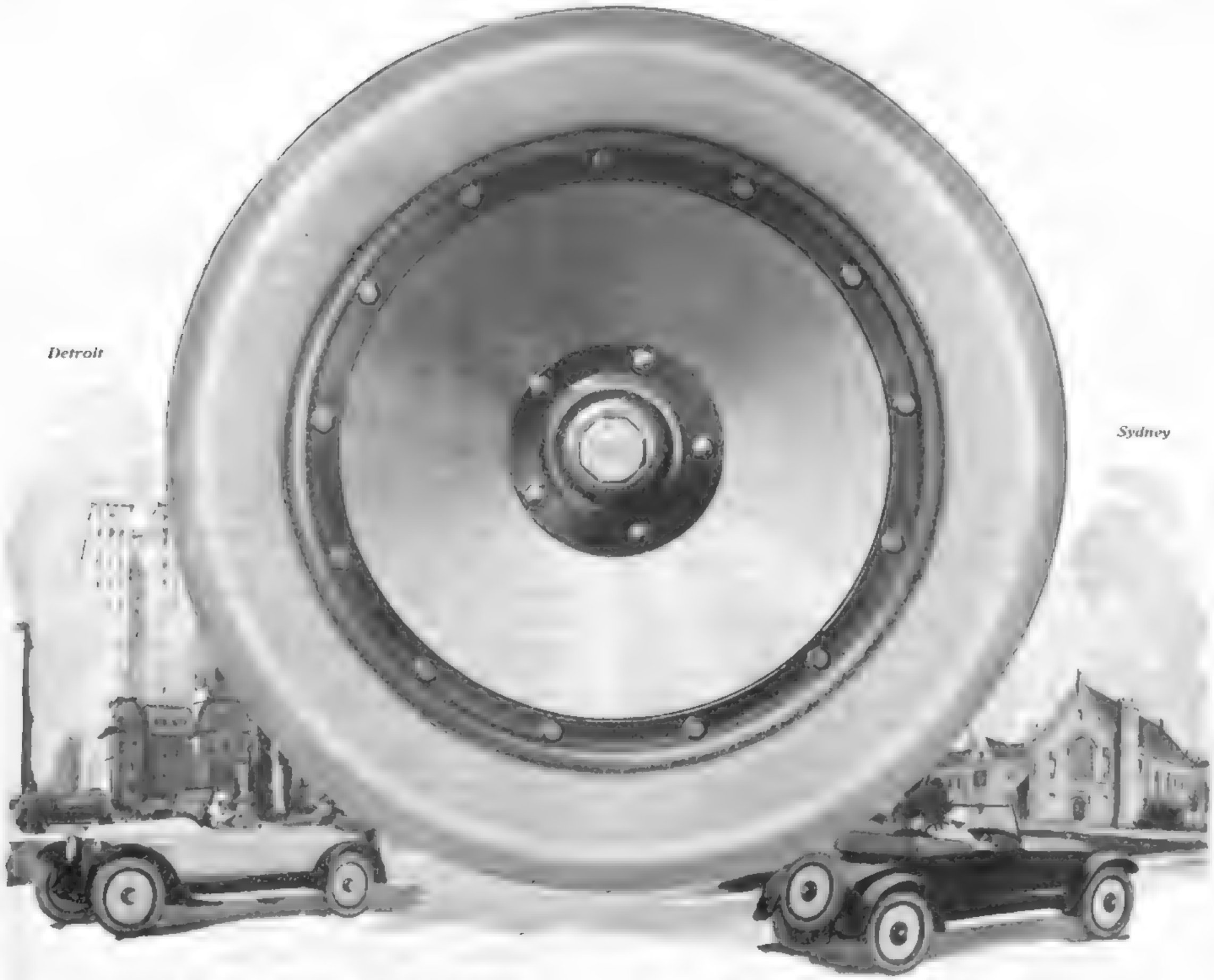

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(Continued from Page 114)

justified," she said. "I knew there could be no harm in it, no real harm, just a prank—dear Sally's brother."

"He's a very inferior young man, whoever his sister is," answered Miss Hayes.

"Exactly," Austin agreed cordially.

"I suppose," said Miss Curtis timidly, "that Mr. Johns was—rather terrible?"

"Mr. Johns," said Austin, "was willing that the correspondence should continue; only, of course, I absolutely forbade that."

"I was sure dear Elise was not to blame," murmured Miss Curtis.

Austin cleared his throat. "How does Elise seem?" he inquired.

"Oh, the way girls do after they've been home for holidays," answered Miss Hayes crossly. "If I had my way children would never be allowed to go back to the parents. She looks pale and listless. All these parties and theaters—so silly!"

Austin was silent; human beings were pitiful creatures he thought.

Miss Curtis protested: "You ought not to talk that way about parents, Eleanor," she said; "it would ruin the school if any of them heard you. But I must confess Elise does seem to be in a curious state of mind. I said to her yesterday that she ought to take more interest in her work, set an example—she who had everything in the world she could ask for; and she burst into tears. I had not meant to be harsh."

Miss Hayes fixed her eyes on Austin contemplatively. "Perhaps she hasn't got everything she wants," she said. "So few of us have."

"What," cried Miss Curtis, "young, pretty, rich, charming—don't you think she's charming, Mr. Bevans?"

"She seems a very sweet child," Austin began rather wildly, when a servant came in to say that two ladies were in the reception room asking to see him. They had not given their names.

"Parents," said Miss Curtis, looking alarmed.

"New applicants," said Miss Hayes hopefully.

"Come with me while I talk to them," said Austin. Surrounded as it were by his staff, he entered the reception room to find Mrs. Rolles and Susy.

"Will you take pity on us, dear Mr. Bevans?" said Mrs. Rolles, all graciousness. "The motor broke down not a mile away, and we thought of you at once. What a charming view you have here," she added to Miss Curtis, "and such attractive buildings," she threw out to Miss Hayes. "Will you give us some dinner, Mr. Bevans, or is that too much to ask?"

"Of course, delighted." He turned to Miss Curtis. "We'll all three dine in the school, if you'll tell them to put places."

Emotions crowded upon him. He had always complained of a peculiarly limp handshake which was characteristic of Susy; now, as he shook hands with her, he felt a distinct pressure. Then he saw that she was looking extraordinarily pretty in her slim, remote way. Then he realized that the dream of these last months, the dream of having Susy in the white cottage, might perfectly have come true, and that he had deliberately chosen to bring her to dine in the comparative publicity of the school instead. He was surprised at himself. He thought that in a few minutes he would see Elise, and that she would see Susy and would probably guess the whole thing, and that anything might happen. And all the time Mrs. Rolles was being gracious, and Susy beautiful, her face relaxing into one of her faint smiles each time she met his eye.

In the meantime Miss Curtis was saying to herself: "Oh, yes, this is the happy, lovely being whose picture stands on his desk. I see it all now. Oh, I do hope she is worthy of him."

And Miss Hayes was thinking: "Yes, I remember this old person. She brought the girl here once to enter her and did not want her to study algebra for fear of destroying the perfect irrationality of her mental processes. Stupid people!"

A loud, sudden gong sounded. Dinner was ready.

IX

THE whole school was seated when Austin with his visitors entered and made his way toward the senior table. Mrs. Rolles at once picked out Elise.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "isn't that Mr. Johns' little granddaughter? Do let her sit next to me."

Nothing was easier. Austin sat down with Mrs. Rolles on his right and Elise next to her; Susy on his left and Miss Hayes beyond.

"How have you been, Austin?" said Susy softly.

Now it is well though perhaps subconsciously known that between lovers this question really means: How have you borne up under the intolerable agony of our separation? And so it was a surprise to Susy when Austin, who seemed more ready to turn his head to the right than to the left, answered:

"I've been very busy."

She knew what this meant—that his mind had been occupied with things other than herself. The only hope was that he said it with the deliberate intention of annoying her; if that were so he would not want to talk about the things that had been occupying him; he would want to talk about her.

"Tell me what you've been doing," she said, and saw with a sinking heart that he was going to obey her.

She leaned her elbows on the table—a thing the girls of the Bevans School were never allowed to do—and inclined her ear to his recital. While she was saying aloud: "Really, I had no idea of it!" or "Oh, do tell me more about it," she was thinking in her heart: "The fickle, blind creature! He doesn't care anything about me at all."

Suddenly she interrupted him. "And haven't you thought about your friends a bit, Austin?"

He looked surprised at this change of idea when he had supposed her to be so much interested, but answered: "Thinking is all some of my friends allow me to do about them."

This sounded more promising. She lowered her voice. "I was going to tell you, Austin. Mamma sees that forbidding you the house doesn't work—has just the opposite effect to what she meant. One doesn't forget the people one is forbidden to think of. You are to be allowed to come as often as you like."

"Susy!" he cried, throwing a great deal of pleasure into his voice, and then to his utter astonishment he discovered that he was not nearly so glad as he had been about to declare himself. What could be the reason? He ran hastily over the possibilities and found one that would do very well. "Ah," he said, "it's almost too late now."

"Too late," said Susy sharply.

"I'm not going to be in this part of the world very much longer, I'm afraid." That very morning the formal offer in writing from the directors had been accepted.

"You don't mean," said Susy, "that you are going to abandon your school?"

For the first time in his life he felt a quick, an almost domestic irritation against the ideal creature at his side.

"Well, you needn't shout about it," he said. "I have not mentioned it to anyone here yet." And he turned quickly to see if Susy's words could have reached to the farther side of Mrs. Rolles.

"I didn't shout," answered Susy crossly. "Really, Austin, I don't think running a girls' school has improved your manners."

Austin smiled. "I'm sorry," he said. "I was thinking you were one of my pupils, and we are very particular about voices."

He felt he must hear what was going on to his right. Not a word reached him, but something tense and tragic in the tone of the little princess' voice carried him back to the interview at Mr. Johns' party. What could Mrs. Rolles be telling her? Hardly that he and Susy were engaged, for they weren't. He leaned forward and caught Miss Hayes' eye.

"I was just thinking Miss Rolles ought to hear our course on voice placing," he said.

"Oh, do tell me about it," said Susy with rage in her heart, for she saw perfectly she was being sidetracked. As soon as Miss Hayes began to answer, Austin's head turned to the right and Mrs. Rolles began at once:

"Elise and I were having such an interesting talk about the relative advantages of a head master and head mistress, and we have decided"—she nodded gayly at Elise, "haven't we, my dear?—that both can be combined if you will only marry wisely, Mr. Bevans."

His heart stood still; what implications might not have been made in the course of that discussion. He tried to see Elise's face, but she kept dodging behind Mrs. Rolles, and then suddenly just as he had thought up a question which would oblige her to look at him—it was going to be nothing more original than "How are you, Elise?"—she rose unsteadily, murmured something in the direction of Miss Hayes, who was supposed to be the head of the table, and left the room.

"She looks very fragile," said Mrs. Rolles. "I should be worried about her if I were Mr. Johns."

"She hasn't seemed a bit vigorous since the holidays," said Miss Hayes, rising to follow her.

"She's a pathetic little creature," said Susy to Austin, and added in a lower tone, "and so ridiculously in love with that fat Boyd boy."

"Is she?" said Austin.

"Engaged, I believe," answered Susy. "It's strange, but I never could take the least interest in a man unless he were thin," and she allowed her eyes to rest flatteringly on Austin's leanness.

"Your treatment soon reduces the weight," Austin answered, wondering if Miss Hayes would ever come back. "David tells me he's lost ten pounds."

"David!" exclaimed Susy, as if it were an impertinence for David to have lost an ounce on her account. Then she added with a smile: "Have you been losing weight, Austin?"

"My weight never varies very much," he answered, and cut the meal short by rising to his feet.

He admitted to himself one disadvantage of being the masculine head of a feminine institution—a head mistress would have gone straight to the bedside of a sick pupil, whereas he, the only person who really understood her, was obliged to content himself with sending Miss Curtis running upstairs like a rabbit to bring him word.

"You must take us over and show us your dear little cottage," said Mrs. Rolles.

"Just as soon as Miss Curtis comes back with news of Elise," he answered.

"One trouble with her is she doesn't eat anything," said Mrs. Rolles. "Girls go through an age, you know, when they think it's romantic to starve themselves."

"Didn't she eat anything at all?" asked Austin seriously.

Mrs. Rolles laughed. "Why, you are conscientious about your pupils!" she said. The words stabbed him like a knife.

Miss Curtis' report was vague—Elise was overtired and had gone to bed. Miss Hayes had moved her into the infirmary so that she should not be disturbed by Sally.

He took his guests to the cottage then, and Susy sat down at once in the great blue armchair where he always pictured her sitting. He looked at her pale hair against the dark velvet, but the actuality did not give him the pleasure which the dream had never failed to bring.

It was ten o'clock before the lights of the repaired motor were seen in the drive, and by the time the ladies had found their wraps and said good-by, and come back to ask Austin to dine the following Saturday and said good-by again, and come back to ask him if he had noticed whether Mrs. Rolles had been wearing her motor veil when she came in, and had said good-by for the last time and finally gone, it was a good deal later.

It was a lovely spring evening; a half-moon with an edge as sharp as polished steel was shining over the water. Mrs. Rolles settled back into her corner of the car, and as they turned out upon the highway she observed conversationally to her daughter:

"That is certainly an unusually attractive young man. If I were your age, Susy, I should be quite desperately in love with him."

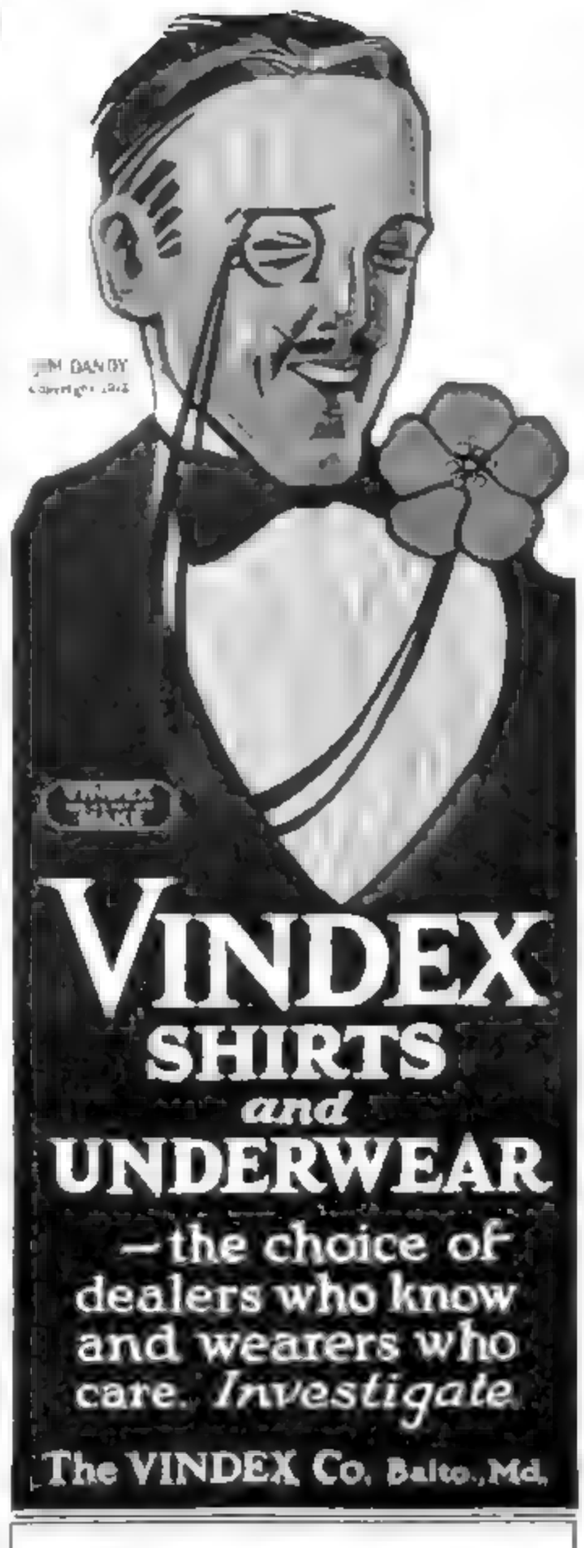
"Why, mamma," cried Susy with something as near emotion as she had ever displayed, "how can you say that when it has been you that separated us. And now he doesn't care a sixpence about me."

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Rolles could take defeat like a lady.

"It's strange," she said calmly, "how many intelligent women there are—and I think you intelligent, my dear—who suppose that in a love affair indifference is a power. It is, on the contrary, the greatest weakness. Every woman who really loves a man can take him away from any woman who doesn't, no matter what their relative charms are. If you had cared for Austin Bevans ——"

"But I did!" cried the exasperated Susy. "At least I would have if you had let me."

"You would have, but you didn't," replied her mother. "Whereas that little Benedotti girl—one of the most determined people I ever saw ——"



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"Mamma, that little mouse determined?"

Mrs. Rolles nodded. "Yes, you should have seen her expression of fanatical resolution when I told her about your engagement to Austin Bevans."

"You told her we were engaged?"

Mrs. Rolles drew her wraps about her. "Not in set terms, of course, for that would not have been true. But I said how hard it was for a parent to be stern and stand between a young couple who really loved each other. She saw what I meant. That was why she nearly fainted. You wouldn't faint, Susy, no matter who was engaged."

"Certainly not," said Susy haughtily.

"No," her mother went on reflectively, "no, you would just feel sulky and vindictive and insulted about it; but that, my dear child, is not love."

Susy, who was engaged in feeling all the things her mother had said, refused to answer and they drove home in absolute silence.

After they had gone Austin, finding that the lights of the school had been put out and that it was too late to hear anything more about Elise that evening, went and sat on the sea wall and gave himself up to what he supposed was thought. As a matter of fact, he opposed nothing like a mental process to the waves of emotion that swept over him.

He went to bed late and had hardly fallen asleep when he was wakened by the telephone from the school building. It was six o'clock, and Miss Curtis was telling him that Elise Benedotti had disappeared.

"There's a note here she left for you, Mr. Bevans. Shall we open it?"

"No!" shouted Austin so that the telephone reverberated. "I'll be over there in five minutes."

He was as good as his word. Five minutes later he was standing in the empty infirmary with Miss Curtis. Elise's little lace-edged nightgown and blue dressing gown were lying on the bed; her pale blue slippers were kicked off, one on one side of the room and one on the other.

Her note said: "Please don't be angry at me, but I could not bear it any longer. I shall be quite safe where I am going."

He was able to draw his breath again. That did not sound like suicide.

By ten o'clock, when Mr. Johns arrived upon the scene, everything had been done that might promise a clew. George had been snatched from the family breakfast table and brought before Austin to testify to his innocence, which turned out to be spotless. Sally had been reduced to tears by a rapid though not hostilely intended cross-examination, and had revealed that she knew nothing. The ticket agent at the nearest railroad station had testified that no one answering the description of Elise had bought a ticket; but then the school was in easy reach of a network of trolleys that opened avenues not only to New York but to the whole of New England. Miss Curtis had had a series of preposterous inspirations as to what had become of Elise, which, proving ridiculous, overwhelmed her with shame and yet left her equally credulous when the next idea occurred to her.

Mr. Johns arrived in a state of mind very similar to that of the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time he would have everybody executed all round.

He was ushered into Miss Curtis' little office where she, Austin, Sally and George were already assembled. His approaching grunts could be heard before he actually appeared in the doorway, his black derby pushed back, his spring overcoat unbuttoned and the collar turned up on one side, his gloves and stick in his hand.

"Where's my granddaughter?" he said.

Miss Curtis gave a low moan.

The inquiry made Austin angry. "We're trying to find out, Mr. Johns," he said politely. "Didn't you understand that that was why we telephoned you? She's run away."

"Well, this is the hell of a school!" shouted Mr. Johns. "Teach girls charm, you say—teach 'em to be damned vagrants! D'yer think parents pay you to lose their children for them? Could do that for ourselves if we had a mind to. Where is Elise? That's what I want to know."

The mere volume of sound of these remarks was like a blow. Sally and Miss Curtis both began to cry again, and even George set his jaw in a nervous sort of spasm.

"Mr. Johns," said Austin, "you must not shout."

"I—I?" said Johns, too surprised to shout as loud as he wanted to do.

"You see," said Austin, "everyone in this room is under a great tension, and I cannot allow them to be subjected to being shouted at. If shouting would find Elise I wouldn't complain, but it won't."

Now this made Mr. Johns really angry—something that, in spite of all his imitation rages, very seldom happened to him. He grew perfectly calm, stopped grunting and spoke in a low voice.

"Look here, young man," he said, "this is where you and I part company. I meant to make you financially, and now I mean to ruin you. D'yer understand? And I can do it, too, in about a week—ruin your damned school and keep you out of any other job. Is that clear?"

"It's perfectly clear," answered Austin, "and if I could put my attention on it I should feel badly about it. As it is, it doesn't matter to me at all. Now have you any ideas as to where Elise might have gone?"

"If I had," said Mr. Johns, "you are the last person I'd tell about it. I don't trust you."

"You don't trust me simply because you don't like what I said about your shouting," said Austin. "Is that sensible?"

"Don't you worry about whether I'm sensible or not," said Mr. Johns.

"No, I'll give you my word I won't," answered Austin, and left the room. In the hall he came face to face with Miss Hayes. Suddenly the idea occurred to him that Miss Hayes had been avoiding him all the morning. She tried to slip past now, but he stopped her.

"Miss Hayes," he said, "where is Elise?"

She laughed. "Why, Mr. Bevans," she answered, "if I knew don't you think I would have told you long ago?"

"I think you would if you knew positively. I'm not sure you would tell me what you thought likely."

Again she tried to go on.

"Miss Hayes, do you want me to find Elise?"

"I want her to be found."

"Will you tell me everything you know bearing on the situation?"

She shook her head.

"Then," he said firmly, "I think we'll break your three-year contract with the school. If you and I can't work together we won't try."

"You dismiss me?"

"Yes." There was a tense silence, and then he added: "It may be just as well for you anyhow. Mr. Johns is in there and threatens to ruin the school within a week anyhow."

"Does he indeed?" said Miss Hayes with a movement of her head, and disappeared instantly into Miss Curtis' study.

*

AUSTIN went back to his own cottage. It was the first instant he had been alone, and he wanted, since he was evidently to play his hand unaided, to think over the facts. He meant to find Elise before he slept that night. He meant to find her before George or Miss Hayes or Mr. Johns did, and yet he worked under greater difficulties, for all of them knew her life well enough to know if there were any friend or relation or old family servant to whom, under the circumstances, she might be likely to go. He went over the catalogue of the school looking for the address of some classmate not too far away to whom she might have fled. And then, not knowing exactly why, he turned to Miss Hayes' name and read: "Home address, Fairweather, Conn."

The automobile book revealed that Fairweather was a small village about sixty miles over the New York border. Further search showed that it was accessible by trolley. The conviction that she was there came instantly to Austin with the finality of a conviction in dreams, with the finality that mystics tell us is the characteristic of absolute truth. He looked at his watch. Time had slipped away: it was noon. He got out the geranium-colored car and with no further words to anyone he started north and east.

The western part of the state of Connecticut is well watered. Austin drove for miles along the edge of a winding river brimming full to its low green banks, and then crossed a darker, wilder, wider stream. There were no traffic policemen in these remote highways and he drove fast; but the village of Fairweather was not so easily discovered. There was East Fairweather and South Fairweather, to say nothing of Fairweather Corners, which led him quite fifteen miles out of his way. About six o'clock in the afternoon he was informed that the place he was looking for was probably Fairweather Post Office.

Fairweather Post Office was a very small village strung along a wide village street, and he soon found the Hayes' house, a thin, high-shouldered little house, backed by solid square barns and woodsheds, all freshly painted white to welcome the spring. The geranium-colored car looked very exotic standing before that chaste New England domicile in the twilight.

An old servant with sleek hair and spectacles came to the door, not hostile, but indicating by her observing eye that she was more interested in truth than cordiality. Could he see Mrs. Hayes? She would ask Miss Mary. He was shown into the bleak little parlor and waited. This was to him the most trying period of the day. If Elise wasn't there he had lost her. Now and then he heard voices in the distance—not hers. What were they doing, all these old women, he thought impatiently; putting on their best shawls to tell him he had lost his love?

Presently the door opened and Mrs. Hayes and Miss Mary came in, both in their way very like his Miss Hayes; it was evidently a family that ran true to type. They had the same manner that the servant had had—the same manner that all New Englanders seem to have toward strangers—of conscientiously suspending judgment which, sooner or later, for good or evil, they will be obliged to pass upon you.

"You wanted to see me?" said Mrs. Hayes, and her daughter stood beside her ready to protect her from strangers in a high state of nervous excitement.

"Yes," said Austin; "my name is Bevans. I am the head of the school where your daughter teaches."

"Where my daughter used to teach?" said Mrs. Hayes. "I understand you no longer need her services."

Austin was startled. "The news reached you quickly."

"I had a telegram from my daughter."

What else was in that telegram? Austin's hopes rose. "Of course," he said, "I could not really get on without your daughter."

Mrs. Hayes smiled—a peculiar dry smile not indicative of amusement. "Less than you suppose, perhaps," she said.

She seemed to Austin a puzzling, sinister old female, but he had no time to waste and pressed on: "One of our pupils has run away—Elise Benedotti. Is she here?"

They looked surprised.

"Do you mean is she in this house?"

"Exactly."

"No," said Miss Mary.

"No," said Mrs. Hayes.

"You mean you can't tell me anything about her?"

"We can tell you nothing about her," they said together. Then Mrs. Hayes rose and added: "May we offer you anything to eat before you go?"

"No, thank you," said Austin, picking up his cap from a chair. The ladies bowed. He forgot to bow. He had failed—failed as a detective, failed as a schoolmaster, and failed most ignominiously as a lover.

It was quite dark when he went out.

He felt his way down the path, through the neat little gate, and got into his car. Then as he put his foot out to the self-starter he touched something—another foot. Someone was in the car already. He put out his hand and met two small minute hands trembling familiarly.

"Elise," he said.

There was no answer. He caught her to him and they kissed each other—a long, unanswerable kiss.

After an instant he said: "Why did you run away?"

"I thought you loved that other girl."

"Oh, yes, I remember. I thought so too once."

"I knew if you didn't you would find me."

"You might have left me some clew."

"I was afraid if I did the others might find it too."

"I had absolutely no reason for thinking you were here."

"No, except I wanted you so much."

"Elise"

"Don't let's talk now. Drive on."

He turned on his lights, shoved in his gears, and the car made its way through the mild April night, through open farming country and quiet village, and down into

(Concluded on Page 121)

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Five body styles—four and seven passenger Silhouette—the Playboy—the Brougham—and the Town Sedan.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

(Concluded from Page 118)

cool little hollows where noisy brooks were running. They drove a long time without speaking, too wise to interrupt the silence with anything so inadequate as speech. And then suddenly they realized that, though they never intended to be parted again this side of the grave, they might never have another opportunity to explain how they had felt on first seeing each other, when it was that the unique character of their emotion had first thrust itself upon their conscious attention, and "Do you remember the day?" and "Had you any idea what I meant when ——"

It appeared—for the human mind is a wonderful mechanism—not only that they remembered every time they had ever been together, but that they remembered it in the utmost detail—every word that had been spoken, every time their eyes had met, every feeling that had swept them, and no story that ever was written, no drama ever produced was followed with such intense interest as these two gave to the unfolding of the incidents of this simple plot, whose dénouement they had both known for the past hour.

And then the car required gasoline, and it occurred to Austin that it would be wise to telephone the school that he had found Elise and would be back before midnight.

"Your grandfather will be angry, you know, Elise," Austin explained. "He and I quarreled like mad this morning."

"You quarreled with everybody this morning."

"Yes, that's the way it affects me—to have you run away."

"What does it matter really about grandfather? We'll live and run the school together. We can't be married until I graduate, you know."

"Oh, I don't know. I'd give you a diploma even if you were my wife."

They had rather expected a demonstration on their return, but no one appeared to welcome them except Miss Curtis. Mr. Johns had gone to bed, she said, after receiving word of their approach, in a state bedroom next the infirmary kept especially for parents—at least he had gone upstairs.

He did not thus, however, escape his granddaughter, who, drawing Austin after her, went straight to his door, knocking upon it as she opened it—a very annoying habit.

Mr. Johns, in a black silk dressing gown lined with crimson satin, was sitting under an electric light reading a magazine. He looked up over his rimmed spectacles and said in an alarmingly calm and determined tone:

"I cannot be disturbed to-night, Elise. I will speak to you in the morning."

"Why, grandfather, what a beautiful dressing gown that is. You look like an Old Master in it—just that crimson flash about the ankle where it falls back."

"Shut the door when you go out," said Mr. Johns, pretending that he was still reading.

"Yes, I will," said the little princess, sitting down on the edge of his bed.

"Don't sit on the bed," roared Mr. Johns. "Uncomfortable enough without that, I expect."

"Well, where shall I sit?" she asked, as one who asked only for guidance.

"Go to bed," said Mr. Johns, and this time he turned a page and peered at the top of the next one.

"Mr. Johns," said Austin, "I must tell you that Elise and I mean to be married."

They waited, expecting a grunt, and the silence was even more terrifying. At this point, utterly disregarding realism, Mr. Johns turned over another page.

"Yes," said Elise, "we're going to be married and live here and run the school."

"Sure about that?" asked Mr. Johns.

"Sure," answered Elise

Mr. Johns gave a familiar grunt. "Better find out who owns the school first," he said.

"Who owns it?" said Austin sharply.

Mr. Johns read on; it was his moment of triumph. He was reading so hard that he did not see the swift approach of his granddaughter, who snatched the magazine from his hands.

"Tell us what you mean, grandfather," she said sternly.

"Supposed you knew—thought you young people knew everything."

"Tell us what you mean. Doesn't Austin own this school?"

Mr. Johns shook his head. "The will's found—Miss Hayes," was all he said.

It was a blow, particularly to Austin, but Elise rallied at once.

"All right, then, grandfather; you've got to give him that job you promised."

"Nothing of the kind—don't trust him—don't want him working for me."

"Grandfather," said Elise sternly, "I heard you tell Mrs. Rolles at supper the other night that his financial future was assured. You said that he had flair, creative genius, and that when you saw that sort of thing you snapped it up ——"

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. Johns with a roar, and girls sleeping in far distant dormitories woke, supposing a spring thunderstorm was approaching.

"Yes, and I heard you telling several of your friends over the telephone the next day that any corporation that Mr. Bevans worked for would be sure of ——"

"What d'yer mean by listening to what I say over the telephone?"

"I don't listen, grandfather, but no one can help hearing."

"I tell you I've changed my mind about him."

"You know, Mr. Johns," said Austin, "I can earn my living, and Elise's too."

"Yes, grandfather dear," said Elise, "we mean to do it—though, of course, you can make it awfully hard and disagreeable for us."

"Get out of my room, both of you," said Mr. Johns. "A nice mess you're going to make of your life, miss."

Elise turned with a happy smile to Austin. "I knew grandfather would come round," she said, somewhat to her lover's surprise, for he did not immediately see consent in Mr. Johns' last phrase. "Isn't he a lamb—particularly with his hair all mussed like that."

Mr. Johns scowled terrifically. "Well, no one ever called me a lamb before," he said.

"No one understands you but me, grandfather darling," said Elise. "Good night!" And kissing him quite against his inclination, she went away.

In the hall she turned ecstatically to Austin. "Isn't it wonderful that grandfather's so pleased," she said.

Austin hesitated. "Well," he said, "do you feel sure that he ——"

"Oh, yes, he's delighted—that's his way. Oh, isn't everything in the world perfect!" At this moment they perceived Miss Hayes was standing near waiting for them.

"I wanted to explain to you, Mr. Bevans," she said. "We found the will in the school safe to-day. Miss Curtis has had it put away all the time under the impression it was the inventory. You know Mrs. Bevans had always told me she meant to leave the school to me."

Austin sighed.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that you will carry out one of my ideas"

"Not one," said Miss Hayes. "All my girls are going to college."

He tried to smile, although in spite of his brilliant prospects he did not like having his school taken away. "And you won't even offer me a job?" he said.

"You would be very valuable as an interviewer of parents."

"I did not make much of a hit with yours. Your mother treated me like a criminal."

"I had just telegraphed her not to allow Elise to see you under any circumstances."

"Yes," said Elise, "they made me go out of the house when they knew Austin was coming, so they could say truthfully that I wasn't in it. And so I just went and sat in the car and waited for him. Did you know that we were in love with each other, Miss Hayes?"

Miss Hayes smiled rather grimly. "I think most people knew about your feelings, Elise," she replied, "and I own that I suspected Mr. Bevans. Now you must go to bed or you'll be seriously ill."

Elise turned to say good night to Austin. "Will you do something for me?" she said. "As soon as you go into your cottage will you burn the picture of that horrid girl that stands on your desk and made me so unhappy?"

Austin hesitated just the fraction of a second. "I'd rather give it to a friend of mine who wants it more than anything in the world."

Elise clapped her hands. "Oh, that would be better," she said, "or perhaps I mean worse." And with one long look over her shoulder which said clearly that she considered him absolutely perfect, she allowed herself to be led away by Miss Hayes.

(THE END)

REDMANOL

REG U.S. PAT OFF.

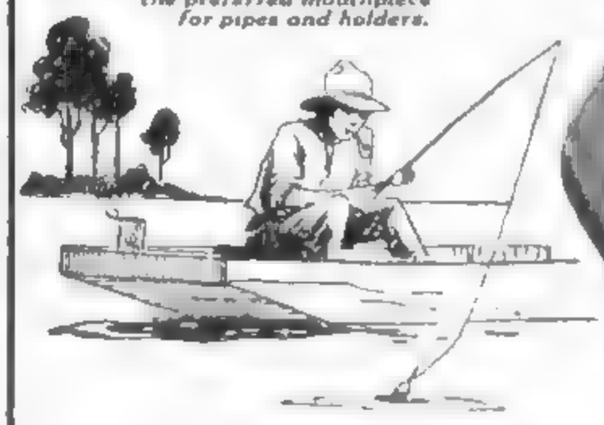
The Perfect Mouthpiece

JUST as the word Sterling on silverware designates the best quality, the word Redmanol insures perfection in pipe mouthpieces and holders. Redmanol mouthpieces are hand-cut, and never lose their amber color or their sparkle. Ask us, if your dealer hasn't them.

Durable · Odorless · Tasteless
Non-Inflammable

Redmanol Chemical Products Co.
CHICAGO Dept. 37 ILLINOIS

A companion in vacation time—the preferred mouthpiece for pipes and holders.



Pipes, $1 to $5 ... Holders, $1 to $10

GILBERT'S

New Wheel Toy

Makes

Racers, Gliders, Wagons, Coasters, Trucks

The finest outfit for outdoor sport a boy ever had. Makes strong, substantial wagon, coaster, glider, truck, wheelbarrow, etc. All the toys shown on this page can be quickly and easily put together by any boy with a screw driver and a wrench.

The outfits contain four fine round edge steel wheels of the very latest type, strong steel plates and axles, tough bars and boards of hard wood—all finely painted, and angle irons, bolts, nuts, etc., to put them together. The $6 outfit ($9.00 in Canada) makes coaster, glider, flat top wagon, and other models. The $10 outfit ($15.00 in Canada) is a cracker-jack, with gears and pinions and many added parts that make a real racer that works by power, a dandy truck, etc. Also a $15 outfit (Canada $22.50).

We Offer $100 in Cash for a Name

To the boy or girl under 18 years of age who gives us what we consider the best name for the toy, received at our office up to 5 P. M., July 31st, we'll pay $100 in cash. In case two or more contestants send in the name selected, each will receive $100. Use the coupon below

BOYS' MAGAZINE FREE—to each boy or girl who writes to us we'll send, FREE, a special issue of our fine boys' magazine "Toy Tips," telling about another fine contest, and a free copy of our illustrated catalog. Mail the coupon now and write your name and address plainly.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY

119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

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$100 CONTEST COUPON

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

I suggest ... as a name for the toy ...

My name is ...

Address ...

City ... State ...

Age ...

"Mum"

as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor out of perspiration

and neutralizes all body odors, whether from perspiration or other causes.

Both men and women find "Mum" a great comfort.

"Mum" doesn't smother one odor with another; "Mum" does not check perspiration or other natural functions of the body; and it doesn't harm the skin or stain the clothes.

"Mum", used after the bath, ensures continued freshness of body and clothing throughout the hottest day or in the most crowded assembly.

25 cents at Drug and Department Stores or by mail from us, postage and war tax paid, on receipt of 26c.

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office

"Mum" Manufacturing Company
1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

BOSCH MAGNETO for FORDS

MORE PEP AND POWER FOR YOUR FORD
Rip Roaring Bosch

Sparks add pep and power to any Ford. The Bosch Special Ford Attachment will mean more miles to the gallon and hour and cut tire and repair bills. Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition on your Ford will pay for itself in six months and give you a smoother, cooler engine. The nearest dealer can install the Bosch Ford Attachment easily and quickly without tearing down the engine. Get in touch with him today.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. Branches—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco. *More than 200 Service Stations in Over 200 Cities.*

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

THE SITPATTER AND THE NUCLEUS SYSTEM

Continued from Page 101

enough to stay ahead of her. She simply can't be a poor man's wife. It isn't in her."

The conception intrigued him. When his imagination was fairly in its stride it hurdled nimbly over the present and the immediate future. Suppose he had five thousand a year, for instance; they could certainly save a cold thousand of it. A cold thousand at six per cent cold interest would double itself, compounding the interest, in —— He figured it out methodically, down to the exact day. And another cold thousand thus sentenced to the treadmill every year would mean in ten years—remembering of course that toward the end of the decade he'd be earning considerably more than five thousand —— Jerry was soothed. It didn't occur to him then that it would probably be a cold day too when he arrived at this millennium. One of these days he'd get enough momentum to stay in front of Fan. Then he could sit back and capitalize some of the investment in those living-room chairs, and let her manhandle his income as she liked. He reserved for later consideration the precise method by which this affluence was to be attained.

Meanwhile he kept almost abreast of expenses. Almost, but not quite. Monthly bills became one-line statements, and progressed into rubber-stamped reminders and appeals. In spite of Jerry's increasing gravity Fan was lured with startling regularity into buying permanent equipment for the house—articles they could have done without just as well as not. Tea cart, mahogany standing lamp, fireplace set. They really didn't need that separate dresser for Jerry either. They'd managed perfectly well with one bureau between them—Jerry's collars in the eastern upper compartment and his ductile haberdashery and malleable underwear in the drawer farthest south. Of course the dresser had been a bargain; but, darn it, couldn't she see that if you haven't got the price nothing is a bargain? He wished he could find some chemical which would have the same effect on Fan as creosote has on a roof. He wanted to have her bargain-proofed.

Since September Jerry had been speculating as to how Mr. McKenzie would react to a gentle request for more salary. He was already the highest paid of the Acme correspondents, and he knew that the job really wasn't worth more than he was getting for it. Therefore he hesitated to approach Mr. McKenzie and was still hesitating when Mr. McKenzie unexpectedly did the approaching himself.

The general manager, pausing at Jerry's desk, stood for a moment in silence. This preliminary of heavy hush was one of Mr. McKenzie's weaknesses. He liked to put the other man on the defensive. Jerry, who needed no McKenzie to put him there, was suddenly minded of the enormous importance of his job. Could Mr. McKenzie possibly be dissatisfied with him? Jerry rose and waited. Waiting he examined again the manager's tremendous eyebrows and predatory nose, slightly out of true.

He felt instinctively that Mr. McKenzie knew more about him than was good for the situation.

"Did you want to see me, sir?"

Mr. McKenzie exhibited the pamphlet which had been rolled in his hand. It was the quarterly circular of the Fairview Young Men's Christian Association. Jerry's own photograph and brief biography occupied a half page. The title they gave him was professional.

"How long have you been doing it?" Mr. McKenzie's telegraphic curtness was merely his intrusive desire for facts and figures. Jerry grinned sheepishly and told him.

"Pay you much?"

Jerry mentioned the honorarium and Mr. McKenzie nodded.

"Worth while then." He nodded again and stalked past. Jerry sat down, disturbed. Had Mr. McKenzie disapproved? Probably. Side lines weren't encouraged by the Acme Electric. Well, the fat was in the fire. And it was no time to ask for more money; at least not until Mr. McKenzie had shown his hand.

He wasn't entirely pleased when Mr. McKenzie appeared in his classroom two evenings later, established himself in a rear seat and listened stolidly to Jerry's discussion of hysteresis. He wasn't astonished at all that Mr. McKenzie departed without a word of praise or censure. But he was worried, nevertheless. Suppose Mr. McKenzie, on grounds personal to the Acme Company, ordered him to resign his lectureship; how under the sun could he pay his debts and keep his tiny establishment running on forty dollars a week net?

As he had anticipated, Mr. McKenzie duly sent for him and treated him to double the usual allowance of preliminary hush.

"Good talk last night. Didn't think you knew so much about electricity. Kept up your technical reading, have you?"

"Have to," said Jerry, unconsciously imitating the manager's diction. "Forget it mighty quick on an inside job."

The manager made approbation with his eyebrows.

"Right spirit, Goodson. Worth better money. Give you fifty beginning October I want to encourage that sort of thing. Proper idea."

Jerry, overwhelmed by the respite, choked on his thanks. Twenty-six hundred dollars a year. At that rate he could discount Fan and get ahead a little. And drop the loathly night work too. He was still smiling fatuously when Mr. McKenzie waved him toward a chair.

"Have a seat. Want a chance outside?" He surveyed Jerry as though memorizing him. "Vacancy on the city sales force. Don't like to pull a good man off a desk job to try to make a salesman out of him, but you're beginning to look to me as if you had the right stuff after all. Instead of fifty inside, I'll give you thirty drawing account outside, the regular commissions and a monthly adjustment. You ought to make about the same either way—at the start. Salesman's job's a lot bigger in the long run if you make good."

Jerry faltered; not because he was tempted, but because he found it difficult to refuse diplomatically. Mr. McKenzie meant the offer as a compliment, but Jerry was conservative. If he had a deadly sales sheet keeping tabs on him he would have to make good or get out. There wouldn't be any mental calm about it. Sell a man once and then have to start right in selling him all over again. Worry and hustle and fuss every minute of the day. And not sure of anything either. Might work his head off and then lose the order just the same as if he'd loafed in a bar. Same result too on the sales record. Not for Jerry Goodson! He'd rather be a correspondent without any speedometer hitched to him. But he couldn't very well tell that to Mr. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie was the speedometer.

"I think I'll have to talk it over with Mrs. Goodson," he said slowly. "If I weren't married I'd take it in a second; but I'm an inside man as far as experience goes, and if I fell down outside she'd suffer just as much as I would."

Mr. McKenzie trumpeted through his handkerchief.

"Right! You talk it over with her tonight and let me know in the morning."

The manager submerged himself in his mail and Jerry, after a moment's uncertainty, went back to his desk and his dictating machine, his neat prim letter trays and the spotless inkstand on the clean blotter. Even at their dullest he had never wholly resented these minutiæ of his existence; there had indeed been minutes when the scientifically aseptic cubicle had seemed a prison cell, but it had always retained some scattered aspects of friendliness, notwithstanding. Now, as he contrasted the snug safety of the room with the discomfort of sidewalks and the blether of streets, he sensed a positive yearning for it. Here he was a settled fixture, untroubled by contingencies. At nine o'clock he began his appointed task under invariable conditions; at half past twelve he went up to the company cafeteria and ate a predetermined luncheon in company which was pleasantly familiar. At one o'clock he resumed a definite duty and at four-thirty he was free of it. And they would pay him fifty dollars a week for this.

As against this, if he chose, he could transfer himself to an abbreviated desk in

(Continued on Page 125

By the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776 a new nation was given birth

IN a century and a half the thirteen original states have increased to forty-eight and the nation has extended its boundaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

From an original mill of but 75,000 barrels' annual capacity, located in a small Pennsylvania village, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company has grown to a national industry with an annual capacity of over 15,000,000 barrels from its fifteen mills so located as to serve the nation from coast to coast. For the nation's concrete Lehigh service provides "Lehigh," the National Cement.

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Omaha, Neb
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Mason City, Iowa
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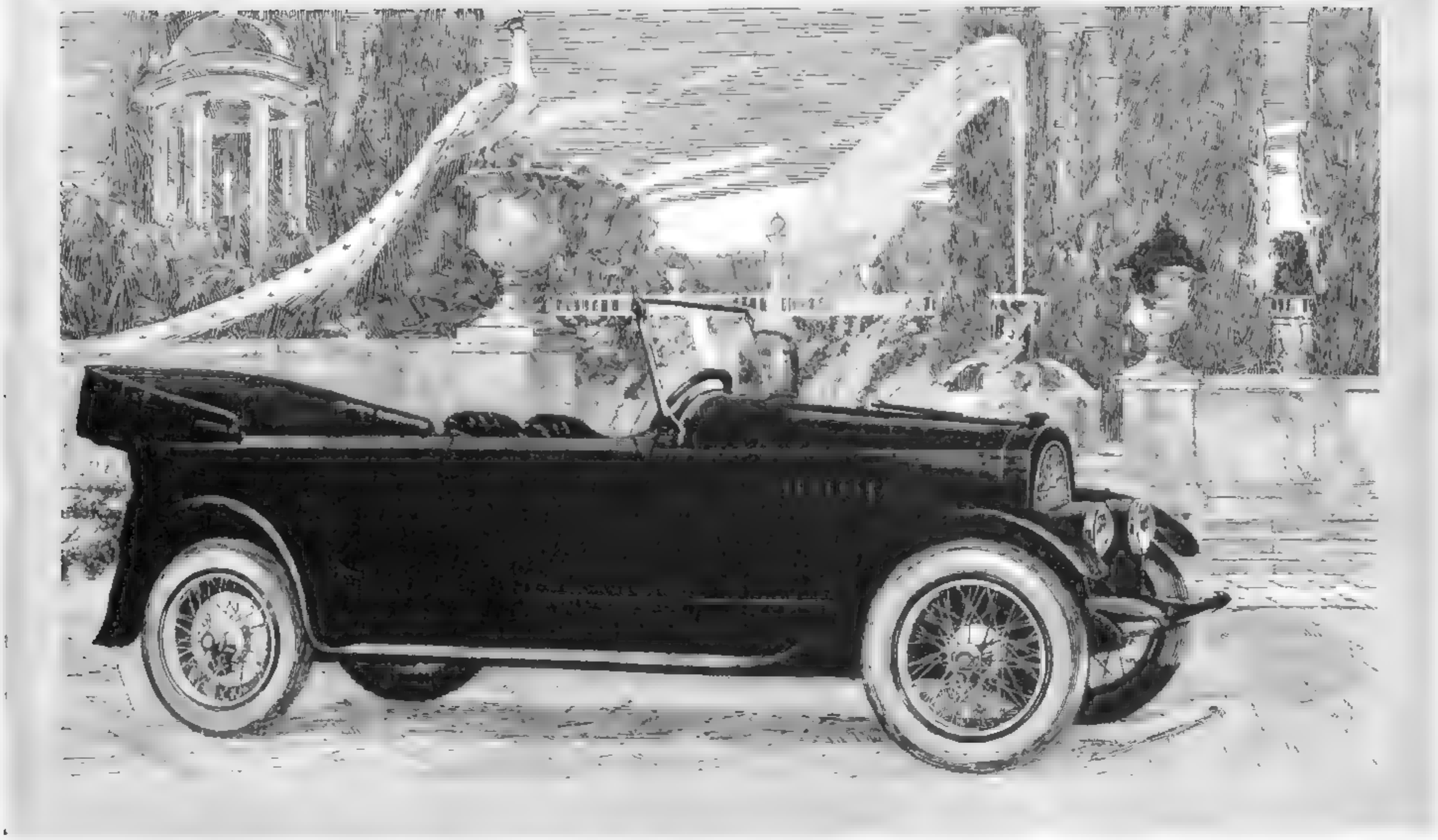
LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT



TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF PRIORITY PRODUCED THE

APPERSON

The Eight with Eighty Less Parts

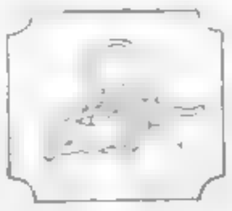
Since the World's Fair year of 1893 the Apperson Brothers have built automobiles. From the beginning they have persistently broken trail for the industry.

The Apperson Brothers have probably contributed as many original ideas to motor car manufacture as any two other builders in this country.

These pioneer motor car builders of Kokomo have been first in a score of notable achievements of design and construction—

Such as the first double opposed motor; the first car with float feed carburetor; the first car with electric ignition; the first chummy roadster; the first chummy plus tourster; and the "eight with eighty less parts" motor. An Apperson won the first American speed contest; made the first 100-mile non-stop run and made the first overland tour.

Today when motor cars have become more of a commonplace the Appersons lift car making out of the rut of mediocrity. They take the burden and responsibility of the pioneer. They now custom-make motor cars.



Whether it be the new Apperson for 1920 or its dressier companion—the Anniversary Model—both driven by the "eight with eighty less parts," the craftsmanship of the Apperson Bros. has reached its zenith in these new models.

As builders of custom-made cars these two master motor men today weave into their product knowledge gained through twenty-six years of experience. It was in 1893 that the Apperson Brothers, in co-operation with others, built with their own hands the first mechanically successful automobile.

So today in an Apperson it is possible for you to get:
A gliding acceleration in high of from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds

Braking action that curbs the speed from 40 miles an hour to a dead stop in 40 yards—4 seconds. A lineal descendant of the famous "Jack Rabbit" racers of the past. (The Apperson is the "Jack Rabbit" car)

An 130-inch wheelbase car that turns in a 38¼-foot circle. A car manufactured throughout in two plants personally supervised by the two Apperson Brothers. Rugged Hoosier construction topped by a style dress from the World's Metropolis

Drive an Apperson first—then decide—Let your dealer show you what you get if you travel the Apperson Way

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO., *Manufacturers of Custom-Made Motor Cars* KOKOMO, INDIANA

EXPORT DEPARTMENT ONE HUNDRED WEST FIFTY SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 122)

the city sales department and become one of the keen adventurers who trafficked out of that big bare room—a free lance whose day's labor and its gains were perpetually unforeseeable. A job in the city sales wasn't easy to get. A good run of business meant automatic and proportionate profit; he wouldn't have to wait for some hard-driven and short-sighted superior to become aware of his merits. The sales record would measure out his mathematically just reward. There was always a chance of big sudden money. Bert Rucker had drawn a commission of six hundred dollars on a single chance order only last week. And Mr. McKenzie himself had begun at a desk in city sales. Jerry knew that the straightest path to the hilltops began there.

All very true. But suppose that Jerry didn't turn the lucky card? Suppose he tramped his beat all day without a glimmer of result? Suppose he fell down hard and the automatic check revealed him for a failure, and eliminated him after his time of appraisal had elapsed. In city sales a man either went up or went out. Even Mr. McKenzie had to justify himself with his balance sheets or he would go, like any lesser failure.

Offsetting this again, the congenial privacy and dignity of the correspondent; the knowledge that as long as he was visibly industrious and efficient he was safe; the definite weekly pay check, never less than its agreeable minimum. Fifty a week and peace of mind every time for Jerry Goodson. He drew the tray toward him, lifted a letter and spoke soothingly into the mouthpiece of his machine.

Fan was cheerfully excited about the advance to fifty dollars, but she professed to be not at all surprised. She claimed to have known for ages that the company couldn't help finding out how valuable Jerry was. And at last they could furnish the guest room, couldn't they?

"McKenzie wanted to shift me over to the selling end too," said Jerry, carefully guiding the conversation's nose round the corner. "Offered me thirty a week drawing account and the regular commission. But of course I wouldn't take it."

Her eyes widened.

"You wouldn't? Why, why not? You've said so often that it's always the salesmen who have the biggest incomes."

"Yes, and take the biggest chances too."

He gave her a syllabus on the advantage of a sure thing over a long shot, and enumerated his own intrinsic defects as a salesman. Fan refuted him categorically, item by item.

"Why, you'd be just as good at that as you are at everything else of course," she said warmly. "You could sell things to anybody if you only wanted to." He laughed.

"But I *can't* want to. I *can't* want to be ridden by an idea like that; I *can't* want to be prodded and pricked along with an everlasting whip snapping behind me." He drew in his breath. "I want—this. I want to sit right here in this chair and know that what I'm going to do to-morrow I can do without persuading anybody else to let me do it. I want to sit pat, Fan."

There was a short hiatus. When Fan ended it she spoke irrelevantly.

"I wish we had the guest room furnished," she murmured. Jerry's goat was so firmly tethered to his lofty mood that it couldn't slip the noose.

"Well, we ought to be able to pretty soon," he said. "On fifty a week." He was pleased that Fan didn't revert to McKenzie's offer. He ought not to have told her about it in the first place. It only confused her.

To Mr. McKenzie he gave a decision which had a dash of equivocation in it.

"I've talked it over with Mrs. Goodson and I think I'd better stay on where I am for the present," he said. "Of course that's subject to your preference, sir."

"All right."

The general manager took it heroically, and Jerry went back to the cubby-hole and the dictating machine. Salary twenty-six hundred dollars; Y. M. C. A. a thousand and forty; total thirty-six hundred and forty dollars a year! And he owed a mere hundred and fifty or so. The peace of soul superinduced by the tapestried chair, by good easy reading, pipe smoke and a credit balance—all this was just round the corner.

But when Fan met him at the door that night she was wearing the beatific smile which was indicative of pending triumph. She led him, without speech, to the second floor and impressively threw open the door of the guest room. Jerry jumped. The room was furnished—furnished with a superfluous completeness which stunned him. He looked at Fan and Fan answered him:

"Catherwood's—oh, Jerry, the most wonderful bargain you ever heard of in all your born days! Only a hundred and sixty-five for everything! It's worth three hundred. And I might have missed it if I hadn't gone round and seen the display in the sale window." She hugged him fervently. "Isn't it gorgeous? Don't you just love it?"

Jerry struggled to conquer himself. He couldn't spoil that holy joy on Fan's face any more than he could have struck a confidently affectionate child. He managed to emit a splutter which was low enough to pass for enthusiasm. But he didn't enjoy his dinner, and there was a distinct line between his eyebrows as he departed for his class at the Y. M. C. A. It was tragic! Just when they were getting on Easy Street! Eight weeks' excess revenue tied up in beds and springs and bureaus and rugs for a guestless guest room! Worse, it was money invested before it had accrued! And that put him more than three hundred dollars in debt. The early Christian martyrs had nothing on Jerry. Fan was feeding him to the lions as fast as she conveniently could. He'd simply have to fight it out with her.

But the fight was fixed. Jerry led with an appeal to reason and Fan countered with two kisses and an appeal for more funds. That was all there was to it. Fan had to have an increase in the housekeeping money. Everything cost more every day. Eggs were now seventy-five cents; butter seventy; even the cheapest cuts of meat were precious in the butcher's eye. She pleaded her case on the unanswerable premise that they just had to eat, didn't they? And they couldn't have any simpler diet than they were having, could they? And it wasn't her fault, was it? Jerry didn't blame her, did he? She really tried terribly hard to save every penny. But after all the nucleus system was the basis of their married life. Wasn't it so? It was.

"If your income kept going up as fast as the expenses do we'd be all right," she protested. "If you kept on making more money all the time like Mr. Rucker—they've got a new car and they're going to build in the spring, and he's not half as clever as you are either."

Jerry, pausing hardly a moment to prove that his income did keep mounting, distinguished patiently between cleverness and thickness of skin. Rucker positively enjoyed being turned out of three offices out of four, provided that the fourth gave him an insult and an order at the same time. Jerry couldn't do that sort of thing.

December brought another flurry of thin envelopes with transparent mouths which seemed to show menacing teeth. Fan had charged too much, as usual, and spent too much. Jerry was three hundred and ninety-eight dollars in the hole, and the tailor's bill was distinctly peremptory too. Just have to pay that; let the little ones stand this time and go after the big ones. Have to pay gas and light though, or they'd turn off the supply. Same with the telephone. Commutation tickets cost a dollar and twelve cents more than they used to, besides. He had a sense of being netted and floundering in a self-multiplying web of fine strands. If only Fan could play fair! He began to wonder whether it was true that other men owed their prosperity to their womenfolks. Fan wasn't immune to a bargain, no matter how desperately hard up they might be.

"But don't you see, dear, I just couldn't afford not to get it? Why, I saved three dollars right there!" Poor Fan. Not her fault of course. The way she was brought up. But no wonder her father had died young.

The big formal dinner in holiday week was the last straw. What if they did owe it? Didn't they owe it to the butcher first? Jerry tried not to let Fan see how he felt about it, and managed to wear a correctly hospitable aspect when the guests arrived. Rather nice people, these Gaylords. Rich manufacturing family. Fan did know how to make friends. Blair was a good scout too. Talked shop a bit too much, but that didn't matter. Said he wished they could get Jerry away from the Acme to take charge of the whole educational bureau up at the Y. M. C. A. Gaylord looked interested.

Sandy says—

"Ye won my match th' day, en' ye'll play anither roond th' morn."

About the only time one has to replace a

'Nobby'

is when it's lost.

The ability to stand many hard drives is one of a number of strong features that make the 'Nobby' such a favorite.

Floaters and sinkers. At club or dealer's. $1.00 each, $12.00 the dozen (tax paid).

United States Rubber Company

Detroit Free Press, Oct. 21
AUTOS IN CRASH; 5 DETROITERS HURT
Man at Wheel Blinded by Lights of 2 Machines in Collision, Smashes Into Them.
Special to The Free Press

Same Old Story!

(What the officer said)

"GLARING headlights caused the accident—the same old story. Most night accidents are caused by improper lighting—either blinding glare, or diffusion which scatters and reduces the light so a driver can't see ahead.

"You'd think every car owner would realize the vital importance of safe, efficient headlights. Driving at night will be safer than by day when glare is eliminated. But see how the cars increase in number every month and think what havoc a single pair of glaring lights may cause.

"It's high time for all honest men to equip with a reliable device or else stay home at night."

Be a Gentleman on the Road and use Conaphores

Join the million considerate motorists who safeguard night driving with Conaphores. Notice them as you pass. Then equip your car, for your own safety and comfort. The best accident insurance—and the cheapest—is accident prevention.

Signals of Safety and Courtesy

Clear glass Conaphores have established their merit by outselling all similar devices during the past two years.

Noviol (yellow) Conaphores have the wonderful advantage of longer range in dust, fog or snow, and for all-around use are unequalled. They are the instantly recognized signal of safety and courtesy.

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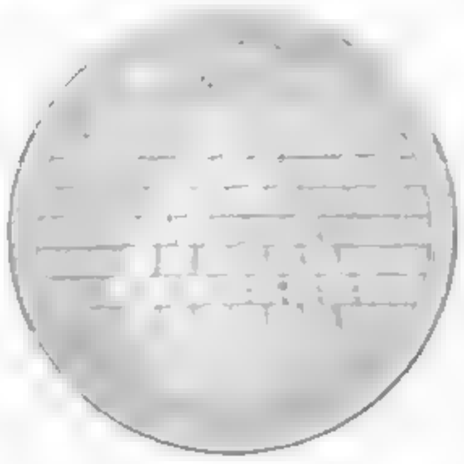
Pierces FOG and DUST without BACK GLARE 500 Foot Range



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CONAPHORE

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF TECHNICAL GLASS CORNING GLASS WORKS

Corning, New York, U. S. A.

"You at the Acme Electric, Goodson?"

Jerry nodded, while Blair described his electrical abilities with the amiability of a press agent. Gaylord listened attentively.

"I'm up against a puzzle in your line then." He explained his difficulty in rewiring an antiquated machine shop for electric drive. Jerry made a suggestion or two and Gaylord was grateful.

"I wish you'd come and see me at the works sometime, Goodson. That sounds like horse sense to me. Will you?"

"They want Jerry to be a salesman," volunteered Fan. "But he won't. He'd rather stay in the office."

"You're missing a trick then," opined Gaylord. "The electrical salesmen who've called on me so far don't know how to talk about anything but prices. If any one of the lot had been able to tell me what you've told me I'd have given him an order so quick his teeth would have rattled. With your knowledge and your ability to explain technical things in plain English you'd be a whirlwind."

Jerry had a moment of flattered doubt. Was there anything in what Gaylord said? Suppose he could sell Gaylord his new equipment? He was harried by an inner question referring to his own limitations.

In taking leave of his host Gaylord repeated the invitation.

"Come and see me, will you? I'd like to have you look us over anyway. Any day this week."

"I'll certainly try to get there," promised Jerry.

Ambition was taking shape against a leering background of thin envelopes with open mouths. If he could play it safe somehow; retain the sinecure of an inside job and still sell an occasional acquaintance like Gaylord on the side.

"I told you you could sell things if you'd only try," gloated Fan to him almost before the door closed. She fairly radiated energy. "And you interested him when he said that regular salesmen hadn't! Oh, Jerry!"

"One sale doesn't make a salesman," objected Jerry. "And I haven't made this one yet. I don't even know if they'll let me tackle it. But I'll see McKenzie."

He broached the question cautiously to the general manager, but Mr. McKenzie shook his head.

"No! Can't mix things up. You'd neglect one job or the other. That's inevitable. I tell you, Goodson, you're playing too close to your chest. All right to be careful, but don't overdo it. Want to sell goods, sell 'em. Want to stay inside, stay there."

Jerry was diffident about drawing Fan into this discussion, but he couldn't help talking it over with her. Her attitude was remarkably neutral.

"I don't think I ought to advise you, Jerry. I did think for a little while that you ought to take that chance, but—but I'm not any surer than you are that you can afford to."

Jerry blinked at her.

"What's happened since last night to change your mind?"

"Well ——"

He pried it from her. She had overlooked since October a bill from a new department store.

The statement was for a hundred and ten dollars and included a printed formula, studiously frigid.

"It's just little things for the house I had to have," stammered Fan weakly. "I never dreamed they could mount up like this. I thought I'd be able to pay them out of the housekeeping money. There isn't one single bit of extravagance either, Jerry. Why, half of it's for canned goods and dry groceries. They're cheaper there. It's wise to stock up when prices are rising so fast."

Jerry's shoulders drooped. If he hadn't been so awfully fond of Fan. . . .

"Are there any more like this?" He spoke so naturally that Fan was encouraged to produce two more silent witnesses—druggist and milliner.

"I thought I could pay both of these out of my allowance, and I could have too, if if I hadn't miscalculated somewhere."

Jerry spent a depressing half hour in arithmetic, after which a germ of fatalism hit him. The era of conservatism had definitely passed. The only escape was through a bold stroke, hazarding as little as possible. He gazed gloomily at his wife.

"I'm going to try the outside end of it, Fan. If I don't we'll be swamped. It means that we may lose even what I've got now, but we'll have to face that. I've struck bottom."

Fan pooh-poohed the possibility of disaster. Wasn't he the cleverest man alive and didn't everybody like him on sight? Didn't he know more about the Acme business than anybody else in the company? Hadn't Mr. Gaylord been interested the minute he began to talk? Why, he'd be a wonderful success outside just as he'd been in the office. But her optimism was wasted.

Resolutely Jerry interviewed Mr. McKenzie. The manager took the momentous verdict with codfish calm. He simply told Jerry to transfer himself to the sales division and get instructions from Morton. There were no congratulations or warnings, no heartening prophecies. Jerry's soul shriveled as he cleared up his desk.

He listened attentively to Morton's advice, received his assignment cards and his leather-bound outfit of plates and price lists. At one o'clock, when he entered the first office on the list, he sickened to realize that he was irrevocably an outside man, deprived of his license to stretch his legs under a desk and wait for the clock to tell him to go home. A thrill of defenselessness made it almost impossible for him to approach the businesslike clerk at the outer gate. He knew how the prisoner hates—and yet longs—to hear what the foreman of the jury has to say.

"Mr. Belden? He's out of town. He won't be back before the first of next week. Care to leave your card?"

The girl spoke crisply, but as Jerry smiled she smiled back. She didn't know that he smiled, not because she was pretty but in relief that Mr. Belden was out. He left his card and went his way, feeling vaguely that he had accomplished something. At least he had taken the plunge. And with the next prospect he managed to act as though he were moderately at ease. Before the afternoon was over he had booked three trivial orders, all of them house business and none of them due to any ability of his own. But he was exalted, nevertheless.

As he rode home he estimated his commissions. Judging by to-day's standard he'd earn fifty dollars the first week without difficulty. And he could certainly count on doing better as he got the hang of it. He took Fan to a movie to celebrate and they concocted a temperate rabbit afterward. The docket of bills on his desk—the new desk bought by Fan while under the influence of a red-tag sale—became pleasantly unformidable. He'd make short work of them, especially if he sold Gaylord.

Now that Jerry was officially a salesman Mr. McKenzie was no longer to be consulted in this matter. It was entirely up to Rucker. Gaylord belonged in Rucker's territory, but Rucker had already admitted a dead center and was willing to concede the opportunity to Jerry. The city sales manager sanctioned the arrangement and Jerry brought in the order just three weeks after his initial visit to the Gaylord plant. It was so fat that even Morton was moved to praise, and Rucker to profanity.

"Guess you knew him personally, didn't you?" he asked.

Jerry ignored the belittlement. His consciousness was packed with the realization that he had earned a little more than three hundred dollars on this one sale. Nearly enough to clear up every cent of his indebtedness. In his new mood he listened receptively to Fan's argument that he could afford a new suit now; and that especially in his present occupation, where outward appearance counted for so much, he really needed it. Of course Gaylord's order was a bit of luck, but even without counting it he was averaging sixty a week on regular sales. Yes, it was safe enough to order a winter suit. Fan went a little further and on her next trip into the city chose for him three new neckties and some silk shirts.

Jerry conceded that she had better taste than he had. His appearance in the mirror charmed him. He carried himself a trifle more assertively now. And when he got his commission check at the end of January he positively swaggered as he took it into the bank.

He yielded without a contest when Fan asked for more housekeeping money. It was simply impossible to outguess the rising cost of everything. Besides it was a good while since she had blundered with her accounts. His sales slips maintained a comfortable average week after week, and he shook his head over the timidity which had chained him to an office chair. Fan adored him more outspokenly than ever, and he told her not to pinch the pennies quite so

(Continued on Page 129)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Lincoln Motors are Used by Many Manufacturers of Following Machines:

Baker's Machinery
Brick and Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers and Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators and Hoists
Fans and Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps and Compressors
Punches and Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

A Double Guarantee

A machine equipped with a Lincoln Motor is doubly guaranteed—guaranteed by the manufacturer to do certain work—guaranteed by Lincoln to have the power to do it under any conditions of service.

The machinery maker who furnishes Lincoln Motors on his equipment is a good man to buy from. He realizes that satisfactory operation depends upon power and he knows that Lincoln Engineers will give him enough power and the right kind of power to get the results.

The full value and economy of electric motor drive can be secured only by buying the motor with the machine and by making sure that the motor is a Lincoln.

"Link Up With Lincoln"

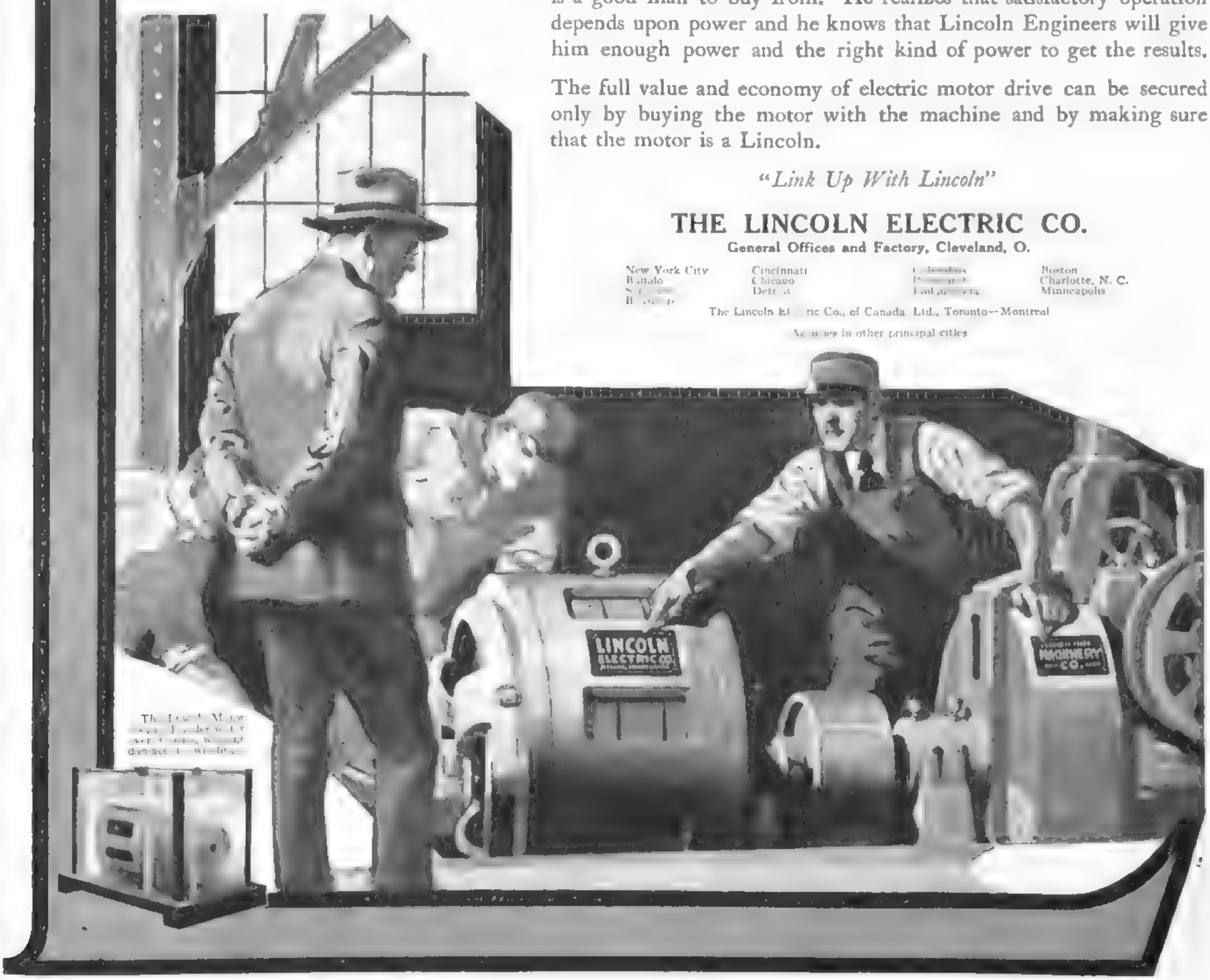
THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC CO.

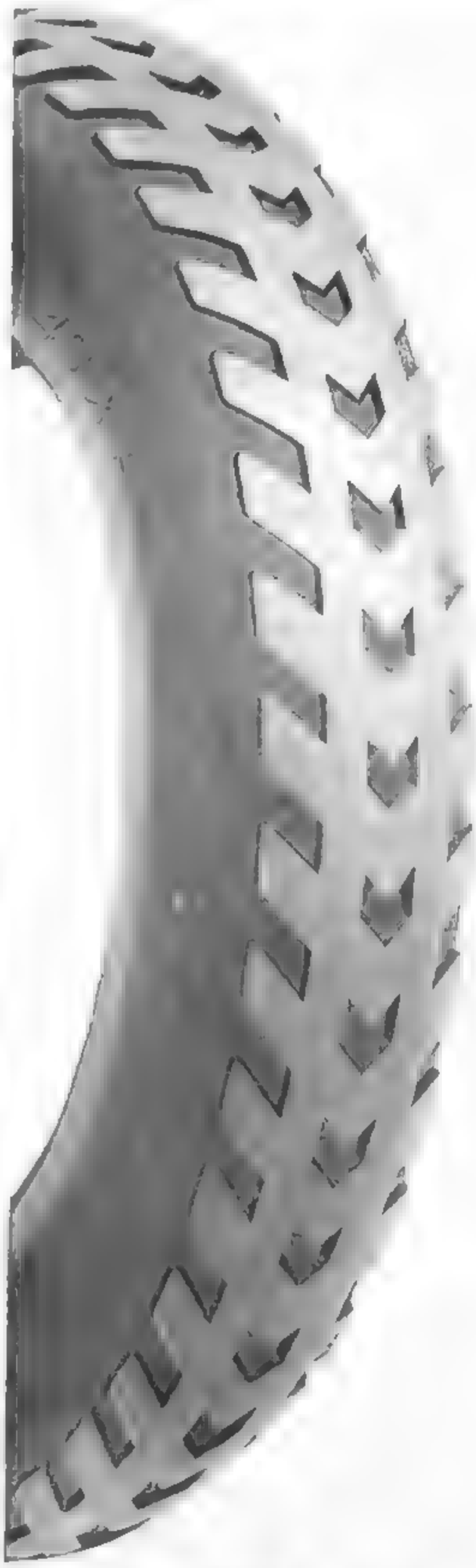
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

New York City
Buffalo
Detroit
Cincinnati
Chicago
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada Ltd., Toronto—Montreal

Agencies in other principal cities





Give Your Tires A Square Deal

REASONABLE care will greatly increase the mileage of *any* tire. We are prone to forget the weight of our cars and their varying loads. We are in a hurry—so we "*guess*" there's air enough in the tires. The small cut doesn't look so bad and we will have it fixed some other time.

We jam on the brake and slide a foot or two—forgetting the strain that speed and weight put on the rubber and fabric.

We ride the car tracks and bump the curbs—losing sight of the fact that a tire once bruised or strained, can not recover its health and strength like bodily tissue.

Watch your STERLING TIRES.

Air is just as much a part of the tire as rubber and fabric.

Keep the air in and the big mileage will come out.

Make small repairs quickly—it means increased mileage.

Be kind to the tires and they will repay you in thousands of added miles without cost.

To Owners of "Fleets"

A very large part of our business is with local and national commercial concerns operating from ten to one thousand cars.

To others in this class—wherever they may be—we offer a simple practical proposition that saves money and increases satisfaction. Please write the Home Office, Rutherford, N. J., or call on the nearest Branch.

To Dealers

THE STERLING proposition to dealers has been simplified and broadened, and our co-operation with our dealers greatly strengthened. Territory is being rapidly closed up and those who would like to add to their lines a sturdy, husky QUALITY tire and a pre-eminently superior tube, are invited to send for our Trade List and terms. Those not rated in Dun's or Bradstreet's, are requested to save time, by sending references with the inquiry. Please address the nearest branch.

34 Direct Factory Branches

ALBANY	MILWAUKEE
BALTIMORE	NEWARK
BOSTON	NEW HAVEN
BRIDGEPORT	NEW YORK
BROOKLYN	PATERSON
BUFFALO	PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO	PITTSBURGH
CINCINNATI	PROVIDENCE
CLEVELAND	READING
COLUMBUS	ROCHESTER
DETROIT	RUTHERFORD
DAYTON	SPRINGFIELD
HARTFORD	ST. LOUIS
INDIANAPOLIS	SYRACUSE
JERSEY CITY	TOLEDO
KANSAS CITY	WASHINGTON
LOUISVILLE	WORCESTER

Factory: Rutherford, N. J.

Export Dept.: 44 Whitehall St., New York

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 126)

hard. Yet sometimes when Jerry met Mr. McKenzie in the building he felt faintly aggrieved that Mr. McKenzie showed no sign of appreciation. Even Morton didn't appear to be especially impressed with Jerry's records. Morton was probably jealous, thought Jerry. Nobody likes to see a beginner outdistance the veterans. Jerry regarded this imaginary jealousy with great tolerance. He was a success; pretty soon he could begin to enjoy life a little. In February he was able to contemplate a bank balance of more than two hundred dollars, with not a penny due from him to any man alive. Coincidentally his term at the Y. M. C. A. expired just then. He resigned.

"I've earned a rest," he told Fan. "We don't need the extra money now, and the pep it takes out of me to earn it will pay better if I put it into my regular work. Besides I'm sick of wasting four nights a week away from home."

Fan almost concurred.

"Perhaps you're right. But eighty dollars a month is a lot of money, Jerry."

"Not such an awful lot in these days," he said grandly.

A copy of the good easy-reading magazine had accompanied him home. He had got out of the habit of buying it lately. Several times after dinner he interrupted his casual perusal of it to rhapsodize on the comfort of life in general. Fan agreed with him absently. She was thinking out a problem. Fairview Park Gardens Estates! Well after all, it was exactly the place for them, wasn't it? They'd lived here practically a year now, and everybody they really liked lived here too.

The realty company had finished the development, but the region was sure to remain as exclusive as anyone but a snob would want.

"What's the idea?" he inquired. "Whether to renew the lease or not?"

"Yes, Jerry."

"Oh, we'd better renew it, hadn't we? There's lots of time to think about that though."

"That's just the trouble. The realty company won't rent it again at the same price. They want to sell it."

"Where'd you hear that?"

"I saw the agent, Jerry."

"Well, how much do they want next year?"

"A hundred dollars a month. More than double."

Jerry whistled.

"Modest little violets, aren't they?"

Fan confirmed.

"And they won't make any repairs either. They do want to sell."

"I hate to move," said Jerry. "Depreciates the furniture, and you have to buy so much new truck for a new house, and we've been so comfortable here. Where'll we move to?"

Fan came over and sat on the magazine.

"Let's not move, Jerry," she said. "We'll never find another house like this, and there's nothing else to rent here anyway. I've been looking round. There just isn't anything. We both want to stay here. It's an awfully high rent, but if we went to any cheaper place you know what the Ruckers would say. And when he's right in the office with you. Nobody's said that about us for ever so long. Let's stay, Jerry."

They stayed.

It was in the early summer that Jerry was shocked to perceive how steadily he had drifted back to the lower levels. He was in deadly earnest as he told Fan.

"Here I am," he said, "making more than twice as much as I did a year ago, and it's the same old story. Rent and repairs and heaven knows what. The sensible thing for us to do is to get away from this place and stop fighting to keep up with the neighbors. Sublet, or something. I mean it. I'm through with this sort of hand-to-mouth life for good."

"I know you are. But if you could double your income in just a few months I don't see why you can't go on and double it some more. Do you mean that we're never going to have any more than we're getting now?"

"No! Eventually we'll get more—lots more. That goes without saying. But we can't expect to go on doubling every year. And I'll have to get more territory or better territory before I can make very much more anyway. If you don't want to sublet, for heaven's sake let's go easy for a while."

But they didn't. Business fell off sharply during the hot weather. Even to keep on the heels of current expenses Jerry had to scramble for small sales which otherwise he would have scorned. There were weeks in which he barely justified his drawing account. On the first of September, when he inventoried himself, he found that in spite of another forgone vacation, in spite of a summer of the hardest and most sustained effort he could remember, in spite of his virtuous endeavor to educate Fan and his relentless economies as to himself, he owed five hundred and thirty-four dollars.

It was all due to Fan and her irresponsibility. No matter how hard a man worked, his wife could break him—break him without half trying. If they'd stuck to their original scale of living and to Fan's damnable nucleus system they'd have been rich—rich!

Instead they were bankrupt. And what had they to console them for it? Nothing but a few sticks of furniture, some clothes, a rented cottage and the recollection of a lot of silly entertainments. Why, if you came right down to it, they'd lived better at the beginning than they could afford to live now. Hamburg steak for dinner last night, and not any too much of it either.

"Marriage!" exploded Jerry to himself. "Two can live as cheaply as one! Oh, hell!"

As he attacked his day's work he thrust his private woes as far back into the shadows as he could. Yet, as he chatted with his friend Harry Bickford, of Bickford & Kent, his mind continually snapped away from the modest order in his hand to the fact that the milk bill had run for two months.

He was on the point of asking mechanically: "Anything else?" He had fallen into the habit of asking that question. But he apprehended it to-day before he had let it escape custody. The only way he could hope to become solvent was to build on the easy-given business of Bickford and others like him. His itching mind carried him straight through the ramified line of Acme accessories and brought him up to the one profitable item in which there was a hope of interesting Bickford & Kent.

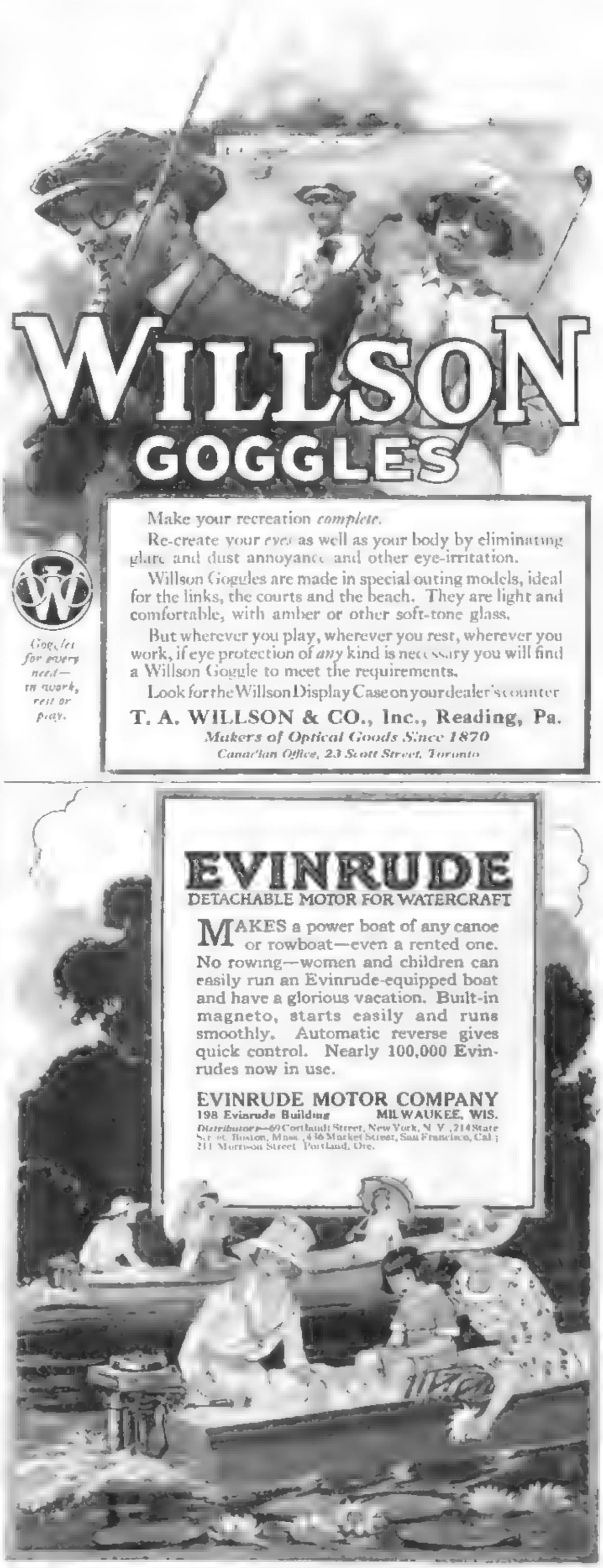
"You're missing the solid money in the line, Harry. If you don't mind my suggesting something ——"

"Shoot," said Bickford.

"You're selling the light stuff and letting the heavy business go to competitors. You could have a big trade in small motors if you went in for it. Within two blocks of you there are more than a hundred motor users; look at the lofts up there. They don't even know you're here. Why don't you put in a stock and start a man out on neighborhood business? Let these garment makers know you can repair motors on the jump and you've practically insured yourself against their ordering any new equipment elsewhere. Yes, and it won't hurt your accessory trade either—not by a long shot."

He elaborated the scheme, smoothed and strengthened it under Bickford's objections. In the end—not that day, to be sure, but early on the second morning—he got an order which was by far the largest purchase Bickford & Kent had ever placed with the Acme Electric. With the signed blank in his pocket he hesitated, wondering whether he had better finish his day's calls or go back to the office at once. Morton would understand the importance of getting that equipment in motion. But he remembered the old bills and Fan's infinite capacity for letting new ones sprout, and he wagged his head grimly. The Bickford & Kent order was a good beginning, but it was a long way from the finish. He shuffled his remaining index cards, mapping out the district in his mind's eye. One small motor-service station—he coined the phrase on the wing—mustn't be too near another. But there were other possibilities. There was Wickham, for example. Wickham ought to have stocked up the household specialties long ago—electric chafing dishes and toasters and vacuum cleaners and sewing machines. There was a prosperous residential trade within easy reach of his store, and the fact that he specialized in builders' supplies needn't interfere with a noncompetitive line which his show windows would sell for him. He went after Wickham's order with a foreknowledge that he could get it. As he finished listing it he added an insinuating afterthought:

"Oh, by the way, I suppose you need the regular dose of porcelains too? Might as well finish that up while I'm here."


WILLSON
GOGGLES
Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play.
Make your recreation *complete.*
Re-create your eyes as well as your body by eliminating glare and dust annoyance and other eye-irritation.
Willson Goggles are made in special outing models, ideal for the links, the courts and the beach. They are light and comfortable, with amber or other soft-tone glass.
But wherever you play, wherever you rest, wherever you work, if eye protection of *any* kind is necessary you will find a Willson Goggle to meet the requirements.
Look for the Willson Display Case on your dealer's counter
T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.
Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870
Canadian Office, 23 Scott Street, Toronto
EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT
MAKES a power boat of any canoe or rowboat—even a rented one. No rowing—women and children can easily run an Evinrude-equipped boat and have a glorious vacation. Built-in magneto, starts easily and runs smoothly. Automatic reverse gives quick control. Nearly 100,000 Evinrudes now in use.
EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
198 Evinrude Building MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Distributors—60 Cortlandt Street, New York, N. Y.; 214 State Street, Boston, Mass.; 436 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 211 Morrison Street, Portland, Ore.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

You get what you pay for

YOU get just about what you pay for in this work-a-day world. You can buy bicycle tires for quite a little less than Vitalics cost – and you'll get about what you pay for.

The reason we think it good business to put real quality into Vitalic Tires is that we can give you the biggest value for your money that way.

A cheap tire can't give the maximum mileage for the money. Vitalic Tires can and do. Hundreds of thousands of experienced riders have paid the price of Vitalic quality—and have been glad they did. They found the *cost per mile* much less with Vitalics than with so-called cheap tires.

And they ride in puncture-free peace of mind on a very handsome tire with distinctive non-skid tread. Vitalic is a quality tire and it looks as good as it is.

Continental Rubber Works
Erie, Pa.

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic tires are made with an extra strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in nearly every other bicycle tire is 12-ounce and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric. That's *one* reason why Vitalics give more miles for less money—also why the few punctures you get with Vitalics are so easily, easily, and permanently repaired.

It was finished up accordingly. Jerry went out with a hungry glint in his eye. Manifestly he had been blind to a number of interesting potentialities in his new profession. All you had to do was to visualize the other fellow's problems and ambitions, and not your own.

Subsequently he perceived that Morton was puzzled. Jerry's plan for small motor service stations had been instantly taken out of his hands and the whole city territory mapped efficiently, so that he lost the chance of repeating his first great success. But he had learned something, and the result of the lesson was visible in his sales records. That was what Morton was puzzling about; he hadn't thought that Jerry had it in him. His month's statement showed earnings of six hundred and eighty dollars, and the check he deposited was as an eraser over his sorrows. Fan was exuberant.

"Before you know it," she said with an ecstatic tremor, "we'll have a little car. We will, Jerry! I always knew you'd get on! Didn't I tell you so?"

Jerry's heart descended several notches. Fan was consistent. Spend it the minute you get it, unless you'd already spent it before you did get it. He glanced wistfully at the tapestried chair. Fan was in it. Wasn't he ever going to be able to lean back and relax?

Somehow he wasn't visibly better off, even as late as November. He worked a little harder, thought a little more intently, battled a little more strategically with refractory buyers. He kept his head well above water sometimes, but there was seldom any appreciable margin of safety. Mr. McKenzie had finally loosened his vocabulary:

"Been watching you, Goodson. Making good now. Great work. Last three months put you top of the heap. Disappointed me before that. Order taker. Jollier. 'Good fellow, give him an order.' Never get anywhere. Took brace evidently. Best summer record I ever saw. Don't lie down on the job. Keep on way you're going and we'll find something better for you."

Jerry was momentarily encouraged. Better territory perhaps, or more of it. If he kept up at the present pace—if! He groaned inwardly. Not much chance of his ever getting down! Fan would see to that all right!

She did. He chased her doggedly for three desperate months without ever quite catching up. And then the blow fell.

He rode home sightless, his lips in a straight line and his newspaper still folded on his knees. He climbed the sharp grade from the station with the same hard, beaten look in his eyes. Fan hugged him joyously before he had slipped his latchkey back into his pocket. He refused to unbend. She drew back, hurt.

"Why, Jerry, what's the matter?"

He took off his coat before he answered. Then he faced her.

"McKenzie offered me the job of city sales manager. Morton's going out to the Coast. It's a ten-thousand-dollar job."

Fan laid glad hands on him. He shook his head and held her off, gnawing his lips.

"Wait! There's a string to it. They like my work; they're satisfied with everything they know about me. But there's one thing they couldn't know without asking. Before a man gets an executive job with the Acme he's got to show that he can save money as well as earn it. They think a man who can't handle his own finances decently can't handle the company's money decently. He asked me how much I'd saved since I'd been with the company. Funny, wasn't it? Why don't you laugh? A chance like that—a chance I might get once in a lifetime! And it's gone just because I haven't had enough sand to—to make you stop throwing away money! It's no use thinking about it. We're broke."

For the first time in her life Fan saw moisture in Jerry's eyes.

"What did you tell Mr. McKenzie?"

He flung out his hands.

"I said I'd tell him to-morrow. Cowardly? Oh, I suppose so. But I wasn't expecting it. Maybe if you'd been in my place ——"

"Jerry!" she said.

"Don't!" said Jerry miserably. "It's too late. It's too late."

She followed him to the living room and sat on the arm of the tapestried chair. He recoiled from the contact of her fingers.

"Jerry, dear, didn't it mean anything to you to grow up? Instead of sitting all day in your office dictating letters, and sitting here all evening reading stories?"

"Don't!" said Jerry.

She smoothed his hair maternally.

"When we were married," she said, subdued, "you didn't care whether we had any furniture or not; you didn't care how we dressed, or what we ate, or whether we had good times or not. Don't you remember that, Jerry? You wouldn't teach at the Y. M. C. A. to make more money for us, but you were perfectly willing to do it for a bill collector. You weren't afraid of being lazy, Jerry, and you weren't afraid of being just a—a—a sitpatter. All you were afraid of was owing somebody a bill. Isn't that so?"

"If you'd ever let me alone, Fan; ever let me alone. . . ."

"And whenever you caught up for just a day or two you stopped trying to go ahead and began to sit pat again. Like resigning from the Y. M. C. A."

"Don't say it's my fault," he said bitterly. "If we'd saved what you've wasted yes, wasted—we'd own this house. We'd have money in the bank. I'd have the best job in the company. It's your fault, Fan . . . it's yours! Well, I hope you're satisfied." His breath was stertorous. She looked at him, wavered, and suddenly put her cheek close to his.

"Jerry, dear, we have saved what you think I've wasted"

"What's that?" he inquired dumbly. He was too distraught to understand.

"We—we do own the house, dearest. We ——"

"What's that?" This time he comprehended. But he didn't understand. His mood was uncontrollable. "What sort of nonsense is that?"

"I—I bought it, Jerry. In May"

"You?" he roared. "What with?"

There was moisture in Fan's eyes now.

"You wouldn't lift your finger to help yourself, but when you were willing to work like mad to pay off bills, Jerry, dearest, I—I lied to you; I had to. I've made all my own clothes and told you I bought them and made you give me the money. You've been paying all the household bills for a solid year, and I saved the money and told you I spent it in some silly way or other. I've charged things and when you'd pay the bill I'd return the things and get my money back. The only things I kept were the ones you'd see—like the furniture and one dress and one hat. There wasn't any other way, Jerry, there wasn't!"

Jerry sat goggle-eyed, outraged, rigid as iron. Fan, crying unobserved, touched him timidly.

"It's been terribly hard, Jerry—since you began to make so much. I've felt like a thief. Only—oh, Jerry dear, it was the only way! I couldn't let you be a sitpatter. I couldn't be married to a failure. I bought the house in May and paid a thousand dollars. There was a mortgage of four thousand I've paid off more than half of it. The rest ——" She laughed hysterically. "I raised the rent on us, Jerry. You n-never even looked at the lease when you signed it. If you had I'd have had to tell you then, and I've g-got seven hundred dollars in a separate account of my own.

"We've saved half our income, Jerry, and you sit there like a b-bump on a l-log and t-tell me it's my fault that you haven't got the best job in the company! Well, when you tell Mr. McKenzie to-morrow morning and you're made a great big influential important man there, aren't you going to be sorry, Jerry?"

There was a prolonged stillness. Presently Jerry coughed. Regarding him in dread she saw that his jaw was squared as by a ruler. She knew intuitively that he was thinking of how little she had trusted him. She couldn't know that he was confessing to himself how little he had deserved to be trusted.

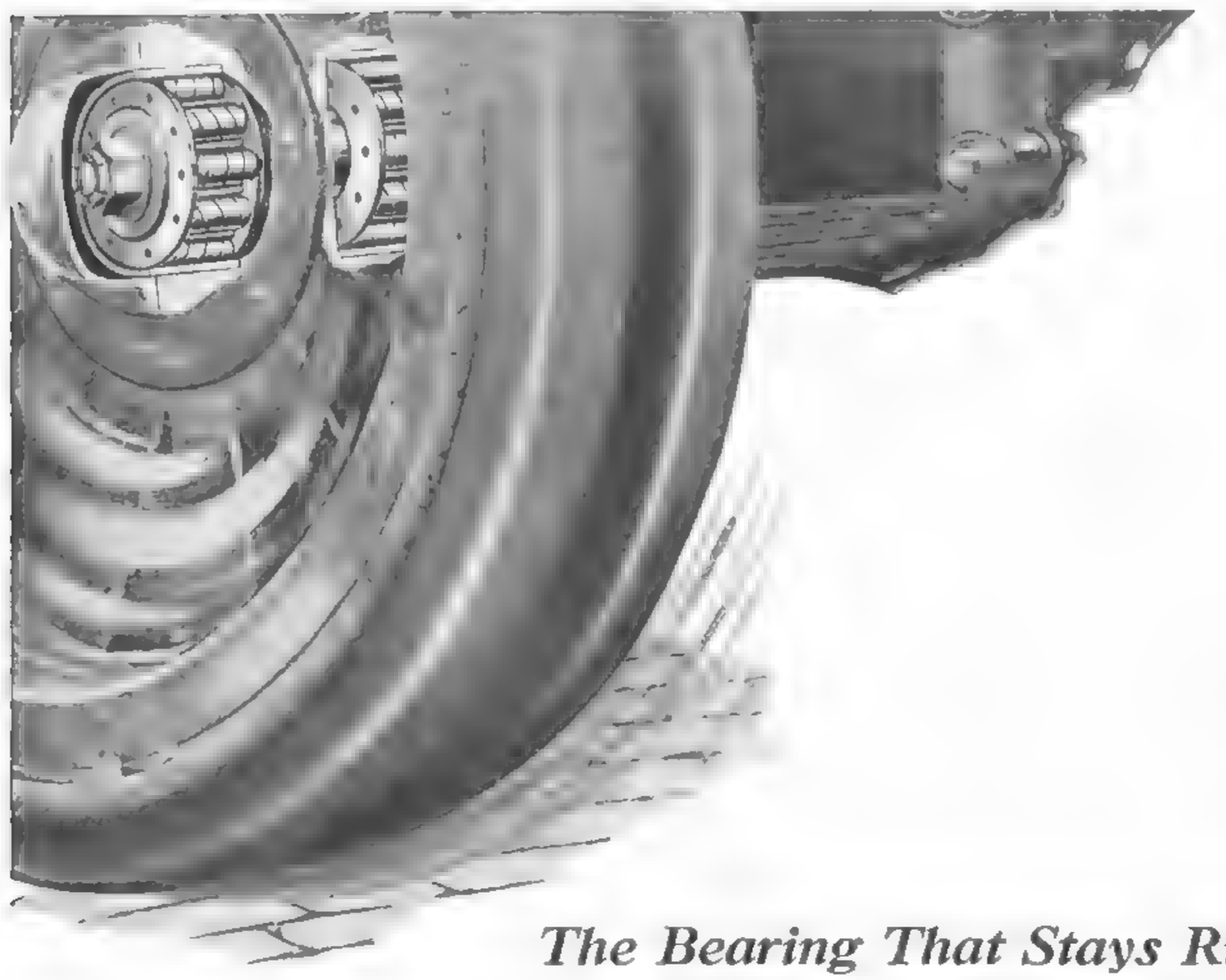
Jerry rose abruptly and crossed the room. Fan watched him as well as she could. His shoulders were extraordinarily broad. Jerry came back with a little sheaf of bills, a bank book and a check book in his none too steady hands. He thrust them toward her.

"Here," said Jerry dazedly. "You run me and I'll run the Acme Company. Yes, I'm going to kiss you in a minute, Fan, only—only I don't know if I quite dare to. You see, it's so sort of—sudden."

His smile was tremulous; but behind it there was a relief and a determination not to be disregarded.

With a little sob that was all love and tenderness she fled into his arms.

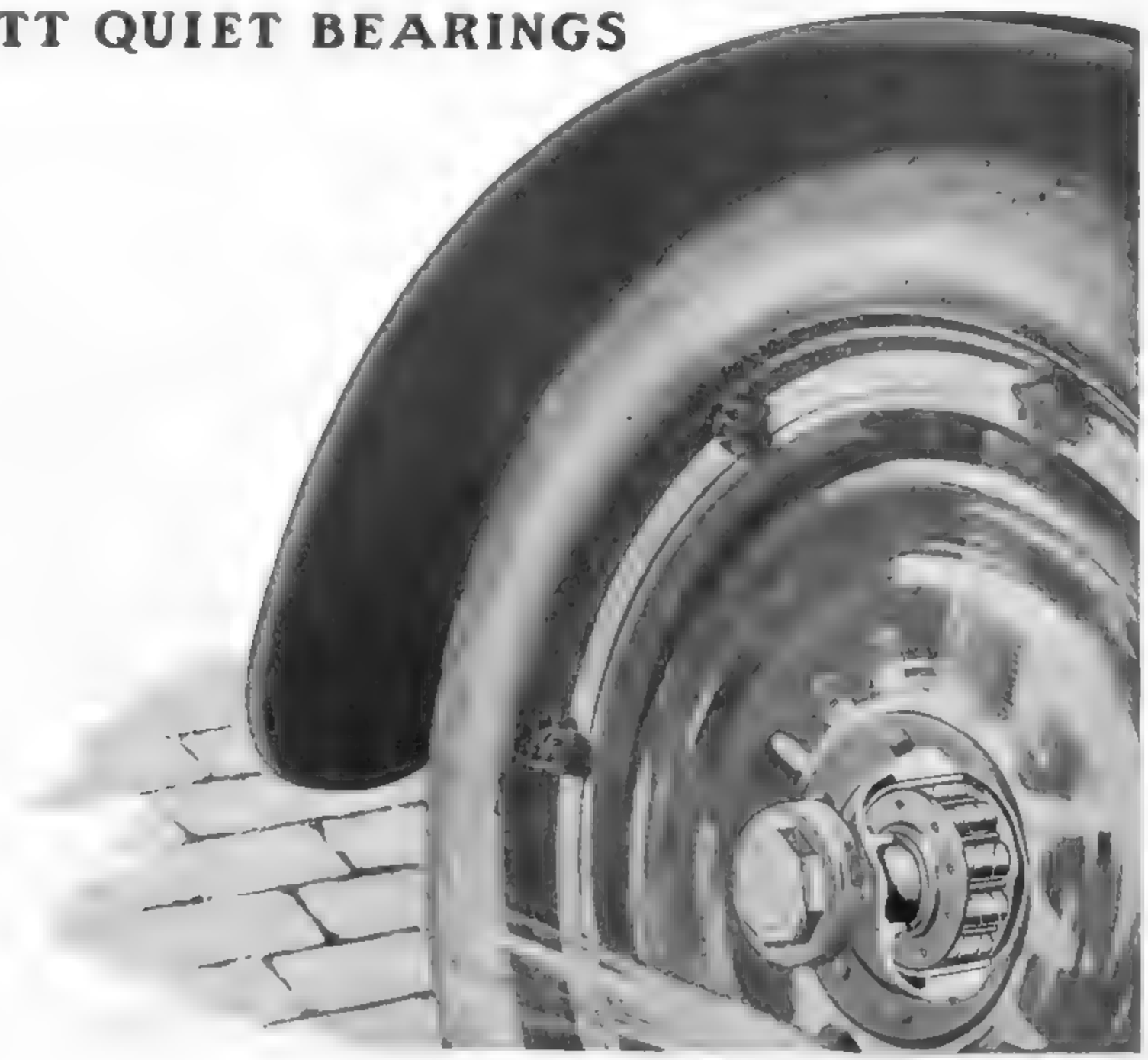
"Couldn't you kiss me just once, Jerry—just for a nucleus?" she whispered.

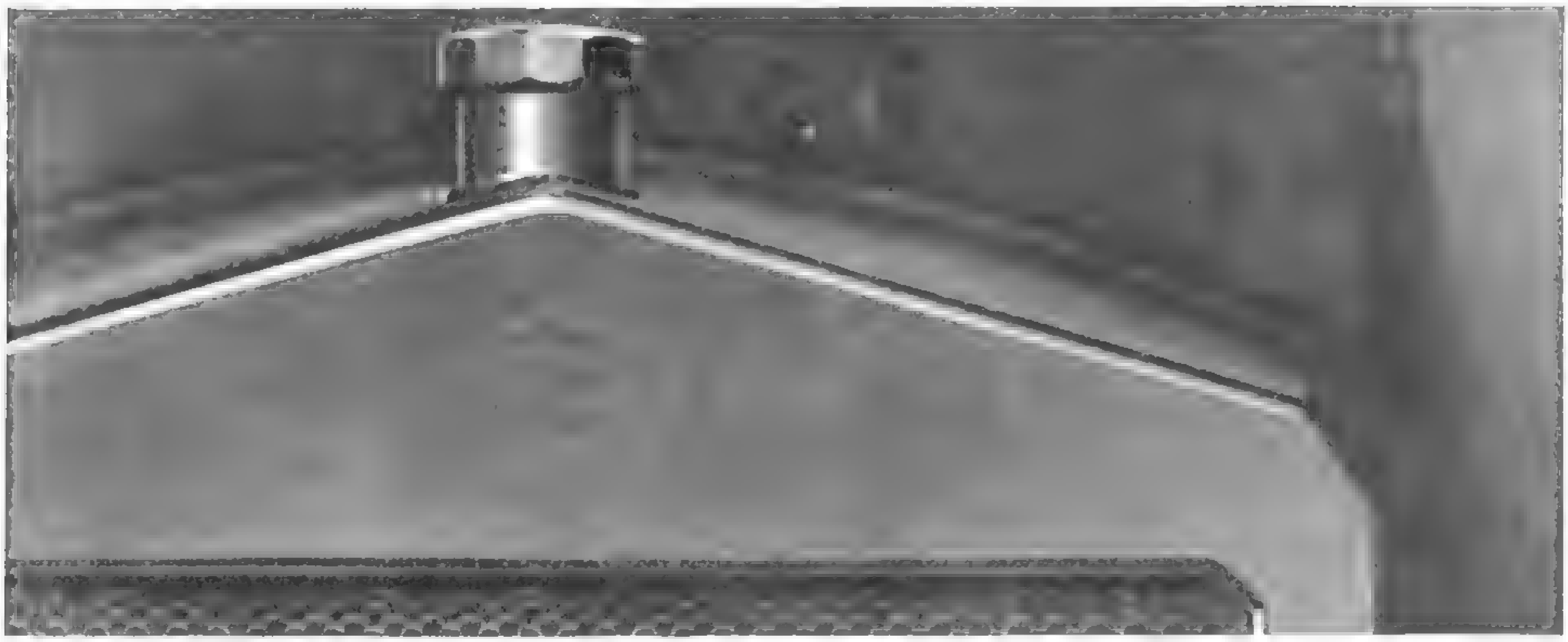


The Bearing That Stays Right Without Adjustment

Working smoothly under the severest service, absorbing in their strong, enduring spiral rollers the shocks of road and load, Hyatt Care-free Bearings protect vital mechanisms, improve operation, and prolong appreciably the lives of automobiles and motor trucks. That's why you will find Hyatt Roller Bearings in the great majority of motor vehicles.

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS





HARRISON Shutter-Controlled Hexagon Radiators

Why Essex Chose the Harrison

The adoption of the Harrison shutter-equipped Radiator as the standard cooling system for Essex cars is a mark of the confidence which Essex engineers have placed in the quality and efficiency of Harrison Hexagon Cellular Radiators.

Like the designers of the many other well-known and representative cars equipped with Harrison Radiators, the men responsible for the Essex knew that it would be a better car because of the Harrison cooling system.

Combining unusual durability with maximum cooling efficiency and fuel economy—qualities resulting directly from Harrison shutters and hexagon cell construction—Harrison Radiators assure to the motorist a perfect cooling system.

General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan

General Offices and Factory Lockport, New York

Look for the Harrison shutter-equipped radiator on the next car you buy

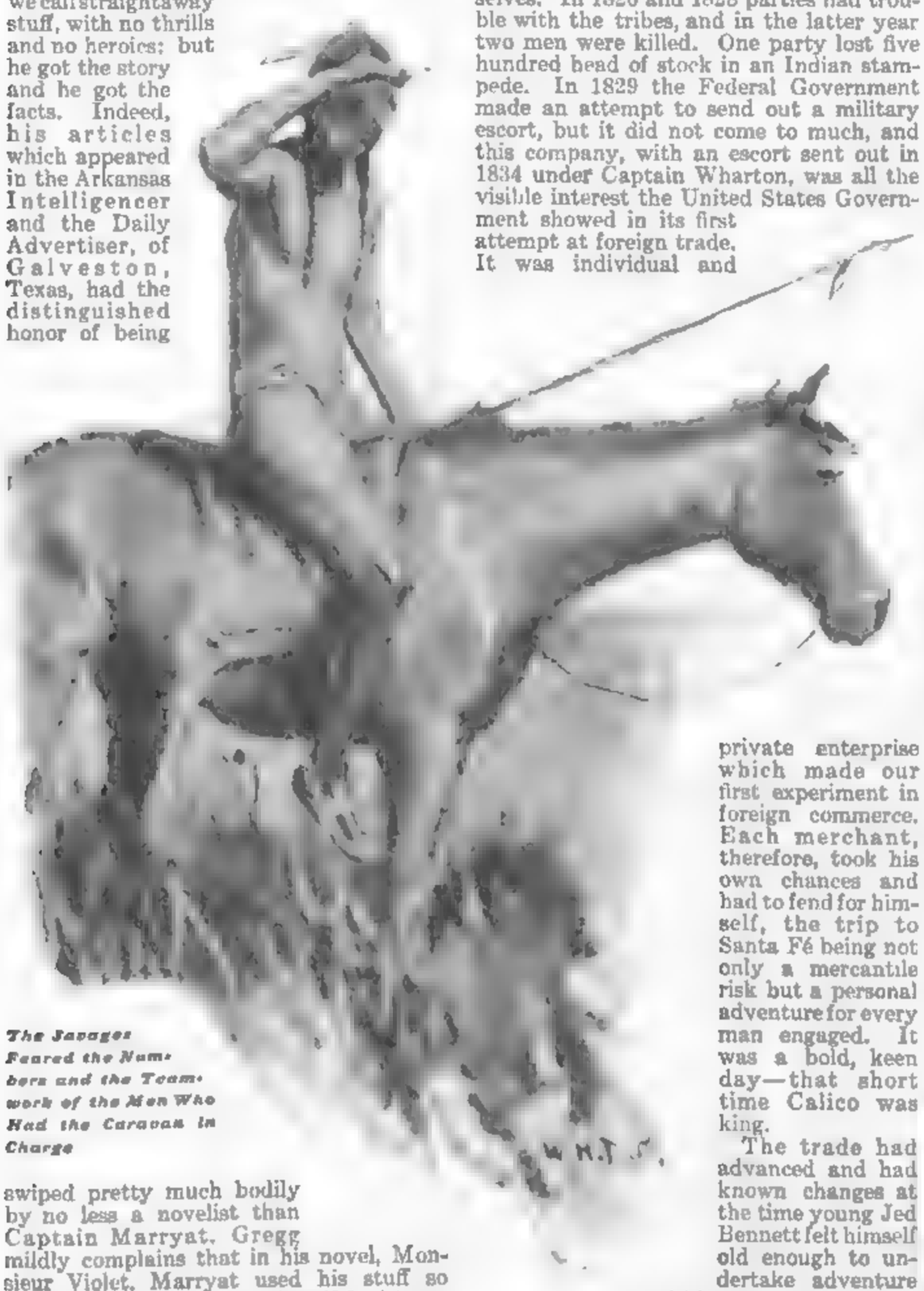
Harrison Radiator Corporation

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

(Continued from Page 15)

point. Colonel Cooper in 1822 left with a pack train carrying five thousand dollars' worth of goods. Captain Becknell, with thirty men, led another train with a like amount of property, though they met difficulty in attempting a short cut on the Plains.

Josiah Gregg is an author of whom few men to-day perhaps have ever heard. He did not write scenarios. He did not know that he was writing history. None the less, he did the story of the Santa Fé Trail in so plain and accurate a fashion that any city editor in the world would have trusted him as a safe shot on a story. No matter how much confusion prevailed, Gregg could always send something. He wrote only what we call straightaway stuff, with no thrills and no heroics; but he got the story and he got the facts. Indeed, his articles which appeared in the Arkansas Intelligencer and the Daily Advertiser, of Galveston, Texas, had the distinguished honor of being swiped pretty much bodily by no less a novelist than Captain Marryat. Gregg mildly complains that in his novel, Monsieur Violet, Marryat used his stuff so nearly verbatim that he himself had to go on record with the protest, lest sometime later he might be accused of plagiarism by Marryat.



The Savages Feared the Numbers and the Teamwork of the Men Who Had the Caravan in Charge

No one can tell how many writers have plagiarized from Gregg. His volume is the one great mine of information regarding the early days of the Santa Fé Trail. He himself crossed the Plains on eight different trips and lived for some years in Northern Mexico. Starting out as an invalid, "declining under a complication of chronic diseases which defied every kind of treatment that the sagacity and science of his medical friends could devise, and not only disqualified for any systematic industry, but so debilitated as rarely to be able to extend his walks beyond the narrow precincts of his chamber," he was advised to go West and die upon the prairies. He was a well man before he had been a month upon the trail. The spell of the country caught him; he lived—and wrote one of the most typically American books there is in print to-day. It is usually called The Commerce of the Prairies, although an early edition is named In the Western Prairies.

By the year 1831, when Jed Bennett leaned over Sally Breen's gate, the trade to Santa Fé was a thing well understood and followed with a certain system. Gregg's book was not printed until 1844, but long before that the stories of returning traders had spread all along our Western frontier, so that nearly all adventurers of that day knew what risks had been taken by their predecessors.

The first wagon went West up the Arkansas River in 1824, Colonel Marmaduke, later governor of Missouri, being one of the party. They had more than twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of merchandise, part of which was carried on pack mules, but they also had along twenty-five wagons, carts and carriages. By this time the Indians were beginning to take an interest in the caravans, having a great fancy for calico themselves. In 1826 and 1828 parties had trouble with the tribes, and in the latter year two men were killed. One party lost five hundred head of stock in an Indian stampede. In 1829 the Federal Government made an attempt to send out a military escort, but it did not come to much, and this company, with an escort sent out in 1834 under Captain Wharton, was all the visible interest the United States Government showed in its first attempt at foreign trade. It was individual and private enterprise which made our first experiment in foreign commerce. Each merchant, therefore, took his own chances and had to fend for himself, the trip to Santa Fé being not only a mercantile risk but a personal adventure for every man engaged. It was a bold, keen day—that short time Calico was king.

The trade had advanced and had known changes at the time young Jed Bennett felt himself old enough to undertake adventure of his own. The town of Franklin, from which Becknell had started, was recognized as the eastern end of the Santa Fé Trail; but by this time the boats from St. Louis had begun to land freight more or less cheaply at the new town of Independence, a hundred miles to the west of Franklin. That meant the saving of a hundred miles or so of bad spring roads across the upper part of the state of Missouri. St. Louis, capital of the early fur trade up the Missouri, never was capital of the Santa Fé trade. Franklin claimed that title first, and lost it to the raw village on the Missouri.

Once through the straggling frontier streets of Independence passed all the great tide of the early Westerners. The land trail up the Missouri, the trail up the Platte, the trail up the Arkansas—each began here. This was the outfitting point for the fur trade of the near North, for the home seekers of the Oregon Trail, and for the ancient and honorable company of adventurers who traded into Santa Fé. Jed himself, as he started out from his home town of Franklin, had heard rumors which more than half minded him to buy a lot in Independence as he passed through, so that he and Sally

CURTIS

SANDWICHOLA

—For Salads Too

The New Sandwich

Serve It When You Entertain. An Unusual Lunch for Motor Trips and Picnics

GIVE folks a change from the cheese and the ham, and other sandwich fillers.

Surprise them with a new picnic-delight,—a dainty sandwich made with Sandwichola in alluring combinations. A jar makes 10 to 12 good sandwiches.

Surprise them again at a Sunday-Night-Supper with a salad of Sandwichola. Taste this new salad yourself. Decide if you know of any other that equals it in flavor.

A Rare Food

Sandwichola contains ripe olives, pimentos, fine herbs and just the right touch of tuna, combined with olive oil. All rare products of Sunny California. All delicious foods.

The blend of flavors is unique, different, piquant, charming—it's a connoisseur's creation.

And its cost is a trifle—15c the jar.

You'll serve it frequently in many ways when you know how good it is.

LETTUCE SALAD WITH SANDWICHOLA CHEESE BALLS

Take 2 parts cottage cheese to 1 part Sandwichola; mix until smooth, form into balls size of small walnut. Take large head crisp lettuce and lay aside a leaf for each serving of salad desired. [illegible] Place lettuce leaf on each plate, [illegible] Garnish with 1 or 2 Sandwichola cheese balls. This is an attractive, appetizing, delicious salad.

For Breakfast—Luncheon—Dinner—Parties

Learn what Sandwichola adds to omelettes. See how good with scrambled eggs. Mix with meat or cereals and serve in dainty new croquettes. In soups it lends a magic tang and zest.

Your whole family will ask often for it. They won't forget it if they try it once.

Be sure to taste these flavors. Note the recipe below.

At Leading Grocers'

Sandwichola is sold by leading grocers everywhere at 15c the jar.

Get a jar now and try it. It's a food of valuable nutrition.

When you know its attractions—when you learn how it helps you entertain, you'll keep it always in the house

If your grocer hasn't Sandwichola, send his name and address with coupon and 15c and we'll send a jar direct.

It's "Curtis Knack"

A Curtis recipe and "Curtis Knack" in preparation make Sandwichola different from any food you've used.

CURTIS PIMIENTOS

For garnishing, for sandwiches, salads, [illegible] cream gravies. "Chicken a la King" and cheese [illegible] Crisp and tender. Fire roasted and peeled by the Curtis process.

THE CURTIS CORPORATION

LONG BEACH, (Los Angeles Harbor) CALIFORNIA

Packers of Sandwichola, Ripe Olives, Curtisola, Olive Oil, Pimientos, Artichokes, Chicnic, Tuna Fish, Sardines and other AMERICAN FANCY GROCERIES

Canadian Wholesale Distributors: MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.; Rose & LaFlamme, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec; A. Magnano & Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

The Curtis Red Ball with the Green Band—Assures Supreme Quality of California's Rarest Foods.

THE CURTIS CORPORATION
7th and Water St., Long Beach, Cal.

I enclose 15 cents for which send full size jar of Sandwichola and your new booklet, "California Picnics—Outdoors and Indoors."

My Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Grocer's Name _____

Street Address _____

Be sure to send your grocer's name if you want the jar.

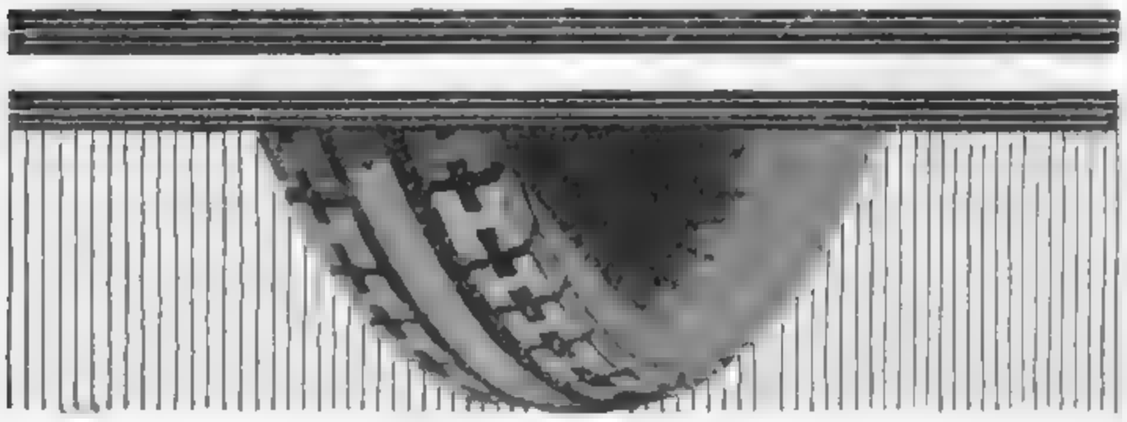
WHEN you add *tire* insurance to your car by equipping with Hartford Tires, you are insured. You are assured that tire-trouble has been *subtracted* from your motoring annoyances. And additional-tire-mileage has been *added* to your motoring joys.

Hartford Tires are endowed with strength and resilience—for long-term service. They are at home on any make or kind of car. One tread might suit you better than another but the name "Hartford" molded on the side of the tire is the thing that *insures* when you are after low-cost-per-mile.

All that can be expected of a tire is delivered by "Hartford"—without stint or limit. You ride on velvet when you roll along on Hartford Tires.

Let the next tire you buy be a Hartford Cord, an "H", or "Strongheart" Tread. Put it right to work on a rear wheel—you will *then* appreciate Hartford Tire insurance. Where you buy your other supplies is where Hartford Tires are sold.

HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
1792 Broadway, New York



might settle there instead of remaining in Franklin, should his home town prove to be sidetracked through the swift change of frontier events.

What might this young merchant expect from his adventure into foreign parts? In what way did he differ from all those other men who trudged alongside their teams in the afternoon of an April day in 1831? He knew that the great profits of twenty years ago were gone—calico would no longer sell for three dollars a vara out in Santa Fé; but the market there remained steady for domestic cotton, bleached and unbleached, white or brown, and the goods of the American mills were more desired than those of British make, because they ran heavier.

What, then, should Jed buy with his scant capital of forty-eight dollars of the goods which his employer generously had allowed him to put into his wagon along with the main cargo? It was an important decision for Jed. He reasoned it out by his own counsel. He knew that his mother's one calico dress was hung up for Sunday wear. He had seen how proud Sally was when her father could afford for her a fine gown of calico. He reasoned that women out there would be much as women here; that they would want something bright in color, fresh-looking to the eye.

Jed knew that sometimes goods were damaged through bad care in transit—rainstorms did not improve calico or even brown drillings. So Jed had advised his employer, Colonel Stanley, to put a double cover over his freight wagon; and between these two sheets he had taken the canny care of putting one of his own two heavy blankets, spreading it over the wagon bows just above the place where his goods were stored, so that in case of rain this cargo, at least, might be kept dry! He had tacked canvas or heavy drill also round the sides and ends of the wagon box, so that even a driving slantwise rain would not wet the goods through the cracks of the wagon bed.

He had arranged that all his little carrying charges should be taken out of his wages at the end of the trip. They would far more than be covered by the hire of the team which he had induced Colonel Stanley to take on to supplement his own four yoke of oxen. Jed pointed out to his employer that this lead team, longhorns from the far Southwest, had been brought back by his own father three years ago. He guaranteed them to be the "fast-steppin'est oxens" in the train. They were light, thin, wiry cattle, much faster of foot than the heavy States oxen which made up wheel, point and lead in the original team. The older trader knew the value of a good brisk lead team, so he fell in with the counsel of Jed, who had an old head on young shoulders.

A Four Months' Journey

No one could tell what the prices would be out at Santa Fé; there was always to be considered the fluctuation of the market, which never absorbed any very tremendous amount of goods. The entire Mexican trade, including Old Mexico, never imported much over two million dollars' worth of goods of all sorts, by seacoast or inland caravan at that time. Some trains even by 1831 had not made much above fifty per cent of the cost of their merchandise. The investment in rolling stock and outfit must naturally be about twenty-five per cent of the entire capital. Some freighters could be found who would haul goods from Independence to Santa Fé for ten or twelve cents a pound. Jed felt that since he was on the pay roll and his lead team also on the pay roll, his freight was far more than paid for, and his own keep and that of his oxen as well.

Usually the caravans, or what remained of them, took between two and three months to go out and about a month and a half to come back; and they carried nothing on the return journey except gold dust or specie. Jed was ruminating about the advisability of this down-hill pull of empties, as he trudged out on his journey of ten days to Independence. From his "pap" he knew that if he averaged ten or twelve miles a day all the way across he would be doing well. Jed knew about all these things. Had not his pap told him many a night before his death as he sat, his beard wagging, at the cabin fireside, his corncob pipe now and again taken from his lips so that he might gesture with it toward the West that he had known?

Josiah Gregg's Table

Jed thought that if he could get six bits a yard for his calico he would be mighty well content. He had known it to go as low as two shillings and sixpence in Santa Fé; and a terrifying report had come back that plain cottons had been sacrificed there at thirty-one cents the vara; and there was talk of robbing customs duties at the frontier. Jed had something in all these problems to make him think, but he figured that, all in all, by the time he got back home he would have doubled or trebled his capital; and, with the mortgage paid off, that would leave him and Sally a hundred dollars with which to begin life as one of the solid families of his community. Sally surely was worth the effort. He would not stay home and plow corn with a single mule.

Josiah Gregg, writing at a time when he had full retrospect of all the Santa Fé trade, could tell more about it than Jed Bennett could in 1831, when he was starting out; so perhaps we may purloin a look at the useful table of the historian, which tells the whole story of the tremendous romance of the Santa Fé trade in scarce a page of figures:

YEARS	AMOUNT MDSE. TO SANTA FE	WAGONS	MEN	OWNERS	TAKEN TO CHIHUAHUA	REMARKS
1822	15,000	..	70	60	.....	Pack animals only used.
1823	12,000	..	50	30	.....	Pack animals only used.
1824	$5 000	2[illegible]	1[illegible]	8[illegible]	3 000	Pack animals and wagons used.
1825	6[illegible] 000	37	1[illegible]	6[illegible]	[illegible],000	Pack animals and wagons used.
1826	80 000	60	100	70	7,000	Wagons only henceforth.
1827	8[illegible] 000	5[illegible]	9[illegible]	5[illegible]	8 000	
1828	15[illegible] 000	100	200	80	20 000	Three men killed, being the first.
1829	[illegible]8 000	30	50	20	5,000	First U. S. Escort ~1 trader killed.
1830	12[illegible] 000	70	140	60	2[illegible] 000	First oxen used by traders.
1831	250 000	130	320	80	80,000	Two men killed.
1832	140 000	70	150	40	50, 000	Party defeated on Canadian. Two men killed, three perished.
1833	180 000	105	185	60	80 000	
1834	150 000	80	160	50	70 000	Second U. S. Escort.
1835	140,000	75	140	40	70,000	
1836	[illegible] 000	70	135	35	60,000	
1837	[illegible] 000	80	160	35	80, 000	
1838	90 000	50	100	28	40 000	
1839	250 000	130	250	40	100,000	Arkansas Expedition.
1840	50 000	30	60	5	10,000	Chihuahua Expedition.
1841	1[illegible] 000	60	100	12	80,000	Texas-Santa Fé Expedition.
1842	1[illegible] 000	70	150	15	90,000	
1843	450,000	250	350	[illegible]	300,000	Third U. S. Escort—Ports closed.

"Whoa-hup! Whoa-hup! Hoy-ee, oxen!"

The horned kine began to know their master's voice, to sense the accuracy of the tremendous whiplash exploding within an inch of that bare spot on an ox's hip where earlier crackers now and again had landed, eating away the hair. Jed spoke a word or so of Spanish, a language commoner then in Franklin than was French, though Kaskaskia and St. Louis and Ste. Genevieve lay not so far away. A mile and a half or so an hour the cattle would sway on under the lash of whip and tongue, the wheels slipping or bogging or binding, sometimes locked with a pole when they went down a steep hill—the rough lock which every wagoner must know in those parts.

Franklin lay on the Missouri and so did Independence but the road between did not lie in the valley all the way. The men of Missouri and Arkansas, of all frontier countries where bridges were unknown, watercourses abundant and the forest growth heavy, laid out their roads along the ridges—high, winding and dry. Only

(Continued on Page 137)

THE ECONOMY OF HARMONY

DURING the famous days of King Arthur two brave knights did battle because they could not agree as to the wording on a sign. They were both right and both wrong,—*the sign had two sides.*

Since the first stroke of time ignorance has bred strife, and knowledge harmony. Ignorance is the most costly thing in the world. Knowledge is the world's greatest asset. Advertising is the power that distributes knowledge.

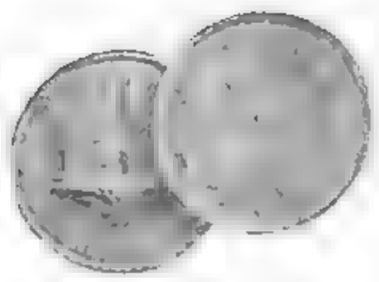
Advertising is the point of contact between producer and consumer. Through it public opinion is swayed and action started. The great body of the people may only judge a business through its advertising. From it, also, employees gain the larger understanding of their house, both as to management and product.

Economy requires that all advertising be good advertising. Any lowering of the standard is wasteful.

The house of N. W. Ayer & Son has given fifty years to the advancement of advertising, to the development of this great economic force. Here, in Philadelphia, close beside the birthplace of American liberty, is the birthplace of organized advertising: Advertising Headquarters.

Because it is our business to make advertising pay the advertiser we have maintained a half-century of leadership as finders of markets and creators of advertising methods.

Our desire to become the advertising agent of any house does not depend upon its size, but upon the character of its product and its possible sales development.



N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

IPSWICH SERIES HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

IPSWICH is the honor-mark on good hosiery

(Continued from Page 134)

in some such great valley as the Arkansas—wide and relatively straight, across a high and dry country—did the trails follow close to the waterways.

In this start of the caravan of 1831 from Franklin scarce more than a dozen wagons were lining out that day, the two or three owners being each for himself thus far. At the outfitting point of Independence there might be a hundred wagons in all making ready for the west-bound trade that spring. That would mean nearly a thousand head of oxen, mules and horses, at least two hundred men, and nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of goods—a rich haul for savages.

On ahead, a hundred miles or two west of the Missouri, they might meet Indians at almost any time, as all the older wagon masters knew. Otoes and Kaws and Shawnees to the east would not be so bad, but farther west they might meet the Pawnees or even Blackfeet and Sioux, far down from their northern range after horses. Yet on to the westward the warlike Comanches and Kiowas might range east and north from the Spanish countries which they dominated; and at the edge of the foothills they might see Utes and Arapahoes.

From Round Grove to Santa Fe

But all these things were discounted—even to the extent of having along a little brass cannon which shot a bullet at least as big as a large marble. Jed did not worry about any such matters as he trudged beside his oxen, steadily narrowing the gap between him and the last team ahead. His boss, Colonel Stanley, driving a strong team of mules hitched to a dearborn carriage, was yet farther on, looking out a good spot for the camp that night.

"Wall, boy," said a lank and well-whiskered wagoner that evening when Jed pushed his team into the forest glade for the first night's bivouac, "ye made it in, didn't ye?"

"I shore did," said Jed. "An' I reckon I'm gwine to make it in ever' night too. But don't ye call me 'boy.'"

He made no motion toward the long pistol which hung at his leg, or the old squirrel rifle which lay against his wagon seat; and the older man of the trail went on a little further with his badinage.

"Wall, I didn't know, son. I seed you-all a-leanin' a'gin the gate back yan. Mebbe ye found 'nough to keep ye a leetle late."

Jed's eye took on a sudden gleam, the color came under the tan of his face.

"I brung my team in as good as your'n," said he quietly. "As to what kep me back, that ain't none of yore damned difference, an' I ain't goin' to hear no damned word about hit."

The older man would have gone further perhaps, but Stanley, Jed's employer, passed by smilingly, chewing a grass stem. He paused now. "That's right, Jed," said he, "take no back slack from any man on the trail. Do your work and hold your own."

"I'm a-gwine to, Colonel," said Jed, and turned away unconcerned. Started right, he was accepted then and there as a full hand.

"That's a good yoke you got there," said another teamster to him.

"Yep," said Jed, his mouth full of wooden pins which he had pulled out of the tops of the bows. "That yoke she's piñon an' my pap fetched her from Santa Fé on this yere lead yoke o' mine. They can trot fast as horses. If I had five yoke like them, I'd go on a keen lope all the way to Sant' Fee. You-all wouldn't see nothin' of me exceptin' the dust."

"Well, hit would be a long lope," pondered another wagoner, pipe in hand. "I reckon she's easy a thousan' mild acrost."

Jed drew from his pocket a page of paper on which were some crude figures. "My pap gave me this," said he. "Hit's all figgered out how fur it is." And, since Josiah Gregg calls them accurate, we also—perhaps rolling along comfortably on the Santa Fe Limited to-day, seeing never a spear of wild grass and passing one after another of countless thriving little cities—may cast an idle glance over the table of distances of Jed Bennett, merchant of almost a hundred years ago:

FROM INDEPENDENCE TO	MILES	TOTAL
Round Grove	35	
Narrows	30	65
110-Mile Creek	30	95
Bridge Cr.	8	103
Big John Spring (crossing sev'l cr's)	40	143
Council Grove	2	145
Diamond Spring	15	160
Lost Spring	15	175
Cottonwood Cr.	12	187
Turkey Cr.	25	212
Little Arkansas	17	229
Cow Creek	2	231
Arkansas River	6	265
Walnut Cr. (up Ark. R.)	8	273
Ash Creek	19	292
Pawnee Fork	6	298
Coon Creek	31	3[illegible]
Caches	16	3[illegible]
Ford of Arkansas	20	[illegible]
Sand Cr. (leave Ark. R.)	50	[illegible]
Cimarron R. (Lower Sp.)	8	445
Middle Spr. (up. Cim. R.)	36	48[illegible]
Willow Bar	26	[illegible]
Upper Spring	18	[illegible]
Cold Spr. (leave Cim. R.)	[illegible]	[illegible]
M'Nees's Cr.	25	[illegible]
Rabbit-ear Cr.	20	[illegible]
Round Mound	8	[illegible]
Rock Creek	8	[illegible]
Point of Rocks	10	[illegible]
Rio Colorado	20	[illegible]
Ocate	6	[illegible]
Santa Clara Spr.	21	[illegible]
Rio Mora	22	[illegible]
Rio Gallinas (Vegas)	20	[illegible]
Ojo de Bernal (Spr.)	17	[illegible]
San Miguel	6	[illegible]
Pecos Village	23	[illegible]
Santa Fé	25	770

"We'll make it like a damn," said Jed calmly, as he replaced his paper in his pocket. He lighted his own pipe the same as his elders, as he went on caring for his team. His employer noted that he both hobbled and picketed his oxen, taking no chances of their wandering during the night—a precaution which three wagoners the next morning wished they also had taken; for the first days on the trail are dangerous ones for homesick cattle.

Having cared first for necessary things, Jed cared for himself, building his little fire alone and cooking for himself a part of one of the razorback hams that he and his mother had smoked the preceding winter. Fifty pounds of flour, twenty of sugar, ten of coffee, forty or fifty pounds of bacon—about that much would be allowed for the provender of each man on the trail. Buffalo meat would be the staple for all. It was cheap transport, Nature taking care of the caravan to a very large extent with food for man and beast raised at her own expense, not theirs.

The shadows of night came and the men sat about the little fires, or began to throw down their scant beds on the ground. The laugh and jest went round. It was a wild and free scene, that of the first camp of the trail in those days of our country.

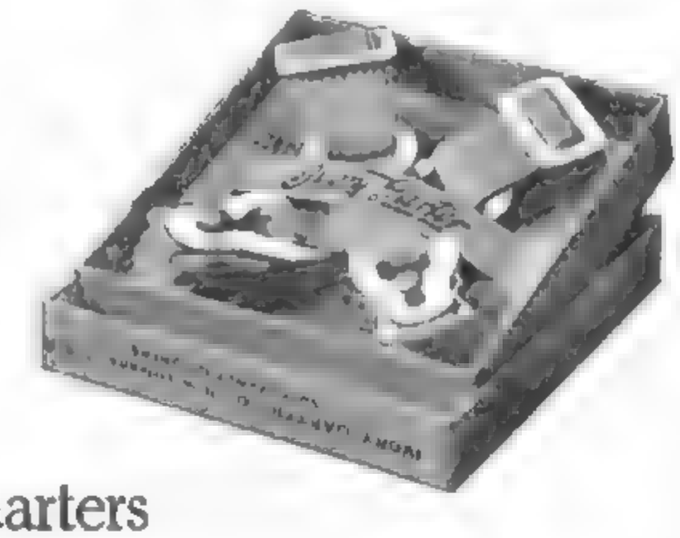
Oxen Better Than Mewels

"A oxen," said Jed sagely to his neighbor as he shook the ashes out of his pipe and gave a jerk at his bed rope, "is better than a mewel. Of course a oxen if anything is a stampedin'er critter than a mewel; but a oxen is made for to live on grass. Come to fordin', a oxen is safer than what a mewel is. My pap's told me many a time that he'd done seed a hull team of mewels git down an' drown'd in three foot of worter. You watch me an' my five yoke—hain't no worter gwine to stop us. If we cain't ford, we'll swim."

"Cain't swim fur with three ton of goods in a wagon," said his friend; "or anyways two ton or two an' a half ton."

"Well, we'll git 'crost someway," said Jed positively; and so he lay down to dream of Sally.

Ten days or more from the time Jed had said good-by to Sally, this unit of the great caravan of 1831 pulled into the raw village of Independence on the Missouri and was greeted by the mixed population of traders—Mormons, hunters, trappers, teamsters and all-round adventurers. The spring was early and the grass was up. Word went through the assembling units of the caravan that they must hurry and get away. Indeed, the general fear of competition was in the minds of everyone. Someone might be trying to sneak some goods by pack train up the Canadian out of Arkansas. The Mexicans might be bringing up something from Vera Cruz. As to these assembling here for the start, the necessity for mutuality wiped out the thought of personal competition for the time. All these wagons, owned by a score or more of



Ivory Garters
Strike Shackles
From Weary Legs

THEY set you free from undue leg weariness, so light and easy-setting and so sure are they.

No metal in Ivory Garters to bite into your flesh or to rust and irritate your skin. No pads. From breakfast to bedtime you walk on Easy Street and do not know they're there—only your socks stay set so smoothly.

Put on a pair of Ivory Garters and shake off years of leg-fret. Light as a silk sock, cool as lisle, they are durable and long-lived, and give your legs comfort.

Stores that sell men's wear sell them.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

GOOD RESTFUL SLEEP is seldom enjoyed by those whose digestion is faulty and deranged, due to hasty and improper mastication of food. The sensation of heaviness, pressure and pain which often result from even mild attacks of indigestion, with the attendant nervousness, rarely fails to give rise to nights of broken rest.

Insufficient sleep caused by an impaired digestion sooner or later produces a state of irritability that will handicap the most efficient and capable individual.

Such a person soon finds that there is a "falling off" in his enthusiasm and will-to-do, and all too often this is contributed in some degree to those around him.

In my personal practice, regulation of the diet and chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after meals will usually so improve the digestion and relax the nervous system that an individual soon finds that he is not only sleeping better but is accomplishing a great deal more in his daily work.

D. C. Beeman

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

traders, must stand together for protection against the Indians—at least after the first week of the journey.

One group of wagons after another began to leave the ferry front and pull out over the well-defined prairie road which led to Council Grove, a hundred and forty-five miles from the river. This point, so called because of a treaty once made there with the Osage Indians, marked the last of the good timber and the edge of the region of safety against the savages. The general rendezvous and the semimilitary organization of the train always took place at this stage.

Jed's Precaution

We must give Jed three weeks or more from old Franklin to Council Grove, via Independence. By this time mid-May is in evidence across the prairies, as we may still call these rolling stretches between Independence and Council Grove. The grass still grows tall in this part of the country and the flowers later are profuse. The cactus is not seen. The short bunch grass, or buffalo grass—species of the Spanish grama grass which in Texas is called mesquite grass—as well as the sagebrush and greasewood of the high arid country, lies as yet far beyond.

"I reckon, Colonel," said Jed to his employer when they met at the rendezvous in the edge of the long strip of timber, "ef you don't mind I'll cut me a log or two o' good hickory wood and swing 'em along under my wagon. If we broke a ex or busted a yoke a feller could manage to fix it up then. My pap told me there ain't no wood on out beyant, an' he said lay in some yere."

"That's right, son," said his employer, nodding; "that's a good idea." So while others were laughing and larking, Jed was busy with his ax.

When all the wagons were on hand that were to be expected for the train, the men met in a rude plebiscite to elect a captain of the march. That office was one of responsibility, but it carried small authority. Each man was apt to do pretty much as he pleased in any case, and of discipline there could be but little; yet, with the instincts of democracy strong as they were, all of these men felt the need of leadership and of a rough common submission to the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. Never was election any keener than this at Council Grove each spring, and never did politician seek empty honor more avidly than did the several candidates for the captaincy.

"There hain't but one man fitten to be captain," said Jed when they came to him for his vote. "That there is Colonel Stanley. He ain't got but five wagons, but he's a square man, an' he ain't a-skeered of nuthin'. I vote fur him."

Others in majority did also; and so, having chosen their leader and being now somewhat possessed of the fret of the trail, the remaining details of the rendezvous at Council Grove were brief. A couple of days and the train was made.

"Roll out! Roll out!" the call went over the scattered encampment on the following morning. Dew-wet blankets were cast aside and soon little mess fires were alight, with coffee—staple of the trail—abrew to the tune of sizzling bacon in the pan. Then the men, each with his ox yoke over his left shoulder, bows in his right hand and bow pins in his mouth, started off to get his cattle, some even before there came from the captain's fire the warning cry: "Catch up! Catch up!"

The men hurried with their gearing, each anxious to be the first. "All set!" It was the keen voice of Jed Bennett which first announced that he was ready to move on. He had his five yoke in as soon as most of them could handle four. But close to him rose other calls: "All set! All set!" The captain looked hither and yon to see if all were ready, then gave the last command: "Stretch out! Stretch out!"

Then came the free conversation of man to brute, the terrifying reports of the great whiplashes, the creaking of the wagon tongues and the rattle of chain ends and the tinkle of a tin pail here and there at the tail of some tall argosy of the plains as the fleet headed out for its journey across the prairie seas. Four hundred thousand square miles of unknown country lay ahead; but beyond that was certain rather easy money.

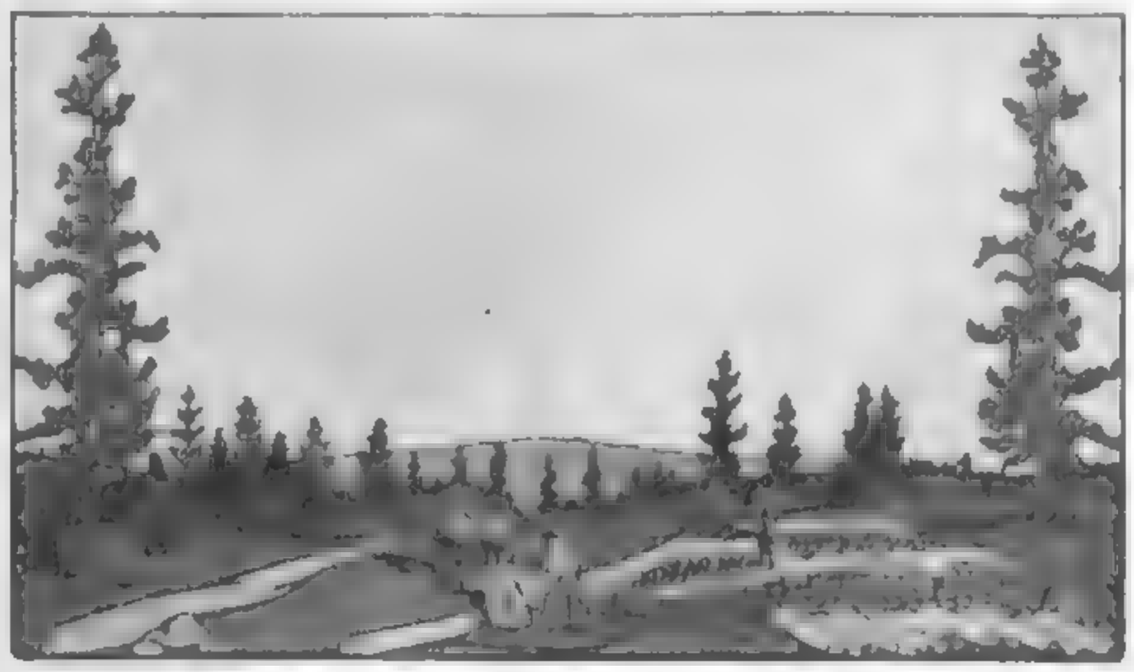
It is the last week in May, and in this part of the journey the spring rains may be looked for at any time, even at night when the heavy Osnaburg covering of the cargo wagons offers protection none too good. As for the road, however, it lies only as a series of scattered paths and not in a continuous and much trodden highway. The sod is the only macadam on the main-traveled road to Santa Fé. Our careless captains, each full of his own lust of adventure, might easily follow this plainly marked pathway were they quite alone, but each man now is cautioned to stick to the wagon train and not to straggle from the line of march. Indians may show at any time, and these tribesmen make a specialty of picking up men traveling alone or in small parties. It is the principle of safety in numbers which alone binds the caravan together.

In Hollow Square

Experience and reason would show that a long, strung-out, single file of wagons would be far more vulnerable to a swift attack than would a shorter and more compact column. The line of march now, therefore, is in four parallel columns or divisions, which advance together and come into camp at the same time. This formation readily adapts itself to defensive and protective tactics. In case of a sudden alarm—and always at night for defensive purposes—the wagons are parked in a great hollow square, which can be formed very quickly by trained wagoners. At the command the two outside lines of wagons spread and then wheel, to make the front half of a square. The two inner lines wheel right and left at the rear and complete the square. At the rear corner a gap is left. Into this traveling fortress all the animals are driven in case of any alarm. While they feed they are under guard—hobbled or picketed. After they have fed they always are driven in risky country into the interior of the corral, whence it is almost impossible for them to stampede. The propensity of oxen, mules or horses to take fright at any trivial cause and rush off in a body pell-mell was well understood by the marauding Indians, but equally well understood and carefully guarded against by these canny freighters.

Beyond Council Grove watches must be set for every night throughout the journey; and the duty of serving his turn as night guard is a religious one for every member of the train'party; one which cannot by any possibility be avoided except through absolute physical disability. No matter how cold or wet the night, the guard must stand until relieved. In so large a train as ours,

(Continued on Page 141)



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"Third—Look at the high bridges for plate support. They give plenty of room for sediment and reinforce the hard rubber jars.

"Next look at these rugged Plate Connectors. They insure maximum electrical conductivity and great strength.

"Fifth and mighty important, the Hard Rubber Jars and Covers undergo a test of 20,000 volts. Reinforced to stand the big strains.

"Here's an exclusive feature—Patented Post Construction—eliminates acid creepage and slopping, the chief causes of corrosion.

"Advantage No. 7 is a sealing compound which won't crack in cold weather or soften in summer and eighth is ease in inspecting and filling.

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The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

Look for the name Prest-O-Lite on Service Station Signs Everywhere

(Continued from Page 138)

with a personnel of perhaps two hundred men, there would be eight watches and each would stand guard for a fourth of each alternate night. Each watch has its own captain. It was Jed's good fortune to be chosen as captain of a watch on his first night out; for Stanley, captain of the train, had an eye out for level-headed and dependable men

Oftentimes during the day's march Stanley would drive alongside Jed Bennett's wagon and they two would hold conversation.

"Colonel," said Jed on one of these apparently chance visits, "I don't think we'd orto camp on the nigh side of ary crick, come nightfall. In the evenin' the stock is warm in the collar, an' 'll make the hill on the furder side. In the mornin', just startin' out, with everything cold an' sorry, hit's harder to take a hill."

"That's a good idea, Jed," said Colonel Stanley, once more. "We'll keep that in mind."

"But, Colonel," queried Jed, "when'll we get in among the buff'ler? Accordin' to what my pap told me, hit orto be before very long now."

All that Stanley could answer was "Quién sabe?"—the indefinite Spanish phrase even then well known in the West. The antelope still ranged as far east as Council Grove, but in 1831 the buffalo were not expected less than two hundred miles west of Independence; the species, once abundant eastward as far as the Appalachians, having by that time been driven so far westward.

It was along the tributaries of the Cottonwood that the caravan that year found their first buffalo. What that meant in the way of instantaneous excitement and hurly-burly may well be imagined. The herd, stampeding for some unknown reason, came close to the wagon train and became targets for every manner and sort of firearms. Jed Bennett, owning no more deadly weapon than his father's ancient squirrel rifle, none the less remembered his father's counsel to hold low down on a buffalo if one would hit the heart. Jed's wagon and Jed's watch had meat in camp that night. Proud as every man is over his first buffalo, Jed was modest and entirely silent as to his own skill—facts which did not escape the attention of the captain of the train. In no place is a man more keenly or more rapidly judged by his fellows than on the trail.

In the Valley of the Arkansas

From this time on the party might count with fair safety upon a continuous supply of fresh meat. Well fed and happy over the prospect, they pushed on over the rolling country, crossing many annoying and—of course—bridgeless little waterways, until at last upon a certain day a great shout went up along the line. They were two hundred and seventy miles westward on their way; and there before them lay the Valley of the Arkansas! Believe our accurate historian, it could not have been unpleasing to the eye:

"The landscape presented an imposing and picturesque appearance. Beneath a ledge of wavelike yellow sandy ridges and hillocks, spreading far beyond, descends the majestic river, averaging at least a quarter of a mile in width, bespeckled with verdant islets thickly set with cottonwood timber. The banks are very low and barren, with exception of an occasional growth of stunted trees hiding a swamp or hill, placed there as it were to protect it from the fire of the prairies, which in most parts keeps down every perennial growth. In many places, indeed, where there are no islands, the river is so entirely bare of trees that the unthinking traveler might approach almost to its very brink without suspecting its presence."

That this is a true description of the Valley of the Arkansas many a man who saw it even twenty or thirty years ago may attest. Yet Gregg counts that by this time they had left to the eastward the "truly rich and beautiful region of the border." It is all farm lands to-day; but in 1831 the train captains looked westward from this point expecting thenceforward sparser vegetation—few trees, short grass, the sage and cactus of the higher plains. By this time, be sure, Jed Bennett felt himself in a new world. He looked about him. There lay the Far West! He was years older than when he left home six weeks ago. He was a man!

Steadily upward ran the grade now and the cattle began to grow gaunter, some of them footsore even thus soon. They were in the Indian lands. Did space offer for such scenario, we might stage for this caravan of 1831 more than one determined attack of the Plains' tribes, who were repulsed by the steady line of the frontiersmen's rifles, if not by the use of their noisy little field piece. The savages feared the numbers and the teamwork of the men who had the caravan in charge. The system of the trail had been too well worked out to yield to their own haphazard methods. They killed none of the newcomers, got none of their mules or cattle; and the train pushed on steadily, always to the westward. By this time men and animals were well shaken down into their places, so that the train went on with machinelike regularity; the day's march, the forming of the park in the evening, the stretching out in four divisions in the morning, being executed with military precision. Jed Bennett, not yet twenty, in moccasins now, trudged along beside his oxen hour after hour—lean, brown and tireless. He was now a man of the New World he had coveted.

The Prairie Runners

It may or may not interest us to know, from the text of our historian, that our caravan held to the Arkansas Valley for little more than a hundred miles before undertaking what was known as the Cimarron Cut-Off, to avoid the greater bend of the path along the Arkansas. All the water casks were filled and food was laid in for a quick journey of two days or more. We have forded the risky Arkansas and countless other streams We are now four hundred and forty-five miles on our way and, as the date is June 14, we will have been some thirty days upon our journey.

It was on this dry march of the Cimarron that the caravan of 1831 had its greatest Indian scare. "The entire number of the Indians when collected together," says Gregg, "could not have been less than from two to three thousand."

But once more determination or bluff—or both—brought the travelers through. Gregg says that these Indians were Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, far to the southward of their normal hunting range. And it was only two days later, along the Cimarron, that they were attacked by yet another band—probably Comanches—a hundred or more in number; but once more the savages were stood off. Wherefore, on June 30, forty-five days out of Independence and five hundred and twenty-five miles on their way, the caravan paused at the Upper Spring of the Cimarron.

"We had now a plain and perfectly distinguishable track before us, and a party of avant-couriers—known in the technical parlance of the prairies as runners—soon began to make preparations for pushing forward in advance of the caravan into Santa Fé, though we were yet more than two hundred miles from that city. It is customary for these runners to take their departure from the caravans in the night in order to evade the vigilance of any enemy that might be lurking round the encampment. They are generally proprietors or agents; and their principal purpose is to procure and send back a supply of provisions, to secure storehouses, and—what is no less important—to obtain an agreeable understanding with the officers of the customhouse." Thus says the simple historian of the trail.

Now it was that Jed Bennett, on these high dry plains, found growing the tree of his success. Some men say that opportunity knocks but once; others say that it knocks alike to all. Certainly it knocked evenly for all of the great wagon trains of the Upper Springs; and practically all of the traders by this time knew that ere long the organization would be abandoned and that each man would be on his own; but while these were thinking, Jed was acting. He had met a party of Mexican hunters some distance from the trail.

"Colonel," said he, calling his employer aside, "I've been talkin' with some of these folks that lives out here an' knows the ways. I ain't afraid of no duties—my pap told me how to handle the men that run the derechos de arancel. I kin git through and not give up half our cargo nuther."

"What's on your mind, Jed?" asked his employer; and Jed told him what was on his mind.

"Leave me take three yoke of the light cattle out yore other teams," said he,

When Harrison was President they laid this

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WE'VE named it the "Liberty"—because it leaves the hands free—can be clipped over your belt, or slipped over a button. The ideal light for all out-door people. Get one NOW for your vacation. Two handsome styles, gun metal and full nickel. Fitted with a long-lived Eveready Tungsten battery, No. 703.

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Price $2.25 each, complete with battery and lamp

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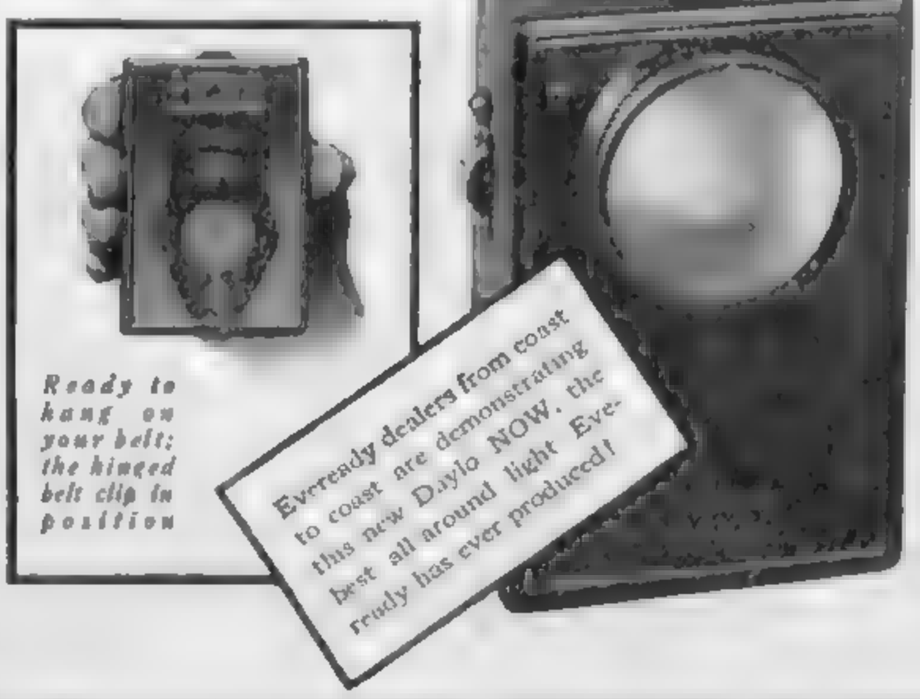

Ready to hang on your belt; the hinged belt clip in position
Eveready dealers from coast to coast are demonstrating this new Daylo NOW, the best all around light Eveready has ever produced!

614 A

"with my own team in the front, an' I'll take my wagon—hit's got the best of our goods in hit—an' I'll pull out to-night on ahead. I've had rawhide shoes on my stock for more'n a week, an' they kin travel. I don't want the heavy wheelers now 'cause I'm gwine to make a run fer it. Give me luck an' I'll beat these people by about a week, an' sell my goods at top price afore they see the aidge of Sant' Fee!"

Colonel Stanley looked at him quizzically for a moment or so. "All right, son; go ahead," was all he said.

At two o'clock the next morning, when Jed's watch was done, he did not roll into his blanket, but hooked up his four yoke of chosen cattle and, with his smuggled Mexican guide in the wagon asleep, pushed on out beneath the stars.

Jed Bennett's Motto

It was thus that, a week in advance of the remainder of the footsore train, Jed Bennett, after one long and eager look from the surrounding ridges at the adobe Spanish capital that lay below in the arms of the hills, headed on down to the Spanish settlement of Santa Fé. He knew a little Spanish by now; and what the Mexicans heard when they swarmed out into the street to meet the first cargo ship to cross the prairie seas that year was: "Gee! Whoa! Haw! Pronto! Pronto! What ails ye, ye damned pie-faced, wall-eyed souls of 'niquity? Pronto! Pronto!"

They knew a real cargador, a real Americano, had come!

As for the further advantages of listening to the first faint knock of Opportunity, Jed Bennett's motto still was "Pronto!" which is to say: Do it now. Before the sun had sunk for his second night in Santa Fé, his cargo had been sold out—top price, first come, first served—with a net profit of more than a dollar a yard on all his calico, and not so very much given up to the customs office!

Stanley, captain of the train, held it together for half a hundred miles farther before it broke into scattering units in the last run for Santa Fé. His span of mules brought him in his Dearborn carriage into Santa Fé, still ahead of the rest of the train. When he met Jed the latter had a sack of money over which he was standing guard, and a Mexican from Chihuahua had all the calico.

The Young Man's Plans

Jed Bennett and his boss smoked one night together near the edge of Santa Fé Plaza, beside the empty wagon where their blankets were thrown down. The high sweet air was like wine. The stars in the clear air above them were astonishingly brilliant.

Jed Bennett could have leaped and run for joy of life; but being a merchant and a made man now, he held himself with becoming propriety and smoked on like a man.

"What are you going to do, Jed?" asked his boss after a time. "Going to hang round and see the country for a time?"

"Not none," said Jed. "I'm startin' back home to-morrer. I'm comin' out next year with a train o' my own, an' I got to git back an' git ready."

"You've got it planned how you're going back?"

"Yes, sir. I'm goin' to turn in some o' my wages fer two of them light ox teams of your'n, Colonel, an' owe you fer the balance if there is any balance. O' course y' know oxens ain't wuth as much out here as they was back in the States."

In the starlight Jed did not see the smile of his employer, who listened as he went on:

"I'm goin' back purty light, but not plumb light. That ain't business, 'cause the oxens 'll walk about so fast anyways. I done bought me round eight hundred pound of this yere Mexican wool at nine cents a pound, but ain't very good wool, but hit's cheaper'n whut we kin raise hit back in Missouri."

"Anything else, Jed?" asked his employer.

"Well, I done bought me a red-an'-black blanket, a right fine one. An' I bought me a horsehair bridle. An' I bought me a right fine silver pin—the sort that womenfolks wears in their hair."

"Especially if it's rather dark hair, Jed?"

Jed nodded.

"Especially if it's right dark. My—my mother has right dark hair."

"Yes?" said Colonel Stanley. "Well, you haven't much of a load for the downhill pull, have you?"

"No, sir, but I ain't got no more capital that I kin spare. Now, if you had a little jag of stuff that I could throw in with mine, way I done with you comin' out, I'd make you the same rate that you done made me."

The Colonel's New Partner

Stanley broke out in laughter of sheer enjoyment and laid a hand on Jed's shoulder.

"No you don't, son!" said he. "Your coming in first wagon of the train made me enough extra money to take care of you and leave you a little to venture this year with me."

"How come that?" said Jed.

"I mean I'm going to make you my partner for the trip this year in a way that you'll say is fair. Next year we'll be partners together, half and half, I reckon; for it looks to me as though you could get credit at the River as well as I can. We'll trade under the name of Stanley, Bennett & Co., if that'll suit you."

"Suits me," said Jed succinctly.

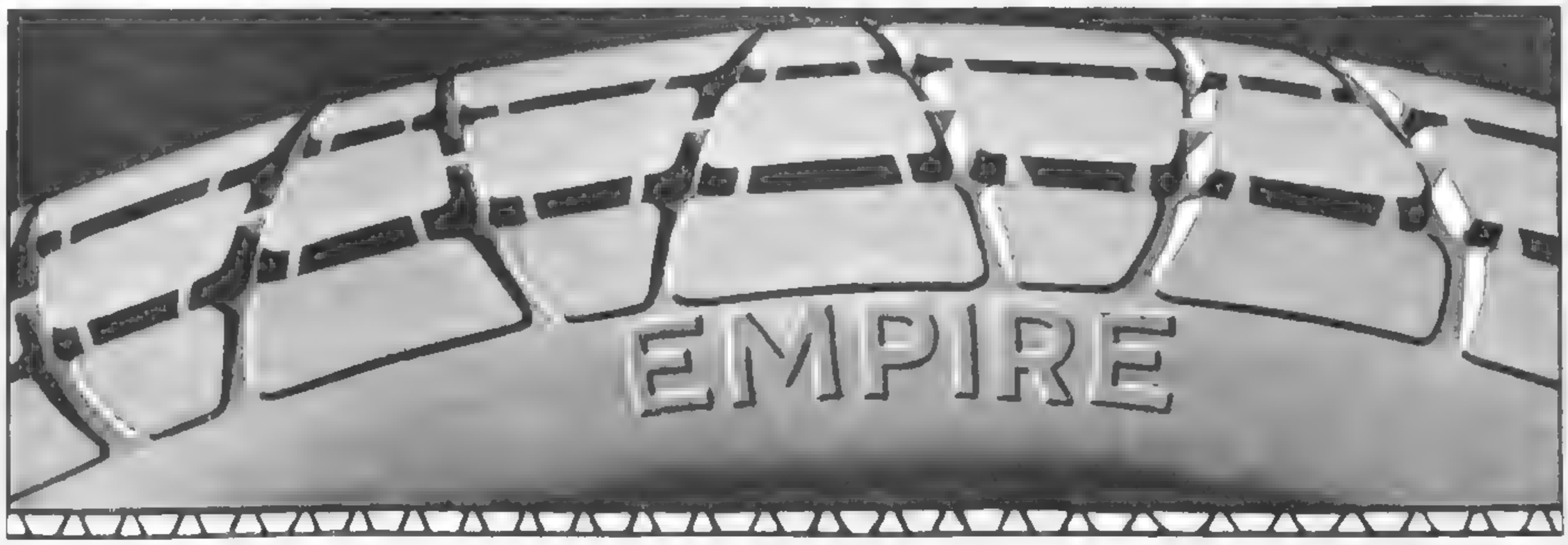
He went on smoking. The tobacco to him tasted astonishingly sweet. A certain star, some distance away, looked astonishingly close and bright.

"Well, good night, partner," said Stanley after a while, rolling in under the wagon.

"Good night, pardner," said Jed quietly, as he turned away.

He smoked for a time alone. No one saw him look down at a little object he held in the hollow of his hand—a little silver pin of the fine Spanish filigree which the traders even then knew so well. He was sure it would look well in Sally's hair.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Hough. The second will appear in an early issue



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Two of these features are exclusive. Four of them are used by other makers of good tires. But there is no manufacturer except Empire who combines *all* of these features in the same tire.

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Every lot of crude rubber that comes into the Empire factory is tested for tensile strength, because the best of rubber varies. Each lot is then graded according to tensile strength. In making the compound, batches of varying tensile strengths are combined to obtain an *average tensile strength*. Three more standardization tests are applied to the stock at three different stages of manufacture. This assures absolute uniformity for every tire.

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III—*Greater Air Capacity*

Empire Tires are made larger than the average, by inside measurement. This increases the air capacity. And it is air capacity that gives higher mileage as well as greater comfort in riding.

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Air curing is used on all Empire Tires except the smaller sizes, which can be cured to better advantage by the full mold process. Tests prove that large-size tires cured on air by the Empire method yield much greater mileage than tires of the same construction cured by other methods.

V—*Equal-Tension Fabric*

The patented Empire process for handling fabric under "equal tension" eliminates the unevenness and looseness which results in weak spots and blowouts. Fifty-three per cent of all blowouts are due to unequal tension in the fabric, which the Empire process eliminates.

VI—*Tapering Tread*

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But no amount of description of the distinctive features of Empire manufacture will mean as much to you as one good trial of an Empire on your own car. Make a test by putting an Empire on your "southeast" wheel, the hardest service you can give any tire. Then see if it does not justify the care with which it is manufactured, and the faith we have in it

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JUBILO

(Continued from Page 25)

poked a wire through it and cleaned it out. Then he lay on his back with gasoline dripping into his eyes and did his best to scrape off the dirt that had collected on the screen inside the sediment bulb. It was full dark by the time he was done, but he found the gasoline would flow through to the carburetor.

He connected up and tried the needle-valve trick, but it did not work. And Jubilo began to sweat. It is no easy trick to dismember a carburetor with no tools but a monkey wrench, in the dark. But it had to be done. He told Rose so.

"Will it take long?" she asked.

"An hour anyway," he admitted.

At first she was disturbed at that; then she laughed.

"Well, we might as well make the best of it," she said. "It's hard luck, isn't it? Is there anything I can do?"

He lighted one of the oil lamps, and unbolted it from its bracket, and asked her to hold it so that he could see. And then he went at the job—loosened the feed pipe and the air intake, and laboriously inched off the bolts that held the carburetor to the manifold.

The bolts were in unhandy places, where a special wrench was needed to reach them. Jubilo had only a monkey wrench and his fingers. He was a full half hour in accomplishing this much.

When he had the carburetor off and in his hands Rose said: "Now rest a while, and we'll eat something. I've got chocolate and cookies and some canned things."

Jubilo shook his head. "I'm hungry enough," he admitted, "but I want to get this done and get along. You go ahead."

"Can I set the lamp down?" she asked, and he told her to set it on the step of the car, while he labored with the big nut that holds the carburetor together.

So Rose rummaged among her purchases in the tonneau, and brought out bits of this and that, and laughingly fed Jubilo a bite at a time while he struggled with his task. The carburetor nut was stuck fast and he could get no purchase on it.

"I need a vise," he said good-humoredly. "You haven't got a vise about you, have you?"

She admitted her deficiency, and Jubilo went roving round the car, looking for some corner in which he could wedge the carburetor to get a purchase on it. He thrust it at last between the front axle and the spring, and tugged at his wrench, but the nut would not stir. He tugged again, and the carburetor slipped out of its cranny, and he barked his knuckles and fell over sidewise. He took hold of the right-hand front wheel in getting up again, laughing at his ill luck; and the tire gave under his hand. He looked at it and chuckled: "This is my night to howl. The tire's flat!"

Rose had finished eating; and she sat down now on the grass beside the road and said: "I don't care much. It's warm, and this is such a wonderful night. It's sort of fun being out this way."

Jubilo thought so too. Just the same, his job was to get her home as quickly as possible. That was what Jim Hardy would expect of him. He gave an extra hard tug at the nut on the carburetor, and it yielded a quarter inch. A minute later he had it off, and the carburetor came apart in his hands.

Then the oil lamp began to smoke and flicker and gutter, and went out. They were left in the darkness. Rose examined the lamp and found there was no oil in it. Jubilo told her to try the two others. They were as empty as the first, and when she reported this Jubilo swore at himself for failing to fill them when he overhauled the car. Then he went grimly at the task of cleaning out the carburetor in the dark, with an occasional flare of a lighted match to help at difficult moments. It is not easy to clean a carburetor by daylight. It is harder by matchlight.

It was after ten o'clock, by Jubilo's guess, when he got the carburetor together again somehow and back on the car.

"Now," he told Rose, "pray for us!" And he pulled the primer and cranked.

He cranked for fifteen minutes with a cheerful persistence that Rose marked without comment. The car did not so much as bark. Then Jubilo straightened his bent back and scratched his head.

"Well," he said, "there's still something in there. I've got to take it off again."

"Do that all over again?" Rose demanded sympathetically.

"Yes."

"You're not going to do it!"

Jubilo laughed. "What would you suggest?"

"It must be after ten now," she said. "It will be daylight by four o'clock, and you can see what you're doing. We'll just wait till then."

Jubilo shook his head. "No; I'll get it fixed this time."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind," she told him with friendly insistence. "You've worked hard enough."

"I'll tell you," Jubilo decided: "I'll roll the car off the road so nobody will come along and run into it. Then you can get in the back seat and take a nap, and I'll have another try at it."

She agreed to that in the end; and Jubilo inched the car off the beaten track to a level patch of solid turf. And in spite of Rose's protests he tackled that carburetor again. He had the knack of it now. He dismantled it, swabbed it out, put it together again and restored it to its place in not much more than an hour. But when he cranked, the car still refused to start.

Jubilo gave up then.

"I can't fix it till daylight," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I told you you couldn't a long while ago," Rose reminded him drowsily. "And you make so much noise I can't possibly sleep at all."

"I can fix that tire anyway," Jubilo decided. "I'll try to be quiet. You go to sleep."

"You're the most industrious man," she told him.

"I invented work," he agreed.

He got the tube out without difficulty; but then his troubles began. It is no small task to find an inconspicuous puncture in daylight; it is like hunting a needle in a haystack to find one at night. And—his matches were all used up. Along toward midnight Jubilo hung the tire on the steering wheel and told Rose he was going to start on foot for the farm, and come back on the horse in the morning.

"I'll fix it then or tow the thing home," he said.

But Rose said flatly: "I'm not a silly little coward, but you're not going to leave me alone here all night, when there's no telling who might come along the road."

"I can be back by daylight," he urged.

She shook her head. "No," she said. And she was suddenly wide awake, and she jumped out of the car. "Come," she told him. "Take dad's coat, that he wore on the way in, and the robe in the back seat, and let's go up on the knoll there. The smell of this gasoline is making my head ache."

Jubilo surrendered. He was glad to. He was tired and dirty and worried and ashamed of his own incompetence. With the coat and the heavy robe over his arm he went beside her up the little slope above the road. There was a faint glow about them from the thin new moon; and many

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little creatures sang in whispers in the grass at their feet. In a thicket in the hollow they could hear disturbed birds complaining on their perches in the bushes there; and once something ran across in front of them, a dozen yards ahead, unhurried and unalarmed. The mystery of sleeping earth was all about, bewitching them. They were silent; and they came to the crest of the knoll, where they could look abroad across the dim prairie, and Jubilo laid the robe and the coat for Rose to sit upon, and made her draw them round her, and she lay down with her head pillowed on her arm, while Jubilo sat near.

She spoke to him sleepily once or twice. He asked if she was all right, and she said: "Of course. I've slept out often."

A little later she proved it by going sound asleep, and he knew she was asleep by her faint even breathing. A sense of solitude settled down upon him. He seemed to be alone on an unpeopled world—a world which he must shape to his own ends; and he dreamed, as men will, of the great things he would one day do. After a while he lay down on his back and looked up into the deeps of the sky as a mystic peers into the depths of a crystal; and he saw many wonderful things. The earth was warm and soft beneath him, and the thick grasses all about seemed to bend to shelter him from the busy wind that droned sleepily across the world. As a violin string hums to the stroke of the bow, so the fat world seemed to hum beneath the wind's slow stroke. It lulled him. He drifted slowly into a half slumber.

He did not know how long he lay there half asleep. But abruptly he found himself sitting bolt upright, eyes staring into the night. And he could still hear the noise that had roused him—the noise of a horse splashing through the water down at the river. A horse. That meant in all certainty a rider. What business had a rider abroad here, after midnight, miles from any house and miles from town?

Jubilo was wide awake now, and he was intensely alert. If he had been alone he would have stayed where he was, incurious, content to be undisturbed. But Rose was a charge upon him; he had an instinct to protect her. And—this rider in the night might be a menace.

Rose was still sleeping. Jubilo got up and went quietly down toward the road and across the road and down to the river. He stopped there to listen; and after a while he heard hoof beats moving slowly. They sounded below him, toward the railroad bridge. He remembered this spot now; he was within a few yards of the place where he had slept that night before the robbery of the train. He wondered at once whether this horseman in the night had anything to do with that matter.

And wondering he went quietly downstream, keeping in the shadows of the trees that fringed the water. When he had covered perhaps half a mile he saw a light ahead of him. It was well ahead, but he moved more carefully. Within a hundred yards of it he saw that it was a lantern set on the ground; and he caught a glimpse of men about it.

He went to hands and knees, and crawled, covering the ground with infinite patience. He was not afraid of being heard by the men; but the horses might wind him. However, the wind was from them to him, and the chances were on his side. He moved nearer.

After a time, lying quite still under a low-growing bush, he was able to see the details of the scene before him. There were four men there and two horses. The men were talking together, and something was passing from hand to hand, and one man was busy with a packet of stuff, which he divided into portions. Jubilo had imagination enough to fill out the details and supplement that which he could see. These were the robbers—or some of them, for there had been six in the affair—and they were dividing their loot. That was his conclusion.

He wondered if Hardy had left the train and joined these men here; but after a scrutiny of each dim figure he was satisfied Hardy was not among them. The sheriff had said one of the gang was in jail. There were four here. There had been six. Hardy might be the other. Jubilo did not care whether Hardy was a train robber or not. In any case he was a man.

He lay still and listened with all his ears. And after a time he heard a voice that seemed to him familiar. He could not place it at first; the familiarity was a matter of tones half caught. The voice was muffled. Yet—Jubilo could swear he had heard it before.

He was still puzzling over this when the four men stood up and began to move here and there, and he saw them stuffing their shares of the booty into their pockets. They were preparing to separate, and to depart. Jubilo wanted to crawl nearer and see who they were, but thought of Rose made him cautious. That familiar voice still baffled him.

Then abruptly he recognized it. As the men prepared to leave, two of them mounted their horses and the other two moved down to the water. Jubilo understood they had a boat there. One of the mounted men turned toward the river; the other waited. The man who had turned his horse toward the water called something, some question; and when the waiting man answered Jubilo recognized the voice.

It was the voice of Bert Rooker, who had run through the train warning the passengers to hide their valuables—while members of the gang watched to discover these suddenly chosen hiding places. Rooker! So he was one of them. Jubilo had half suspected as much in town that day. He had been ready to believe any ill of Rooker. The man had evil written in his face.

The two men in the boat departed, with a creaking of oarlocks, downstream. Rooker sat on his horse; the other mounted man forded the river and was gone at a gallop, northward along the other bank. Then Rooker too departed. He went at a tangent toward the road that led to Muskoka.

When they were all gone Jubilo lay very still under his bush; and he was thinking, and thinking hard. Not so much because Rooker had been one of these men as because of what Rooker had said.

For Rooker in response to that low question from the other horseman had called in that blatant, dissonant voice of his: "No. I've just been hanging round Muskoka, waiting for this business to-night. I'll be getting out right away now, up to Hardy's."

Rooker was coming to Hardy's. That was what set Jubilo thinking. And after five minutes, when the sound of the departing men had died, he got up and went swiftly back to where he had left the car, and he set stubbornly to work in the darkness to get it in order again.

If Rooker was coming to Hardy's it was time he and Rose were getting back there.

VIII

ROSE slept till the sun was ten minutes high; and when she woke and sat up she saw Jubilo below her tinkering with the car, and she hallooed a greeting to him.

He waved his hand to her. "Got it now," he told her. "We'll be moving in no time."

She got up and gathered up the robe and the coat and came down toward him.

"I believe you've been working all night," she told him accusingly. "I don't believe you slept at all."

Jubilo lied like a gentleman. "I slept like a top till an hour ago," he said. "And things have gone smooth as a whistle since then. I located the trouble. Some of that stuff lodged inside the carburetor where I couldn't see it in the dark."

He was working on the tire, and she looked at the carburetor in its place beside the engine and asked: "Is it all fixed?"

"I haven't cranked it yet. Didn't want to wake you," Jubilo said. "But I'm willing to make a bet it starts at the first turn."

She did not offer to accept his wager. She was watching him as he sweated the shoe into place upon the wheel. After a little he got up and fitted the pump to the valve and began to pump; and presently the tire was filled and the jack was removed, and jack and pump and other tools were stowed away.

"Now!" he said triumphantly, and adjusted the levers and stepped to the crank.

"Watch her!" he told Rose.

She was still watching him; she said quietly: "Jubilo!"

He looked at her, surprised at her tone. Her eyes were happy.

She said softly:

"I just want you to know: Dad and I weren't very sure of you—when you first came to us. But I think we are both sure of you now."

Jubilo flushed like a boy; then he laughed.

"I was dead sure of myself when I came," he told her. "But—I'm beginning to have doubts now."

(Continued on Page 149)

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78

(Continued from Page 146)

She held out her hand to him: he looked at his grimy ones and shook his head. But she laughed.

"What do I care for a little dirt?" she said. "Shake hands with me, Jubilo. You're a good man."

He took her hand at that. They stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes. And in that moment the little winged god breathed on them, and fanned the tiny spark within each one of them into a glowing coal. Jubilo felt his heart pounding in his throat. He released her hand quickly. He had to. And he turned to the engine with an energy that must have shocked the sensibilities of the car. He gripped the crank and tugged at it.

The car heaved and rolled forward a foot or two under the vigor of his effort; and he laughed ruefully.

"Shucks! I've left it in gear," he said, and went round to the side and pulled the emergency brake back into position, then returned to the crank.

The car fulfilled his promise. It started with a roar. And he jumped into the seat and shouted to her above the din: "Hop in, quick, before it changes its mind."

She climbed in beside him, her shoulder brushing his. And they backed out of the grass to the road again, and started with a lurching leap on their homeward way.

The creatures in the stable were glad to see them when they reached the farm. The horse whinnied to them, the mules kicked at them, and the cows lowed uneasily. Their first task was to tend these dumb things and to feed the chickens. Then Rose got breakfast and she and Jubilo had a gay meal together, laughing at nothing and chattering like children. Afterward there was work to be done, and Jubilo went out and set about it, while Rose was busy indoors.

Jubilo had never been so happy and so content with the world as he was that day. He forgot to be concerned over Rooker; he forgot that Rooker was coming. He forgot everything except his new-found joy in work well done. Once or twice from the fields where he was working he saw Rose appear outside the house, moving swiftly about some task; and each time she looked toward him and waved her hand to him. By and by he began to pretend to himself that this was his place, that there was no Hardy, that Rose was —— He would not put that in words, even in his thoughts. But he knew. There was no escaping it. He knew.

He thought in a sickening wave of shame and regret that he could never tell her this dream of his. And even while he decided he could never tell her he was amending the decision. "Not yet, at least," he told himself. And by that amendment he was immensely cheered. Some day, perhaps, the time would come; when he should have earned the right. But that right would take some earning.

When she blew the horn for dinner he tramped back to the house and made himself clean at the pump, and went indoors. Dinner was as breakfast had been, and afterward Jubilo went back to the fields again. He thought much of Rooker during the afternoon, and watched for his coming. But there was no sign of the man.

When the sun dropped toward the horizon and the dim glory of evening began to creep across the land Jubilo went back to the house. He got the beasts from the pasture and made them comfortable, and milked the cows. It was dusk when he and Rose sat down to supper. Afterward, instead of going to the porch to smoke as he and Hardy were accustomed to do, Jubilo said he was going to help Rose with the dishes.

At first she would not hear of it.

"You're clumsy," she protested laughingly. "You're so awfully clumsy. You'd break every dish in the house."

"I've milked two cows twice a day for almost three weeks without breaking off a single horn," he argued.

"You may wipe them," she surrendered at last; and then impishly: "but you'll have to put an apron on."

"Surely," Jubilo agreed. He was not to be daunted by an apron; and he turned to the door behind which they were hung. But she was before him there.

"Men can't tie aprons in the back," she said. "Let me." And she held it while he thrust his arms through their appointed openings, then slipped round to knot the strings behind at the waist. They would not reach round him, so she tied them to his belt, while Jubilo stood, trembling like a colt in its first harness. "There!" she said at last, and whirled him to face her, and laughed at him.

He grinned sheepishly. "The darned thing don't fit," he protested.

"Aprons aren't meant to fit," she told him. "You wanted to help. Now do it."

While he watched, her round arms dipped into the pan and swished the soap round till the hot water foamed into suds; then she slipped the dishes in, and with quick, deft movements cleaned them and began to stack them in the rack beside her. He took a dishcloth and reached for a plate, but she stopped him.

"Wait, I have to scald them first," she said, and brought the kettle from the stove and poured the boiling water over plates and cups and saucers. Jubilo reached incautiously for a cup, and thrust his thumb into the water that had lodged within it, and howled with mock anguish and jabbed the stricken member into his mouth.

She laughed unsympathetically; and he protested: "Don't laugh. That water's hot."

"It's meant to be," she said. "But you're not supposed to put your fingers into it. Empty the water out of the cups when you pick them up. So."

She showed him how, and he imitated her, grimacing as he did so, for even the china was hot to his unaccustomed touch. Nevertheless, he kept at it, and there were not many dishes to be done. They talked as they worked, and they laughed together, and neither was thinking of anything else in the world, so neither of them heard a horse approaching on the road from Muskoka, and neither of them heard the creature come at a walk up from the road to the house.

Bert Rooker swung off the beast at the porch. He could hear them laughing and talking. He stood listening alertly for a moment; and he peered into the front room of the house to see if Hardy was there. When he saw that the room was empty he went in and across toward the open kitchen door.

The sink, where Jubilo and Rose were working, was set against the wall of the kitchen, opposite the door, so that their backs were turned toward him. He stood there for a time watching them, and grinning unpleasantly at their gayety. It was obvious that the man took a malicious satisfaction in the situation. He was anticipating the girl's surprise when he should speak. Yet he delayed speaking, wondering where Hardy was and why he did not appear.

As it happened Rose was the first to see him. With the last dish washed she turned to the stove for more scalding water; and when she turned she saw Rooker in the doorway.

She stopped dead still, staring at him with wide eyes; and Jubilo without understanding saw that she had stopped, and said quickly: "Hurry, there! I've got all the scalded ones wiped. Don't keep a man waiting."

Then he saw that she was frightened and he turned and discovered Rooker in the doorway.

Rooker grinned at them. Jubilo was as surprised as Rose. Rooker asked mockingly: "Who's your friend, Rosie?"

Jubilo looked at Rose, and by her white face and by the pulse that beat so madly in her throat he saw that this was the man whose coming she and her father had dreaded for so long.

IX

JUBILO had disliked Rooker before: he hated him now. He had mistrusted the man before he knew him; he saw the intruder in this moment through Rose's eyes, and Rooker suffered under scrutiny from this new viewpoint. Rose seemed unable to speak; she was staring at Rooker, and there was concern, something like fright, as well as hostility and disgust in her eyes. Rooker watched her, grinning at her; and he looked toward Jubilo.

"What have you done to her?" he asked Jubilo. "Or has the cat got her tongue?"

Rose said softly: "It's you, Bert?"

"Sure it's me," he told her. "You know me, don't you?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I know you."

"I wouldn't hardly have known you," he said. "That's straight too. You were just a kid last time I saw you. Far as that goes, you're some kid now, Rose. I'll hand it to you."

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GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

Jubilo said nothing. If Rose wished him to take a hand she would give a sign. He was afraid of precipitating some unguessed catastrophe if he followed his instincts, so he kept still and watched and waited.

"You've not changed, Bert," said Rose gently. Jubilo saw that she was no longer afraid.

"Why should I?" Rooker jeered. "Ain't I been living a nice, quiet, retired life?" His face twisted angrily. "Where Hardy put me. Where is he, Rose?"

"What do you want of him, Bert?"

"What do I want of him?" He chuckled grimly. "Well, now, I wonder. Didn't he know I was coming? Didn't I tell him I'd look him up?"

"We expected you three weeks ago," she said. "When you did not come ——"

"You decided I wasn't coming, eh? No such luck, Rosie. I keep my word. I said I'd come, and I'm here. Little matter of business delayed me. That's all."

"Business?" she echoed.

"Sure. I've got business. I've got business with Hardy too. Where is the old rooster, Rose?"

"He's away," she said.

"Away?" He looked from her to Jubilo, and wagged a finger at her. "And left you with this young fellow round? Or didn't he know about this guy? Naughty, naughty, Rose!"

Jubilo moved a step toward the door. He was surprised at his own self-control. He said quietly to Rooker: "Careful, please."

Rooker studied him for a moment, scowling; then he laughed.

"Say, when you've known little Rosie as long as I have you'll know she don't mind my kidding her," he told Jubilo. "Do you, Rose? Call off this guy. I don't want him to mess up the floor with me."

Jubilo looked toward Rose, and she smiled at him faintly, and he understood that she wished him to hold his hand. She asked Rooker: "Where did you come from?"

"Muskoka."

"How?"

"Hired a horse. Horse is guaranteed to go home alone, and I turned him loose. He's on his way back now. You've got to put me up, Rose."

"Then you haven't had supper?" she said.

"No."

"I can get you something."

"Go as far as you like, Rosie."

She turned toward the kitchen cabinet, and Rooker came into the kitchen from his stand in the doorway, and sat down, tilting his chair back against the wall as Hardy was accustomed to do. Jubilo rolled a cigarette and lighted it, leaning against the sink while Rose fried eggs and bacon for Rooker.

Jubilo was thinking. Rooker was one of the gang of train robbers. He knew that. He had come seeking Hardy. Hardy had feared his coming. Did that mean Hardy was also in the gang; was there some quarrel among the gangsters? Jubilo thought it not unlikely. He could not make up his mind.

It was almost as though Rooker had read his thoughts; for he called across the kitchen: "I say, young fellow, the sheriff hasn't took Hardy in, has he?"

Jubilo said "No."

"I heard he was planning to," said Rooker. "I heard Hardy was one of them that went through the train here, two-three weeks back." Rose looked toward him and he asked her: "Ain't you ashamed of your dad, Rose?"

"He had nothing to do with it. You know that, Bert."

"We-ell, they say the boss of the gang rid Hardy's horse. I don't know, myself. But I was on the train, and I saw a bay with a white rump that they said was Hardy's."

Rose seemed about to speak; then she put a seal on her lips and went on with her work over the stove.

Rooker asked Jubilo: "Seen any train robbers round here?"

"One," said Jubilo; and for a moment Rooker seemed startled. Then he laughed aloud; for Rose had whirled on Jubilo with an amazed inquiry in her eyes.

Rooker said: "You're in Dutch now, boy. She didn't know her dad was in it."

"He wasn't," said Jubilo. Not that he knew or cared. Train robber or not, he was Hardy's man, and loyal.

"Oh, it wan't him?" Rooker mocked in an affected drawl. "Then who could it have been, I wonder? Dear, dear!"

Jubilo saw that Rose was still looking at him; and he was not at all ready to precipitate trouble with Rooker. So: "He rode past on a horse, when I was coming up the river road, day of the holdup. I guess it was one of them."

Rose looked her relief; Rooker looked his incredulity. He watched Jubilo more closely.

"What did you say your name was, friend?" he asked.

"I didn't say," said Jubilo.

Rooker chuckled. "What is the proud gentleman's name, Rosie?"

"Ask him," she bade him; and Rooker did.

"I'll bite," he said. "What is your name, Mister Man?"

"Jubilo," said Jubilo; "Y. O. Jubilo."

And he and Rose looked at each other and laughed, and Rooker scowled at them. Then Rose bade him draw up his chair to the table, and he began to eat, and forgot his scowl.

It was hot in the kitchen; and eating made Rooker hotter. He took off his coat and hung it on the chair in which he was sitting. Something hard and heavy in one pocket knocked against the chair, and Jubilo guessed it was a gun. He looked at Rose, and saw that she had heard and understood. She went through the living room into her room, and came back after a minute. He knew she could shoot, he had seen her use a pistol, and he knew she had one of her own—a tiny but vicious automatic. He guessed she had gone to get it. Hardy's own belt and holster and gun hung on the hook behind where Jubilo was sitting, and he was half minded to get up and get them, but decided not to do so. He had no great fear of Rooker.

Rose asked: "Is that all you will want, Bert?"

"This is a feast," he said. "You're a good cook, Rosie."

"Then I'm going out on the porch," she said. "It's hot in here."

"Don't make a fellow eat alone," he protested.

"We've had supper," she said, and went through the living room toward the porch. Jubilo followed her. Rooker looked after them suspiciously, and he seemed half minded to balk, but he was hungry and the viands before him were tempting. He laughed and let them go.

On the porch Rose sat down and Jubilo sat at her side. She did not speak for a moment; and he asked under his breath: "Who is he?"

She hesitated. "It's a long story. I'll tell you some day."

"What shall I do?"

"You sleep in the house, in dad's room, to-night," she said. "Make him sleep in the barn."

"I'll stay down there with him," Jubilo offered.

"No; I want you within call."

He nodded. "All right. Or I'll chase him if you say so."

"No. Wait till dad comes."

They had time for no more. Rooker came out, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "You'll have to put me up to-night, Rosie," he said.

"You can sleep in the barn," she said.

Rooker laughed. "Fat chance! I'm no barn owl. I want a bed."

"There is none."

"How about Hardy's?"

Jubilo said: "I'm using that. You'll sleep in the barn."

Rooker looked angry; then he laughed. "I'll say this is some warm welcome, Rosie."

"It's the best we can do, Bert."

"I'll toss you for that bed, friend," Rooker offered. Jubilo shook his head.

"No," he said.

Rose got up and went to clear away Rooker's dishes. Rooker hesitated, seemed of two minds whether to follow her or not. Then he sat down beside Jubilo and rolled a cigarette, and borrowed a match and lighted it. Jubilo said nothing.

After a little Rooker said curiously: "I don't quite get you in this. Where do you fit?"

"I'm Hardy's hired man," said Jubilo; "in charge here while he's gone."

"When's he coming back, anyway?"

"Soon."

"That's good. I want to see him. You're the hired man, eh? Where's your regular bunk?"

"In the barn."

"But you're sleeping in the house to-night?" (Continued on Page 153)

"Horse Sense"

Saving time and money and hauling with a Traffic Truck, are synonymous.

Recently, as an experiment, the Post Office Department made two shipments of 18,000 eggs and 1000 chicks from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to New York City, a distance of 180 miles. Both consignments were shipped on the same day to the same consignee, one by motor truck and the other by train.

The motor truck delivered its load at the consignee's door 12 hours after it left Lancaster; only 9 eggs broken and 4 chicks dead. Five days later the train shipment reached the consignee with 500 chicks dead and thousands of the eggs smashed! The Traffic Truck makes a 180-mile trip with a 4000-lb. load for $4.50 worth of gasoline.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating"

Read what the Coca-Cola Company of Denver, Colorado, has to say about Traffic Trucks:

"Fred Kentz Motor Company, Dist. Traffic Trucks, 749 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

"Dear Sir:

"We are pleased to state that while making the test demonstration trip over the Lookout Mountain Drive, with a load of our beverages, which weighed 4000 lbs., our truck foreman rode on the truck and kept an accurate account of the consumption of fuel and the general performance of the truck on the entire trip, which far exceeded our expectations.

"Your truck consumed approximately three and one-half gallons of gasoline, and less than one-half pint of oil.

"The entire trip was made up the mountain in the intermediate gear, seemingly without any overstrain whatever.

"You may be advised that the performance of your truck was very satisfactory to us.

"We are yours truly,

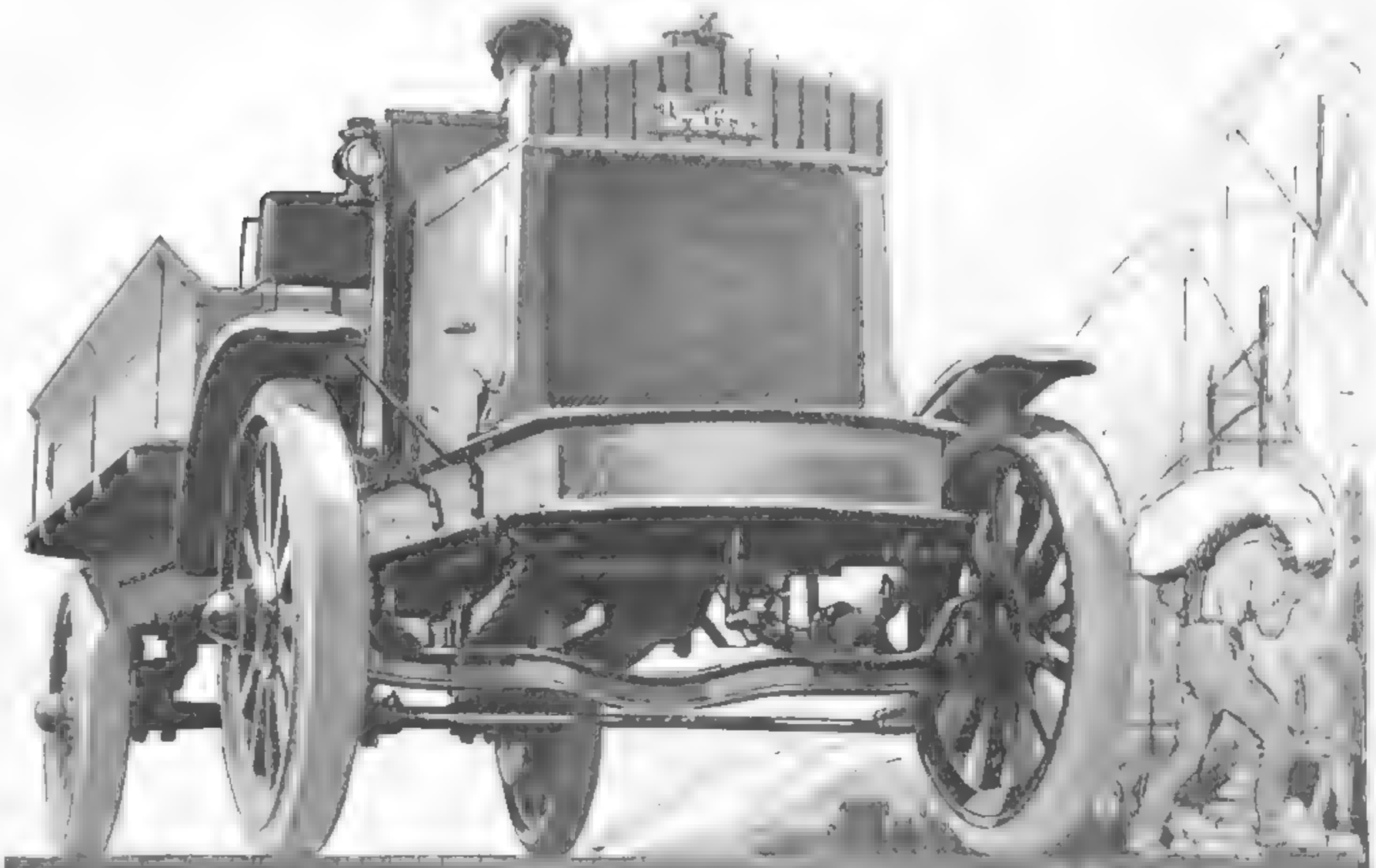
"The Coca-Cola Bottling Co.,

"(Signed) E. F. Brantferger, Mgr."

The entire run on this demonstration trip was 42 miles. A rise of 1924 ft. was made over Lookout Mountain in 5 miles. An average of 12 miles to the gallon of gasoline was maintained on this test.

During a motor truck dealers' convention held in St. Louis, on the 9th and 10th of May, the Traffic Motor Truck Corporation closed contracts for over two million dollars ($2,000,000) for Traffic Trucks with dealers from all parts of the country.

It has been pointed out that the railroads are facing a deficit this year of $700,000,000, and that freight rates will surely be higher. In this connection it will be interesting to know that a freight car travels on an average of only six miles a day. The Traffic Truck will haul a 4000-lb. load six miles in less than 30 minutes without consuming 15 cents' worth of gasoline.



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The Billings & Spencer Co
Hartford

First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

(Continued from Page 150)

"Yes."

"Giving up your comfortable hay to me?"

"Yes."

"That's handsome."

Jubilo made no comment. Rooker studied him sidewise, as though wondering whether he could force his own way and sleep in the house. He decided against it, laughed.

"All right," he said. "I love the cows and chickens, but oh, you hay!"

"I'll take you down there whenever you say," Jubilo offered.

Rooker laughed.

"I'm in no hurry," he said. "I want to talk to Rosie for a spell. You might take a walk."

"I might, but will I?" Jubilo said good-naturedly.

And Rooker said: "Don't be a dog in the manger."

"I intend to be just that."

Rose came to the front door presently. "I'm tired," she said. "I'm going to bed."

Jubilo got up quickly. He caught the reassurance in her eyes.

"Good night," he said.

And Rooker protested: "Don't spoil the evening, Rosie. Stick round."

She shook her head. "Good night, Bert. Good night, Jubilo," she said; and turned indoors.

Rooker and Jubilo sat for half an hour longer on the porch. They talked idly, guardedly.

At length Jubilo said: "You don't need to turn in yet, but I'll take you down to the stable and show you your way. Then I'm going to bed. We get up early here, you know."

"All right," Rooker agreed. "Whatever you say, friend."

Jubilo left Rooker at the stable. "Don't set the place on fire," he warned the other.

"What if I do?" Rooker asked cheerfully; and Jubilo looked him in the eye.

"Don't you!" he warned again.

Rooker tried to meet his eye, but he failed. His own fell.

"Hell," he growled, "I'm no damned fool. Run along."

Jubilo went back to the house. The lamp was burning in the living room. He stood for a moment looking at Rose's closed door.

She called softly from within: "Is that you, Jubilo?"

He went to the door and answered: "Yes. Are you all right?"

"All right," she assured him. "Good night, Jubilo."

His room—Hardy's room—was next to hers, opening as hers did off the living room. Jubilo went in; then he remembered something, and left the lamp in his room and went through the darkened house to the kitchen and got Hardy's gun.

He did not mean to sleep that night; he meant to sit, wakeful and ready, in the darkened room.

But he had not slept at all the night before, and after a while he dozed in his chair. And in the chair presently he fell fast asleep.

The gun slipped from his hand to the floor; but even its thud did not wake him. He was drowned fathoms deep in slumber.

■

JUBILO was prepared for trouble that night, but none came. He was prepared for trouble next morning, but Rooker seemed bent on making himself agreeable. When Jubilo woke, Rose was already in the kitchen at her work. Jubilo, tired out, had overslept. He found that sometime during the night his body had grown weary of the discomfort of the chair and had moved to the bed. It was on the bed that he woke. He got up guiltily and went out into the kitchen and met Rooker there, just coming from the stable. Rooker said "Good morning, folks," and Rose greeted him and Jubilo impartially.

Jubilo started for the stable to feed the stock. Rooker said: "I took care of 'em. I used to work on a farm. Rosie knows that."

Jubilo asked: "Feed and water?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll milk before breakfast."

"That's right," Rooker agreed. "I'll take one cow and you take the other. You take the muley one. I don't like her looks."

"Can you milk?" Jubilo asked. In the light of his own recent ignorance on this subject he was inclined to respect Rooker's proficiency.

"I've milked cows before you ever saw one," Rooker told him boastfully. "Where's your pails?"

Rose had them, washed clean and bright. As Jubilo went to get them from her he asked under his breath: "All right?"

She nodded; but he saw that she had not slept well, and that she was worried. He hated Rooker for worrying Rose; but he and Rooker went down to the stable together in apparent amity, and Jubilo found Rooker could milk a cow with an expertness that he himself had to envy.

When they came back to the house breakfast was ready. Rooker talked a good deal while he ate; but Jubilo and Rose were silent and uneasy. Afterward Rooker surprised Jubilo again by offering to help with what work there was to be done, and he and Jubilo went off to the fields together.

Jubilo and Rose had taken Hardy to town on Monday; they were that night in the open, laboring with the cantankerous automobile. They got back to the farm early Tuesday, and Tuesday evening Rooker came. Hardy had left word that they might expect him in Muskoka Friday. Thus there were two days intervening between Rooker's coming and Hardy's return. For these two days Rooker and Jubilo and Rose were alone upon the farm.

Wednesday Rooker and Jubilo were in the fields all day. Jubilo found Rooker a spasmodic worker who took long and frequent spells of rest. Nevertheless, the man was persistently good-natured, and Jubilo was puzzled by this, and could not understand it.

Thursday it rained and they all stayed in the house. That day Rooker worried Jubilo by sticking closer than a brother to Rose. Rose did not like it; she was uneasy, but there was nothing she could do.

Rooker told her admiringly that she had grown up to be a woman worth looking at.

"You were a skinny, gawky kid when I saw you the last time," he said. "But you're not skinny now. You're just right, Rosie."

Rose laughed uneasily and said a girl was bound to grow up some in five or six years' time.

"I was only a little over fifteen then, you know."

"That makes you twenty now," Rooker said cheerfully. "You look older than that, and yet you look like a kid, too, Rosie."

She said: "Let's not talk about me."

He laughed and said: "Oh, I like to talk about you. I always was strong for you, even when you were a kid. Remember?"

She told him a little wistfully: "I used to think you were pretty fine, Bert—when I was little."

He turned sulky at that. "You talk as though you'd changed your mind."

"Haven't I had to?"

"I played in tough luck. That was all. And your dad slammed it into me."

"You know that isn't so, Bert," she protested. "Dad did everything he could for you."

Rooker said in good-natured mockery, "I'm glad he didn't do more of the same, then."

"You have no right to blame him," she urged. And for a moment the man's face blackened.

"Rosie," he said steadily, "I told your old man where he headed in, five years ago. I guess he hasn't forgotten. And if he has I've come back to remind him."

Jubilo was there; he had listened silently. But he took a hand now.

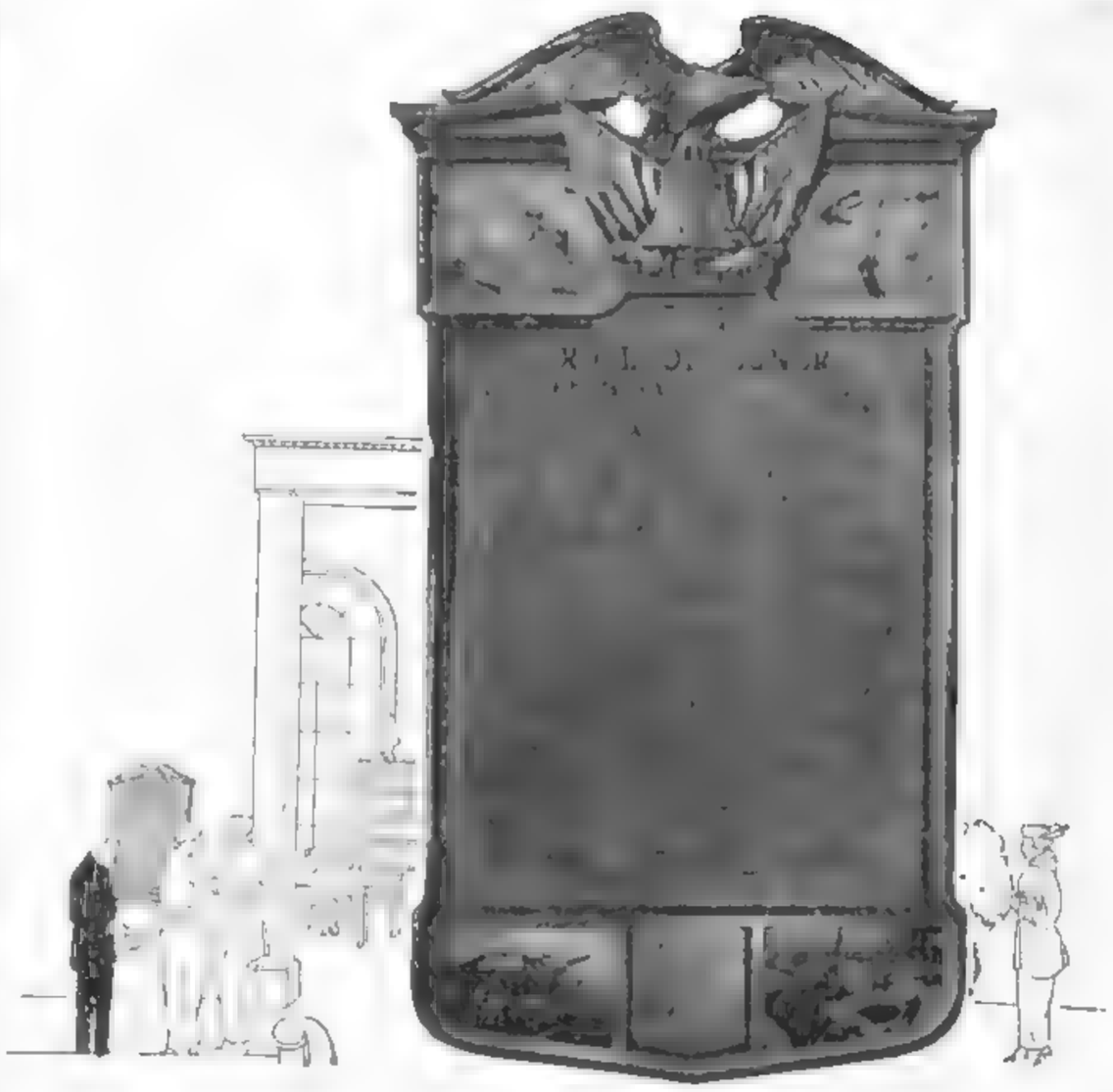
"Drop that, Rooker," he suggested. "You're bothering her."

Rooker laughed good-naturedly. "Sure," he said. "That's right. And I don't aim to bother Rosie. Not any!"

Nevertheless, he did bother Rose; and he bothered Jubilo. For all that day while the rain penned them in the house together he kept up his persistent efforts at friendliness. His attempts to ingratiate himself made Rose uncomfortable, and they made Jubilo out and out mad. He wanted to take Rooker and hold him under the pump! What right had this chap to be near Rose, anyway?

He was glad when the day was done and Rooker went off to the stable to sleep. Rose, as was her custom, had gone early to bed. He and Rooker had finished their evening smoke together on the front porch without saying much to each other. Jubilo's temper was at a razor edge by this time, and he wondered why he did not jump at Rooker's throat.

They were up early in the morning, so that Jubilo might get away to Muskoka to meet Hardy. It was still raining, though not so hard as it had rained the day before. The road would be muddy and hard going.



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Where He Did It

HOW HE DID IT

During July and August of last year, Mr. Ellery Mahaffey, acting as the representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, earned $606.40. This is not by any means his "record"—for in a *single month* his earnings have run well over $600.00. But it is typical of the sort of effort that has already paid his way through college, and is now taking him through Harvard Law School.

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	JOURNAL	POST	C. G.
July	196 Subscriptions	147 Subscriptions	20 Subscriptions
August	277 Subscriptions	207 Subscriptions	27 Subscriptions
Total	473 Subscriptions	354 Subscriptions	47 Subscriptions

Total commissions	$301.20
Total salaries	305.20
TOTAL EARNINGS	$606.40

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but the trip had to be made. Hardy could not be left in Muskoka. So after breakfast Jubilo got out the car and put chains on the rear wheels. Then as an added measure he wound ropes round the front wheels so they would not slip and slide at random in the mud. Rose was going with him. They had told Rooker he might go or stay, as he chose; but Rooker chose to stay at the farm.

"I don't like joy-riding enough to take a seventeen-mile jaunt on a day like this. You'd better stay here with me, Rosie."

Rose said she wanted to see her father; and Rooker winked at her and agreed to that.

"Tell the old man I'm waiting for him here, won't you?" he reminded her.

"Yes, I'll tell him."

She and Jubilo got away soon after breakfast. Rooker promised to look after the stock. As they half slid, half drove down to the road a squall of rain beat upon them, shutting them off from the world. Jubilo had the top up, the curtains fast all round the car. The rain upon the wind shield made vision difficult. He had to grope his way, and go slowly; and he was acutely conscious of the girl at his side. Alone he would have driven faster; with her there he had always in mind the possibility of accident, and he kept the car at a crawl, with barely enough power to keep it moving through the mud.

He saw that Rose was happier than she had been since Rooker's coming; and he wished he might ask her who Rooker was, and what this all meant. But he had asked her once and she had put him off. It was her business; he would not ask again.

She had said she would tell him sometime; but she showed no inclination to tell him to-day. She talked of other things, many of them; and they laughed together like children, forgetting Rooker as children forget their troubles. Jubilo was giving nine-tenths of his attention to the car. He had to. With the other tenth he listened to Rose and answered her questions and told himself how wonderful she was. He had had full time to realize just how much she meant to him yesterday while Rooker was clumsily trying to win her good will.

He had hoped the rain would relent during their trip. There had been signs of clearing that morning; but all signs fail in wet weather, and it was raining harder than ever now. Luck was with them; they had no trouble on the way to town. Nevertheless, they were more than two hours on the way, and the train that was bringing Hardy had been in more than an hour before they reached the first houses of Muskoka.

They went to the station and the agent told them Hardy had gone to the hotel. He was waiting for them there, and Rose flew into his arms, and he shook hands with Jubilo and looked into the young man's eyes and smiled with satisfaction at what he saw there. Then he said they would have dinner at the hotel before starting back. Jubilo begged off. He wanted to take the car to the garage and look it over and make sure it was ready for the return trip. "We got held up on the way home the day you left," he explained.

Hardy said: "Plenty of time. Run the car under cover and then come back and have dinner. Fix it up afterward if it needs anything."

But Jubilo knew Rose had much to tell her father; he knew she would rather tell it while he was not in hearing. So he stuck to his program.

While he replenished his oil and gasoline, and wiped off the water that had trickled under the hood and down upon the engine he did some thinking. He was considering an idea that had come to him. Rooker was one of the holdup men. He had ocular proof of that. Why should he not go to Sheriff Nate Punt with his information? Punt would arrest Rooker, and that would take him definitely out of the way, and relieve Rose and her father of the man. Jubilo had no doubt Rooker was the man whose coming Hardy had been dreading. Would it not be worth while to get rid of Rooker?

In the end he discarded the idea. In the first place it was still possible that Hardy had also had a share in the holdup. If Hardy was involved Rooker could betray him. And if Rooker was arrested Jubilo felt he would certainly pull down his fellow gangsters with him in his fall. So for that reason if for no other he must keep his hands off Rooker. But there was another. The whole matter, so long as Hardy did not appeal to him, was none of his business. If Hardy wanted help he would ask for it.

In the meantime Jubilo could only stand by and watch what came to pass. There would always be time to bring about Rooker's arrest. That could wait. It would have to wait.

Jubilo finished up his work on the car by stuffing waste in the crack between the hood and the dash to keep out the water. Then he had sandwiches and coffee at a restaurant, and finally went to the hotel to see if Hardy and Rose were ready to start for home.

They were ready, and he got the car. Rose and her father took the back seat. They were both very serious and silent now. They sat without speaking while Jubilo piloted the car along Muskoka's main street and out into the open country, with the wheels sliding drunkenly about in the ruts and pools beneath them and the water splashing in an endless hissing from the impact of the tires.

Now and then Rose and Hardy spoke together. Jubilo could hear what they said when he chose, but their sentences were fragmentary and incomplete. Jubilo understood that Hardy was disturbed over Rooker's presence at his home, that he anticipated trouble. But Jubilo already knew that much, and there was nothing he could do about it.

When they passed that spot where the automobile had stopped for the night on the day he and Rose started home together Rose pointed out through the curtains and told her father this was the place.

Hardy leaned forward and said to Jubilo: "Rose tells me you had trouble on the way home."

"Yes," Jubilo said. "I'm sorry. I should have made sure the car was all right before starting on that trip."

Hardy smiled and told him it was all right.

"You did your part," he said. "I am pleased with you."

And Jubilo flushed with pleasure at that word of praise, and he drove on more swiftly, the car lurching through the mire. He decided to tell Hardy, at the first chance, what he had seen that night—Rooker with the holdup men, sharing their spoils. Then if Hardy wanted to report to the sheriff he could do so.

Rooker was on the porch waiting for them when they reached home. Hardy got out first and helped Rose out, and then faced Rooker. There was a readiness about him; his hands hung free at his sides. He seemed to challenge Rooker. But Rooker only laughed good-naturedly and held out his hand.

"Well, Judge," he said cheerfully, "I turned up, you see."

Hardy took his hand. Jubilo wondered why Rooker called Hardy "judge." Was there a reason for the title? Or was it merely Rooker's fashion of address. Jubilo thought it suited Hardy. He was like a judge, cool and steady and unswervingly just.

"I'm glad to see you, Bert," said Hardy.

Rooker grinned. "Are you?" he asked. "Well, that's fair. You must have expected me."

"Yes, we've been looking for you for almost a month."

"I was delayed," said Rooker. "A matter of business."

If Hardy and Rooker had not seen each other for a month, then Hardy was not concerned in the train robbery, Jubilo thought; unless they had worked on different ends of the game. He was about ready to decide that Hardy had had no part in that matter.

But an hour later his suspicions were reawakened. He found a chance to see Hardy alone, and told him that Rooker was one of the robbers, and told what he had seen that night by the river.

Hardy looked concerned and thoughtful.

"Have you told Rose?" he asked.

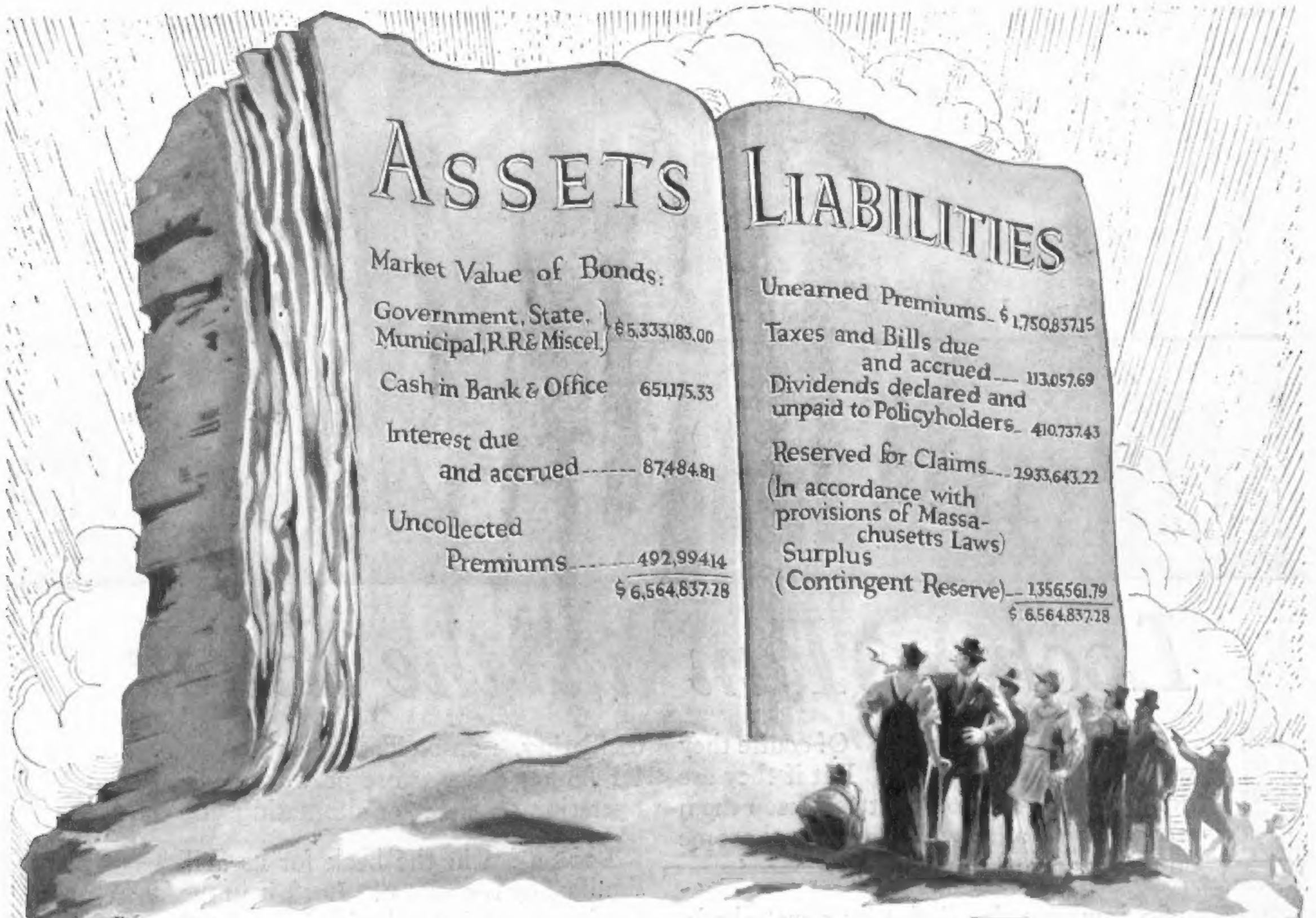
"No. Nobody. I thought I might tell the sheriff in town to-day."

Hardy considered; then he said without looking at Jubilo: "No; no, I wouldn't tell the sheriff; if you don't mind keeping quiet about the matter."

Jubilo said: "Oh, I'll keep quiet." But there was a sick disappointment in his heart. For if Hardy was shielding Rooker, then Hardy must be one of them.

Jubilo found that it distressed him to believe Hardy was a train robber. He realized that he had never really believed it till now. But he believed it now. That Hardy should shield Bert Rooker, whom he feared, was proof enough for any man.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)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Market Value of Bonds:
Government, State, Municipal, R.R. & Miscel. $5,333,183.00
Cash in Bank & Office 651,175.33
Interest due and accrued 87,484.81
Uncollected Premiums 492,994.14
$6,564,837.28
LIABILITIES
Unearned Premiums $1,750,837.15
Taxes and Bills due and accrued 113,057.69
Dividends declared and unpaid to Policyholders 410,737.43
Reserved for Claims 2,933,643.22
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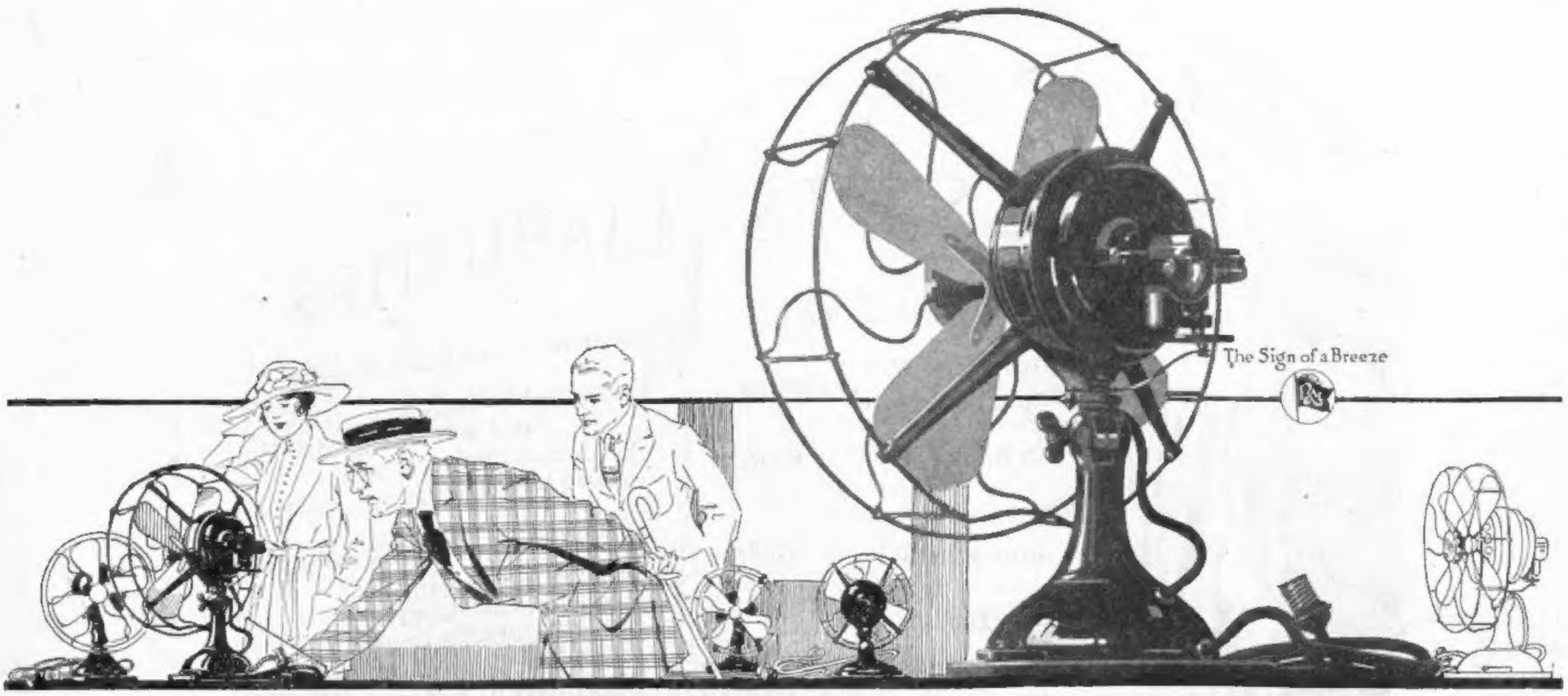

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